



















# THE ARTS



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THE ADOLPH LEWISOHN COLLECTION—AMERICAN  
INDIAN ART, BY H. VARNUM POOR—PROVINCETOWN,  
BY ELIZABETH LOCKETT — BOSTON NOTES — BOOKS

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JULY, 1926

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**B**ECAUSE of the constant demand for back numbers of **THE ARTS** and requests for information regarding articles carried in past issues we are publishing below a list of those in which our readers have indicated more than usual interest.

This list is published principally for the benefit of new readers who may be interested in securing some of these articles while the issues containing them are still available.

All of these articles are beautifully and abundantly illustrated.

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# THE ARTS

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*Cover Design:*  
*The Arlesienne, by Vincent Van Gogh*  
*In the Adolph Lewisohn Collection*

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY VARNUM POOR writes of American Indian art from the sympathetic standpoint of an artist and a fellow-craftsman, for in addition to the prominent position which he has achieved as a painter he is also well known for his decorated pottery. An article on Mr. Poor's work as a painter and a craftsman appeared in THE ARTS of January, 1924.

ELIZABETH LOCKETT is one of the younger American painters, who has written appreciatively of her fellow artists. She is thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere of Provincetown, where she spends her summers.

HARLEY PERKINS is art critic of *The Boston Transcript* and also writes from his own experience as a painter.



MOTHER AND CHILD  
*In the Adolph Lewisohn Collection*

MARY CASSATT

# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

JULY, 1926

NUMBER 1

MARY CASSATT died in France June 14th, in her chateau, which to visit was an unforgettable pleasure. My first visit there took place when Miss Cassatt, though no longer young, was still in full command of her powers. We sat in the lovely oval drawing room and discussed Degas, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne and the others that Miss Cassatt knew in her youth.

She talked of Parma and Parmegiano whom she admired greatly, of de la Tour, whom she considered the best master of pastel portraiture for students to study, of her trips to Spain in quest of Greco and Goya for the different American collectors whom she advised.

"We must drive to Beauvais and see the windows that I love" she would suggest after lunch—not: "I want to show you some of my things." And on the way her talk of France ranged from early Gothic art to the present day. You left her with renewed convictions in the importance of art to civilization, with a desire for more and still more knowledge, with a hatred of æsthetic prevarication and compromise. She told me that after she had seen Sargent's portrait of her brother she refused to receive Sargent when he called, and sent word to him that she did not wish to see again a man who could paint such a bad portrait. Her honesty was not sugar coated.

During these earlier visits to Mary Cassatt, she was a flame for the artists younger than herself who knew her. Some of them winced when they realized her contempt for loafers, her lasting power of concentration.

In later years my talks with Mary Cassatt were not always happy. Her eyes had failed her so completely that she could no longer work. The war had embittered her and she seemed a lonely and unhappy figure from an epoch that had passed. She would interrupt her terrific condemnations of French politicians to plead for the future of American artists. "Tell them," she exclaimed one day, in helpless despair over her impending blindness, "to stay at home, to root themselves in America and to be true to their own convictions and ideas. When I was young it was necessary to come to France. We had so few good painters and our museums were so insufficient. Now all that is changed, and the young American, if he be truly serious, can work at home."

At the time when Mary Cassatt said this, she was suffering from a great disillusion about France, and in her aged loneliness, when of her group all but Monet were dead, perhaps she regretted that she had stayed so many years in France.

As a young girl she bought Degas' pictures while he was still unknown in France. Later she inspired more than one American collector to acquire collections of the highest order. As a cultivating force for our own and future generations of Americans, Mary Cassatt's contribution has been of inestimable value. Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer once said, during the course of a public talk, that Miss Cassatt was the godmother of the Havemeyer collection. She taught more than one collector to purchase fine and serious works of art at a time when collecting taste in America was at its lowest ebb. And in this capacity as well as in her rare capacity as an artist, Mary Cassatt is owed by her country an inestimable debt.

She was a great woman, an artist of high distinction, whose recognition, wide as it is now, will gradually increase as our childish prejudices against women artists evaporate.

FORBES WATSON.





HALIBUT HOOKS

KWAKIUTL, SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA



DANCE HELMET IN THE FORM OF A WOLF HEAD

TLINGIT, SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

## ANONYMOUS AMERICAN ART

By HENRY VARNUM POOR

I SUPPOSE people in all ages and times have been as interested in personalities as those of this age and time, but there have been golden ages when printed matter was not so rampant, and certainly there was a happy time before publicity agents were invented. Then people had a better chance to watch a game for the sake of the game; hear a song for the song's sake, and love a beautiful thing for the sake of the thing. At least I would hope so, but it may be that the impersonal, detached and severe essence of things is so rarely felt that for common consumption it must be vulgarized and felt through personalities. Those times when

you are flooded with a sense of the realities of the earth, its forms, its colors and its breezes, its warm spring days that come and go serenely and will come and go whether you are eating your heart out or not, are exalted and solemn times. Mostly, the world is a background for you and your personal friends who now, thanks to the publicity agent, include all people of accomplishment.

A self-conscious art centre, all equipped with critics and competition and press agents, after all does not succeed in cornering entirely the serene mystery that is beauty. A good, tough combative artist may survive in



RATTLE

KWAKIUTL, SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

its midst. It is possible even for him to survive being a "personality," but it is rare, and the general atmosphere certainly becomes unhealthy. Artists talk too much about what they are trying to do and if they don't talk others talk for them. Periodicals reproduce insignificant things because of the name under them. Museums in their "up and coming" department buy the most press-agented present day work. In their "old department" the most press-agented "old" work. This is all as it has to be. In all the babel of judgments and methods and schools it seems to me the museums do very well—some of them.

There is a museum in New York called "The Museum of the American Indian."

It is not at all a self-conscious place. It is obviously not a museum of art but of ethnology. An endless lot of Indian stuff in uninteresting rooms and uninteresting cases—unless you are an ethnologist. I do not think a single object was acquired because it was made by Mr. So-and-So. Personalities are blended into races, and as I wandered around I found that in the room of the Northwestern Indians there was so much beauty and richness of form, so many things of such perfection and delicacy that I was lost in the happiness that lies in seeing beautiful things.

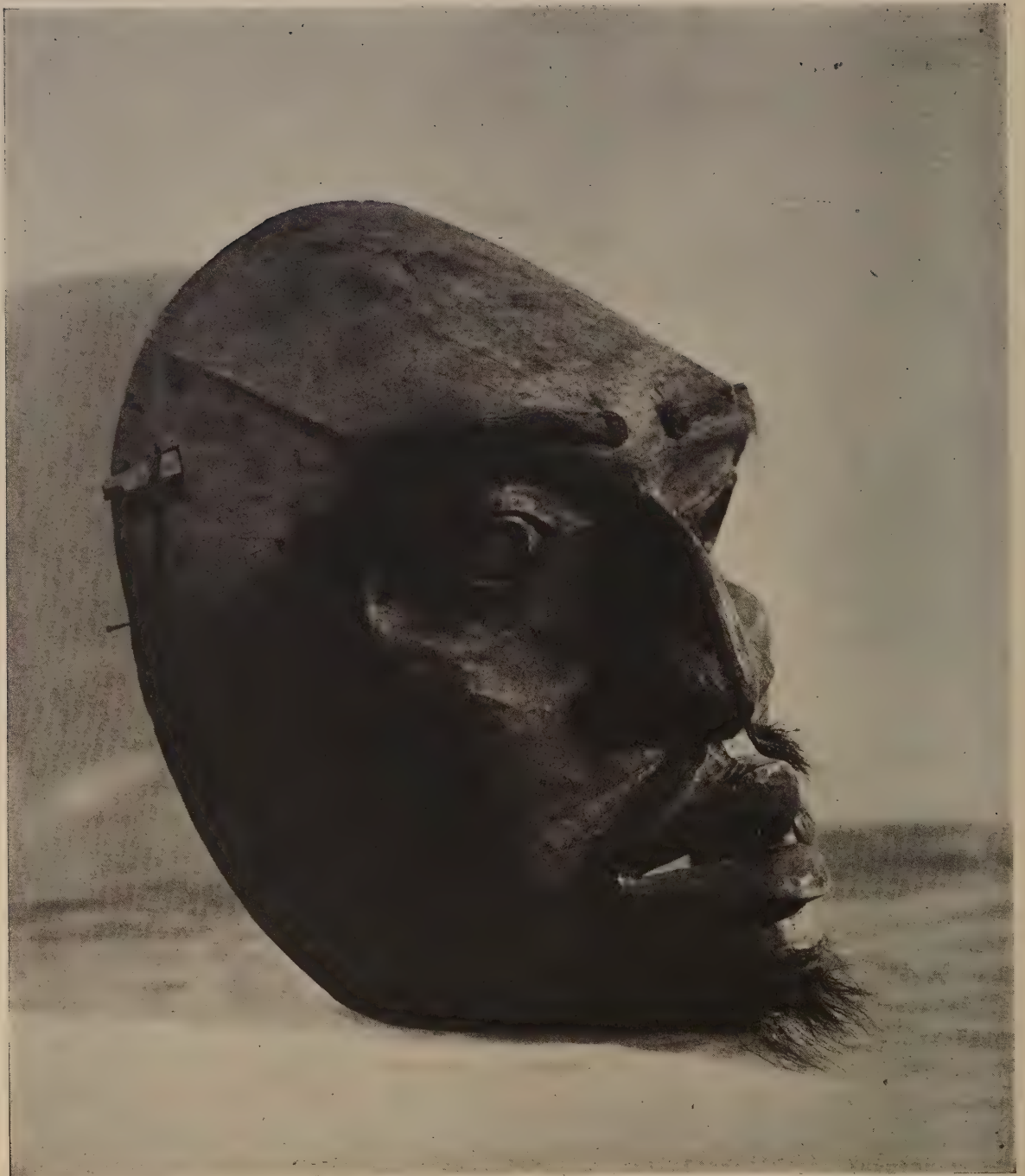
This bird, made of bone and iron and lashing, where in self-conscious, modern sculpture can you match its boldness and





HALIBUT HOOK

KWAKIUTL, SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA



WOODEN MASK

NOOTKA, BRITISH COLUMBIA





ADZES OF BONE AND STEEL

QUILEUTE, NORTHWESTERN WASHINGTON

richness and completion! Its sense of being absolutely functional and existent in every part: its beauty of planes, full surfaces and flat surfaces in fine harmony and fine strong opposition; its union and contrasts of materials; the exact rightness and restraint in its surface decoration; its absolute right to its own life because it achieves beauty and has meaning. It is labelled "Adze," and was made by some dirty Chilcoot Indian carpenter for chopping out totem poles or hollowing out canoes. I take off my hat to him.

There is a wooden adze in the form of a sea lion that is a noble piece of sculpture—the head and breast full, delicate and expressive—a fine sweep along the handle with a beautiful, flat piece set into it and carrying down to the cutting edge of steel. The whole thing as lively and vigorous a combination of form as can be imagined. And over it all a marvellous live glow of polish from the use of Indian hands. Wooden rattles representing nothing; but suave and

sensuous shapes with their delicate round handles and gleaming big-swelling bellies in which pebbles rattle. Or representing birds with the most perfect fusion of what is bird and what is beautiful wood.

Some startlingly novel shapes that no one would invent, but that use has evolved—halibut hooks—and which are carved into fine figures or fine true shapes with a rich invention in decoration.

The whole room is alive with rich, dark, rather sombre and heavy forms. Masks full of mystery and terror and heavy fun; canoes perfect in every line; dishes, spoons and utensils of the greatest refinement. You feel that every Indian of the tribe is a fine workman and that among them, with probably an entirely unconscious superiority, are scattered the artists—not persons apart.

Against a terribly rigorous climate with no machinery to help, everyone seems to have such a margin over the bare getting of food and shelter as to have deep personal touch with beauty.



ADZES OF WOOD AND STEEL

FRASER RIVER INDIANS, BRITISH COLUMBIA



RATTLES

MAKAH, NORTHWESTERN WASHINGTON





HALIBUT HOOK

KWAKIUTL, SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA



RATTLE

KWAKIUTL, SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA





SPOONS

HUPA, NORTHWESTERN CALIFORNIA

With us, aided by machinery of every sort, nobody has time. The artist is a person apart because there is nothing to bridge the gap between the dreams and longings that fill him and the everyday life of our so-called civilization. He has few real jobs and is forced into overconsciousness and exalted egoism.

All these Indian things are things of the hand; to use—not to set on pedestals. They grow out of, and are, their materials: wood, stone, bone or iron. Their maker's knowledge of and accord with these materials is part of his very life. These are tools—little machines with the abstract functional rightness of a machine, but being tools they are parts of their makers' bodies, and somehow without any sense of strain the life and reality and imagination that animated their makers animates these tools.

It is this functioning, separated life inherent in the thing itself that is the aim of

all so-called abstraction. Through simplification, through study, through theory, through stripping away the surface details of representation the sculptor hunts to get at this kernel, this æsthetic reason for existence of his form. He may dream over a vague theory, vaguely understood. He may create abstractions for abstraction's sake and have nothing. I saw photographs of some coils of tin and various other materials pasted together and called "Construction." Vague names and vague but pretentious things made by someone spoiling for a real job—something real to set his teeth into and make.

These unpretentious Indian tool sculptures start with the kernel itself, the structure and very bones of a functioning thing that must function to be at all, and to this structure they add grace and beauty and a degree of representation expressive of a simple and understanding vision.

I would like, in the mode, to do a little

press-agenting for these unknown Indian sculptors.

The carvings and tools and pottery and things of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Chinese—all peoples remote and romantic—are in our Metropolitan, and shown to the public as "Art." There is nothing of American Indian art. There is obviously some reasonableness in the omission since the American Museum of Natural History and the Museum of the American Indian do show so much American Indian work. Still it is a pity and something which should be changed. They go very well with meteorites and stuffed animals but they should also be shown as "Art." Whatever authority as such

the Metropolitan Museum could give to these things they richly deserve and should have.

These Indians seem very close to us. In time they are close. The other closeness is not entirely sentimental or historical. Climates and countries do mould and produce races and do certainly bind differences into union. Our kinship with the Indians is a very real thing. We should have a justifiable national pride and put these things in friendly company with the art of all times and places.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and are used through the courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.



RATTLE

NISKA, BRITISH COLUMBIA





HEAD (*Bronze*)

MAURICE STERNE

## AMERICAN COLLECTIONS

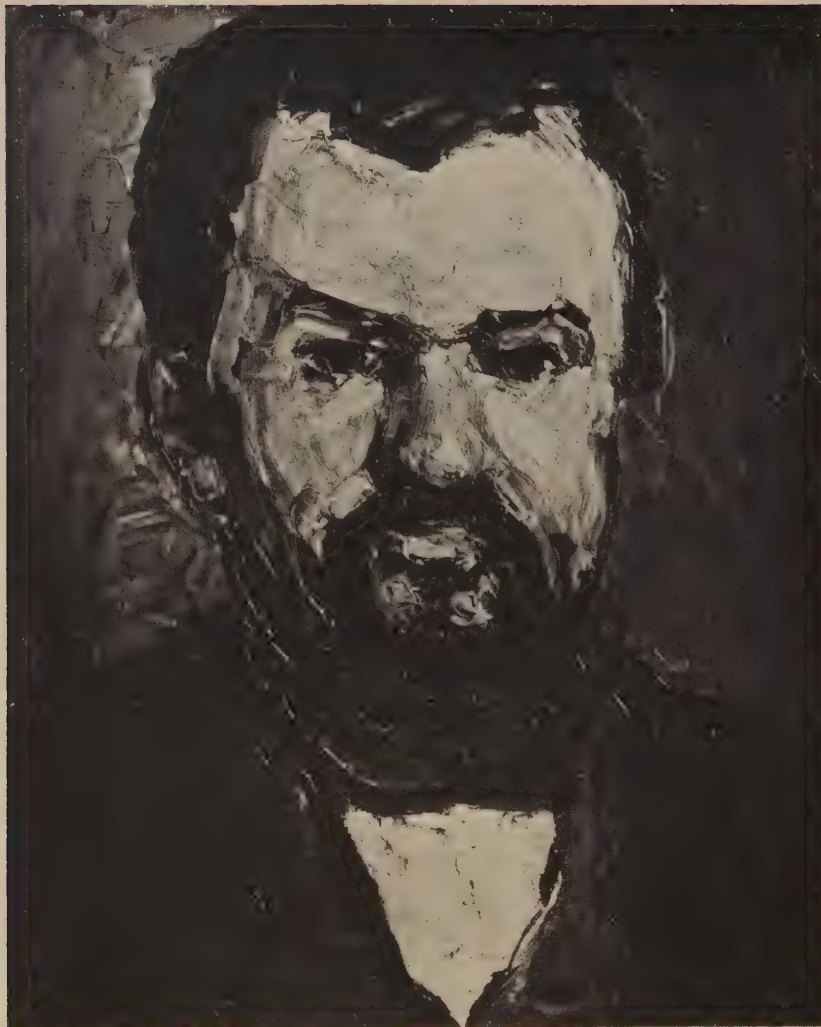
### NO. III—THE ADOLPH LEWISOHN COLLECTION

By FORBES WATSON

THE first American collectors of the progressive art of the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth century were inspired in many cases to enter the then much debated field through their friendship with some appreciative and perspicacious painter. Mary Cassatt, William Glackens, Arthur B. Davies, Walt Kuhn and other artists, each in their turns created in potential collectors the desire to take the forbidden plunge into the

troubled waters of what was once called, and understood as, "modern" art. It was one of these who inspired the late John Quinn to buy a roomful of Picassos at a time when Mr. Quinn detested the work of Picasso. But he had faith in the advice of his painter friend. So he purchased. In later years Mr. Quinn became proud of his Picassos.

Some similar incident has happened in the case of several of the collectors who profited



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

PAUL CEZANNE

by the knowledge gained by an artist friend during the period of his studies in Europe. For example, I remember that one of the first Grecos to come to this country stayed for a long time in its new owner's attic because the owner's friends laughed at it. In later years, when the revived fame of Greco had been so fully established here that the outsiders were afraid to laugh, it was brought from the trunk room and given a prominent position on the down-stairs walls. In another house I watched the Renoirs, which an artist friend had purchased for the collector, gradually descend from the upper stories while the Israels which he once rated far above Renoir went upward.

After these more or less pioneer collections, that antedated the communicative prophets of the new movement yet which contained many splendid paintings by men whose reputations were still limited to a comparatively small sophisticated public, something like a lapse in modern collecting took place. But the noise of what then was naïvely called the new art was making itself heard. Messrs. Stieglitz and De Zayas, each in his own very different way, were bringing converts into the fold. The Armory exhibition broke upon New York, Boston and Chicago. The Modern Gallery and the Daniel Gallery followed the Stieglitz Gallery into the field. Still later Mrs. Marie Sterner introduced the younger artists, younger at that time, to the clientele of the Knoedler Galleries. And such opposing collections as the Walter Arensberg and the Adolph Lewisohn col-

lections began to take form.

With the late Arthur Eddy of Chicago, Walter Arensberg is probably our most confirmed admirer of distinctively abstract art. Marcel Duchamp and Constantin Brancusi, together with the creators of negro sculpture are his chief admirations. Mr. Adolph Lewisohn's tastes, on the other hand, are decidedly humanistic. The purely intellectual picture plays little or no part in his collection. The visitor will find there neither Duchamp nor Brancusi.

A preëminently successful financier, a philanthropist, a lover of music, a social human being, Mr. Adolph Lewisohn enjoys not only the work but the society of artists. Consider-





THE DRINKERS

HONORÉ DAUMIER



THE BEGGAR

EDOUARD MANET





THE CROWD

HONORÉ DAUMIER



COURT SCENE

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN



THE RIVER

ALFRED SISLEY

ing these facts, the realization follows that there is a certain inevitability in the character of Mr. Lewisohn's collection. Though not highly specialized it has its allotted portion of personal idiosyncrasies. There is enough wall space in his large house to carry it as a decorative embellishment, a pleasurable ornament to a life passed amidst metropolitan activities.

I have talked with Mr. Lewisohn in his impressive, quiet and spotless offices, with the echoes of Wall Street within earshot, and found him ready to forget those echoes for the sake of discussing a picture. In going through his house with him I have suspected him of sometimes enjoying by himself a quiet chuckle over all the hubbub that revolves about such famous collections. Mr. Lewisohn does not apparently consider that he is

either a discoverer or a saint merely because he has been able to afford to buy some good pictures; in fact he seems to indulge in rather quizzical views toward the whole business of picture buying. Obviously his collection pleases him. He enjoys looking at it. Evidently he is warmed by its luxurious connotations and by the great addition that it has been to his life, for collections have a way of bringing their owners into contact with many artists and other people whom otherwise they might not know.

Probably some of the quasi-doctors of art who always hang about such collections have bored him at times. At other times they must have seemed awfully funny to him. For, at least until very recently, Mr. Lewisohn liked to sing and dance, and one who likes to sing and dance after middle life must,





PORTRAIT OF A LADY (*Pastel*)

EDOUARD MANET



BOATING SCENE

AUGUSTE RENOIR

occasionally, enjoy a sly wink at the pronunciamientos of the self-interested or the self-exploiting. But great collections are great collections. We must take them or leave them with everything that goes with them, unless we happen to be artists as well as collectors and feel like telling the sombre-minded and the flowing-tied intermediaries to jump in the Hellespont.

Every collector cannot be a pioneer or a missionary, even if a good many contemporary collectors like to delude themselves with the belief that such is their proud estate. Yet although an important section, probably the most important, of Adolph Lewisohn's paintings could have been bought before the twentieth century dawned, in spirit Mr.

Lewisohn's is a contemporary collection. For the most part this is a sound, conservative gathering of what today is considered orthodox art representing most of the leading artists of the past fifty years. A few works of an earlier period, such as those by Courbet, Corot and Daumier, lead up to Monet, Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Seurat, Henri Rousseau, Gauguin, Van Gogh and others of long established fame, while a few others lead from them to strictly contemporary painting.

Not much time has been wasted on unknowns; not much faith is shown in the future. As far as it goes this is a wise and well advised collection, which, without some questionable selections—they are unusually





IN THE MEADOW

AUGUSTE RENOIR





BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

ODILON REDON





THE VINTAGERS

AUGUSTE RENOIR

few—would have been inhumanly, disagreeably perfect. I come back to the point that Mr. Lewisohn's attitude toward his pictures is human, rather than doctrinaire. Some outstanding masterpieces lend their glamor to a selection whose commendable variety and general scope indicate the owner's real fondness for life. An examination of some of Mr. Lewisohn's pictures will, I believe, confirm these general deductions.

To begin with the portrait of a lady from Arles by Vincent Van Gogh, since it is reproduced on the cover of this issue, Van Gogh painted three versions of *The Arlésienne* in the year 1888, so that this painting is now nearly forty years old. Two of the portraits

of the *Arlésienne* are similar in pose. In one there is a riding crop and gloves instead of the books on the table. In the third the subject is facing toward the other side of the canvas. All three portraits were exhibited in Berlin at the Cassirer Gallery in 1914, and, if I remember rightly, the painting that we reproduce was shown in the Secession in 1901. All three belonged at one time to different German owners.

Poor Van Gogh, whom the French for so long refused to recognize, received his first tardy and well deserved recognition in Germany. It is there that his art has exercised its strongest influence. Less than a handful of Americans have emulated the nervous,



DANCER IN HER DRESSING ROOM

EDGAR DEGAS

personal style of Van Gogh, but in Scandinavian and German art one is frequently reminded of his influence. A distinctive element in his character that inflames his painting was a super-sensitive hatred of all compromise. Van Gogh at times superficially disguised his uncompromising spirit by the supreme delicacy of his landscapes, particularly those in which he depicted the evanescent qualities of early spring.

Of all artists, Van Gogh was perhaps the first to realize on canvas the glowing subtleties of nature when the trees and plants are just breaking into blossom, and to do it without sweetness, with great sensitiveness and with an unmistakably positive design. As in reading Dostoyevsky one discovers his supernormal acuteness to the inner workings of the mind, so too in some paintings by Van Gogh the supernormal sensitiveness of his visual faculties seems to have opened his eyes to aspects of nature that generally escape mere mortal eyes. He believed in God, and untroubled for the time being by his anxieties over the fate of the poor or over his own self-justification, Van Gogh apprehended the spirit of a day in spring as no other painter before or since has done. By comparison Sisley who certainly appreciated spring, was prosaic, naturalistic, and occasionally sweet.

Mr. Lewisohn's portrait of the Arlésienne is by no means the boldest of Van Gogh's designs, for this artist, who in one picture painted apparently as if his mind were at peace with life and in another reflected in every touch of the paintbrush the torments of his mind, combined a strangely original grasp of decisive pattern and linear design with a rich fearless poignant color, and with a feeling for light which may have been intensified by the desire to escape from his spiritual hyper-religious battles. Without at-





PORTRAIT

EDGAR DEGAS



tempting an over-literary point of view, it strikes me sometimes that for Van Gogh the light and color of the world came to him as a vision comes to the passionate believer in the divine.

The portrait by Van Gogh which Mr. Lewisohn so fortunately owns (he also owns the head of a young boy from the De Zayas sale, reproduced in *THE ARTS*, March, 1923), was painted when the artist was 35. Two years later Van Gogh shot himself. His art appeared to many of his contemporaries to approach madness so closely that even a year after his death his brother could find no gallery in Paris willing to exhibit his work.

Looking over his amazing output, amazing when the shortness of his painting life is taken into account, I recall once more the

many studies of the flat landscape of Holland that Van Gogh made. And although this is not the time nor the place in which to suggest such comparisons, I am sure that an interesting discussion could be developed in an essay illustrated on the one hand by the landscape drawings of Van Gogh and on the other by the landscape drawings of Rembrandt.

At the time when Van Gogh ended his tormented life, Edouard Manet had been dead seven years. The attractive pastel portrait of an alluring lady by Manet, reproduced herewith, may be described as a sketch. It was exhibited in the great Manet exhibition of 1884, held one year after the artist's death. Obviously the brilliant Frenchman did not suffer over his art as did the son of



WOMAN LYING DOWN

EDGAR DEGAS





BALLET SCENE

EDGAR DEGAS



THE MARKET PLACE

CAMILLE PISSARRO





THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS

CAMILLE PISSARRO

the poor Dutch pastor. Gallic wit and a gay spirit pervade Manet's art. Just to go over the list of his paintings, pastels and prints is to realize his unflagging purpose, and immense industry.

To be sure he touched life more closely on its social and urban side than did the other painters of his day. He had also a naïve desire for fame. He once remarked that he would not be happy until on getting into a public omnibus all of the passengers knew instantly who he was. But such vanity is not infrequently characteristic of the most gifted artists. Manet's scintillating mind conceived of painting as a delightful and ingratiating expression. Practically never does one of his pictures create in the beholder

a dour or unhappy mood. His art appeals through its witty sense of character, its Gallic understanding of feminine quality, its gay penetration into the scenes and characters of urban life.

Such a portrait as the Manet pastel in Mr. Lewisohn's collection will not, of course, hold the spectator's attention as long as do those dazzling pictures which Manet painted of such scenes of sophistication as that which is so entertainingly and beautifully rendered in the canvas called, *Bar at the Folies Bergères*, which the Tate Gallery recently acquired. Mr. Lewisohn's pastel portrait is not considered as important as the full length of a beggar which he also owns. Yet Manet's slighter pastel portraits, like the one



MATERNITY

PAUL GAUGUIN





BATHERS

PAUL GAUGUIN



LANDSCAPE

PAUL GAUGUIN



PORTRAIT OF MME. CEZANNE

PAUL CÉZANNE





THE CHATEAU

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK

under discussion, have in them the flavor of his art. Compared with a good many of those earnestly pompous manifestations of latter day abstract art, which are mainly prognostications of partially developed theories, Manet's sure light touch, with which he recorded so wittily the feminine charm of his subject, seems as delightful as an alluring woman does when compared to a stodgy and not too particular professor.

America is especially rich in Manets. The Widener, Havemeyer, Sears and other collections contain superb examples. The group at the Metropolitan including the Lady with the Parrot, The Christ and a dazzling landscape, is impressive and varied. Even in the Christ painting wit rather than religious

spirit is what Manet expressed. But our dealers and collectors were asleep when they let the Bar at the Folies Bergères escape them. Even a few years ago it could have been bought for half the price paid for second-rate old masters.

Manet, according to the oft-repeated story, is said to have advised Monet to tell his good friend Renoir to give up painting. The astute dealer, Vollard, has revived again this shopworn tale in one of his ingeniously gossipy books, which are entertaining, however closely they may or not be related to accuracy. It is not at all inconceivable that Manet did not appreciate Renoir. He was not alone in his group in this lack of understanding.

To admit Manet's strictures on the efforts



THE SEAMSTRESS

JOHN SLOAN

of Renoir might suggest to those who claim the gift from God to be able to say for all time exactly what is "right" and what is "wrong" in art, a more becoming modesty. When a painter with an eye as penetrating as Manet's could fail to realize the genius of a contemporary, we begin to be able to understand the futility of rules and dogma and to recognize that there are no golden precepts to prove that in painting this is "right" and that is "wrong". In the last analysis, who cares whether Renoir's painting is "good" or "bad"! What it gives to the beholder is much more important than the stupid rules that the dogmatists of today establish as final. They will be contradicted by the dogmatists of tomorrow. And they too

will be stale and dead by the time the print is dry on the pages born down by the weight of their dullness.

Certainly no painter was ever so successful in creating an art which so completely frustrates the half-educated bigots who attempt to enforce upon young and inexperienced students dogmas which have not even the grace to be original. Renoir, the world now admits, with almost no contradicting voices, was, in the field of oil painting, one of the most luxuriant spirits of all time. For him the world was saturated in color. No one enjoyed more frankly fruit, flowers, luxurious landscape, children, girls and healthy women. His painting often depresses the dried-ups. Mr. Lewisohn is particularly fortunate in the delightful group of paintings by Renoir that he owns. What Manet may or may not have thought of

the art of Renoir, now makes little difference.

To see the painting by Renoir called *In the Meadow*, in which two young girls are seen sitting on the ground with their backs to the spectator in a landscape going off into the distance; to see the enchanting boating group on the shore of a river, with the river and the houses on the opposite bank beyond, a painting which hung for some time in the Metropolitan Museum; to see the portrait of a lady in black that once belonged to the Stransky collection, is but to realize again the freshness and glory of Renoir's painting. Manet himself could not have painted more wittily that central figure of a lady in the boating group on the bank of a river who is holding up her skirt with her right hand.



From these and other Renoirs belonging to Mr. Lewisohn, one realizes again the sensuous and incorrigible pleasure that characterizes the vision of Renoir. No one ever poured out his enjoyment of the world with purer delight in its physical aspects.

The little book by André, a more sensitive and more reliable account of Renoir's sayings than the calculated record of Vollard, also tells us that Renoir once said that when one of his pictures was named "Thought", he could not bear to look at it again. One understands this perfectly after looking at the paintings of Renoir, for in none of them is there a psychological, moral or literary lesson. Even Titian himself did not pour out his relish for existence in a more sumptuous stream of color. And Renoir, though he often talked about doing a picture in a certain way, for fear it might not sell if done in some other way, was never guilty as Titian sometimes was of corrupting his art by manufacturing pot-boilers.

Another member of his group, not Manet this time, once condemned Renoir as an animal painter, not meaning that Renoir painted animals but that his reactions to life were those of an animal; simple, direct physical reactions, uncomplicated by what some people call the "finer" feelings. If it be true that Renoir was essentially an animal, what a blessing for art it would be if more painters had this quality. The small mechanical self-conscious and dried up arrangements that occasionally pass as miracles of intellectual



TULIPS

EUGENE SPEICHER

modernity contrast bitterly with the fruity and juicy joyousness of Renoir's more natural art.

That other famous member of the group, Degas, is also finely represented in the Lewisohn collection. Mr. Lewisohn not only owns several of those characteristic works by Degas which have for subject the ballet girl seen in all the glamour of the footlights (some examples of which we reproduce), he also owns such intimately observed drawings of women in informal settings as the fine "Femme Couchée".

Whereas the earliest critics of Renoir,

even after they had accepted the beauty of his color, worried about what they considered his lack of draftsmanship, Degas was early recognized as a draftsman of unprecedented acuteness. The critics contented themselves with bemoaning the fact that he did not "idealize" women but drew them in

he has recorded with such unbiased observation that his work illuminates for us the history of a whole period.

Degas cannot be set down, as some writers have tried to do, as a mere illustrator. Fresh, spontaneous and swift as is so much of his drawing, completely contemporary as is



DEER

ELI NADELMAN

all their native "ugliness". That objection has long since ceased to be made against the draftsmanship of Degas. Far from finding his drawing "ugly" we now enjoy it all the more because he did not "idealize" (a euphonious term for falsifying) the legs, arms, bodies of his ballet dancers, his washerwomen, his grisettes, his modistes, and all the other girls and women of his day whom

much of its subject matter, so that it belongs absolutely to the time when Degas lived and worked, his art has also permanent racial and traditional qualities. Degas was half Italian. Like the Flemish Watteau he produced an art that is purely French in tradition. With a less assured cultivation, his work would not have had its classic feeling. For swift transcriptions of contemporary sub-





PIERROT

PABLO PICASSO



LANDSCAPE

JOHN MARIN

ject matter seldom are imbued with that quality of aloofness that despite its intimacy Degas' art has. In other words, although this artist penetrated into the actual local quality of the scene that he depicted, he was rarely too carried away by subject matter to remember design.

One or two of the early Degas portraits in Mr. Lewisohn's house suggest Degas' long apprenticeship with the old masters, the years when he was an indefatigable student of Holbein, Uccello, Leonardo da Vinci and other masters whose drawings he copied remorselessly. In more than one of his early portraits we see how great was his belief in the

art of Holbein. As most of those men who have fallen under the spell of Degas' art and written about him, admit, it was not until after he had made a long list of careful and meticulous drawings that he attained the swift certainty necessary to complete his chosen task of presenting to us in unexpected, momentary and freshly seen poses the ballet girl, the jockey, the trapeze artist and all of those many characters whom to depict at all in the midst of their professional duties, required not only very acute observation but a phenomenally accomplished draftsmanship. I admit humbly that this is one of the favorite teaching theories of my *bêtes noires*, the



Academicians; but they confuse map-making and eye-for-an-eye mechanics with true drawing.

While Renoir, Manet and Degas were producing that long list of works of art which has done so much toward making the nineteenth century one of the richest periods in the world's history of painting, another great artist was struggling to produce painting which, almost in our own day, has brought about something like a revolution in art. This revolution began approximately twenty-five years ago and is still continuing. But Paul Cézanne—it is to him obviously that I refer—enjoyed few of the facilities with which nature endowed Manet, Renoir and Degas. For that, if for no other reason, the recognition of his great gifts came slow-

ly. There were other reasons. Much of his life was spent outside of the general circle of artists. Much of his work seemed at the time so opposed to the accepted taste of the period that only a few friends and fellow artists recognized its greatness.

Cézanne was not amused by life. He had ideas about painting which to elucidate seemed to him vastly more important than it was to register contemporary scenes or events. He had no sense of humor and took painting with an unrelieved and desperate seriousness. One cannot visit the many great collections which nowadays always try to contain at least one Cézanne without beginning to pity the artist's wife. Manet was unable to paint a portrait of a woman without betraying his interest in her feminine attrac-



PICNIC IN THE WOODS

JOHN SINGER SARGENT



KEY WEST

WINSLOW HOMER



FISHERMAN

WINSLOW HOMER





MENDING THE HARNESS

ALBERT P. RYDER

tions, and Renoir could not paint a young girl's portrait or a bunch of flowers without betraying his sensuous pleasure in the physical beauty of the subject. For Cézanne there does not seem to have been much difference between a woman, an apple, a tree or a mountain. The subject for him though deeply studied was just a hook on which to hang his conception of what painting should be. He looked at his wife sitting in a chair as he looked at an apple reposing on a plate. Each offered a problem in realization. For him as a painter their interest depended on the interest of the problem in which they were involved. When Renoir painted a bouquet one felt that he could hardly wait to smell

it; when Cézanne painted a bouquet, one felt that he was internally cursing lest the flowers might fade away before he had finished his struggles over them.

This artist who was so completely absorbed in his ideas of what a painting should be, finally became so impersonal and subjective a student of form and design that his pictures took on a strangely simplified and permanent quality. From one aspect they are as impersonal and unloving as the ages. Yet no painter, since painters first began, has created a more recognizably individual art. One may sometimes be bored by the cumbersome quality of certain paintings by Cézanne, by his humorless disavowal of the seductive



MARINE

ROCKWELL KENT

quality, but no one thinks of a painting by Cézanne, whether a failure or a success, as insignificant.

Although Cézanne longed to be accepted by the salons and to win the incongruous little red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, he was, nevertheless, the most powerful opponent of the academic tradition. Probably if his many imitators had not crowded into the Cézanne movement, which developed after he became famous, and if his ideas had been followed with the slow unswerving sincerity that characterized his own work, the valuable lessons inherent in his art would have been still more productive.

An appalling egoist, with none of the lighter gifts, he overcame the obstacles of awkwardness which barred the way to his final development. From cumbersome and unwieldy painting he advanced to the mastery of a purely original style suited to express his own individuality. Eventually so complete was his mastery that he produced a long list of portraits, landscapes and still lifes, painted with so true a sense of his medium, with such rare understanding of the inseparability of form and color that they have won for Cézanne a position apart from all other masters and made him *chef d'école*.

In the early days of the impressionist



movement Pissarro, a true friend to Cézanne, received less than his due. He was looked upon as a good painter, a sound and sincere artist, but not as a man of great originality. Although a remarkable, picturesque character, who might have been mistaken for a learned rabbi, rather than an artist, Pissarro does not appear to have attracted to himself any of those personal legends that so often enhance an artist's popular fame. Since the coming of Cézanne, however, solid progress has been made in the reputation of Pissarro who now, far from being a secondary figure in his group, is given more serious consideration than many of the others. His painting has much more scope

than Monet's, for he was never satisfied to limit himself to the dogmas of impressionism, with the result that his art underwent a constant and thoughtful, if slow, development.

One of Mr. Lewisohn's pictures by him, *The Boulevard*, painted in 1892, is characteristic of that period of Pissarro's development. It is a particularly well-known painting, and presents one of the artist's favorite subjects. In another picture called *The Market Place*, Pissarro depicts the crowded village square in a way that shows why this artist could never have been content to remain merely a landscape specialist. He draws the "people" with a real grasp of their char-



FIVE COWS

GEORGE W. BELLOWES

acter, although obviously he had no such interest in "character" as did such great draftsmen as Degas and Daumier.

To complete the account of the group of European artists who made France such an exciting center of production during the last half of the nineteenth century, one must also mention the Monets in Mr. Lewisohn's collection. Some of these are rather earlier than his average popular landscapes, which were done when Monet had developed his style into a formula. Monet belongs in this collection, and thanks to the excellent choice of the examples of his work that Mr. Lewisohn has, he holds his own.

Toulouse-Lautrec is weakly represented (*THE ARTS*, September, 1923). A court-

room drama by Forain is a good specimen of his typically illustrative painting.

Evidently Mr. Lewisohn has wanted to make the French section of his collection as complete as possible historically. Leading up to the group already discussed, he has Daumier, Corot, Millet, Courbet and Delacroix. The greatest examples of these artists' works very rarely appear on the market nowadays, so that it is not surprising if in the earlier group the examples owned by Mr. Lewisohn serve, with the exception of a portrait by Corot, to fill up the historic gaps rather than to give to the beholder anything like a full conception of the work of these men. To the group of Delacroix belonging to Mr. Lewisohn, reference will be



VENICE

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN





PEARS

CHARLES DEMUTH

made in a special article to be published in a later issue of *THE ARTS* on the painting of Delacroix. The Courbet portrait of himself seems to me rather soft. The Daumiers are interesting, but not outstanding; but the Corot portrait will certainly hold the attention of the student as well as suggest to him some interesting arguments.

Artists who won their full recognition some years later than any of those already referred to, are likewise included in Mr. Lewisohn's collection. By Redon there is a very lovely flower painting; Gauguin, Matisse, Vlaminck and the absurdly over-rated Marie Laurencin all are here, likewise Derain and Picasso. Gauguin cannot be taken as seriously as he was once, but for those to whom his handsome decorative painting appeals, Mr. Lewisohn's specimens will be found fully adequate. Not only is the Tahiti period represented but also the earlier Gauguin.

By Matisse Mr. Lewisohn owns a still life, whose fresh and glowing color would be lost in reproduction, and the striking and somewhat self-consciously designed portrait of a woman, reproduced in *THE ARTS* for April, 1921. It is a striking canvas, and though by no means my favorite Matisse, it certainly adds a note to this distinguished collection. As a fitting climax to Mr. Lewisohn's French pictures may be mentioned those two masterpieces, the study for the *Grande Jatte* by Seurat (*THE ARTS*, June, 1926) and the superlative example of Henri Rousseau's paintings of imaginary jungle scenes (*THE ARTS*, January, 1923).

Mr. Lewisohn has not done what so many collectors do when their taste in art becomes more sophisticated than it was originally. He has not disposed of what appears to have been his earliest purchases, paintings by Ziem and other artists popular with American business men a generation or more ago. So that

in addition to all of the paintings that he owns which represent the orthodox taste in modern art of our period, he has a scattering of other pictures that confirm the visitor's sense of a lack of preciousness in his collection as a whole.

At some time in his collecting, Mr. Lewisohn apparently set out to build up the American side of his collection. Lately he has perhaps been advised, rather unfortunately, against American art, but he has a worthy and by no means commonplace group of paintings and water colors by Americans. Many of them have already been discussed in *THE ARTS*.

Homer in his earlier literal manner, Homer in his later freer manner, Mary Cassatt, an early Twachtman, an early Henri, an early Glackens, an early Sloan, all add their individual contributions. Speicher, Bellows (*THE ARTS*, March, 1925), Kent, are all exemplified in Mr. Lewisohn's collection by extremely well chosen canvases. For me, *The Black Rock* by Kent comes near being the artist's finest work. The portrait of Miss Rosen by Speicher (*THE ARTS*, December, 1924), and the still life of tulips, both show this artist at his peak. George Luks is here also with typical if not thrilling examples; Jerome Myers, Abbott Thayer, Sargent. The Sargent landscape is one that many

might mistake for the work of another artist. It has the great advantage of being different from the "characteristic" Sargent. And two small Ryders favorably display the curiously personal quality of this rare artist.

Belonging to a later movement, Maurice Sterne is represented in painting and sculpture. His bronze head of a young man is a particularly able example. John Marin and the younger men, Demuth and Niles Spencer, add to the collection a note of American contemporaneity that is particularly delightful. Arthur B. Davies and Maurice Prendergast, without whose paintings no American collection could be complete, are well represented.

So many of Mr. Lewisohn's American pictures have been discussed and reproduced in *THE ARTS* before their makers had disposed of them that it seems sufficient at this time to refer to them. The collection is extending its scope from year to year. Gradually, no doubt, it will be broadened still further to include more works of contemporary Americans who, logically, belong within its range.

Mr. Lewisohn has added to his many paintings a few sculptures. A nude by Rodin, Bourdelle's *Archer* (*THE ARTS*, October, 1925), the stylish deer by Eli Nadelman and the *Jockeys* by Hunt Diederich, are among the most striking pieces.



COMPOSITION

ARTHUR B. DAVIES





EARLY SNOW, PROVINCETOWN

HEINRICH PFEIFFER

## PROVINCETOWN

By ELIZABETH LOCKETT

THE whirl of Indian arrows has given over to that of the radio, and embannered Fords are travelling the King's Highway, yet upon this last extremity of Cape Cod both land and sea retain an ancient dignity. For now, as in the earliest maps, the backside of the sickle-shaped old Cape is a wide desert of hilly dunes, protecting both its inner blade edge and the round harbour from the fast-running outer sea. Winds are swift out there, sun dazzling, and the water of a wild saltiness and buoyancy; yet because man is so gregarious or so loath to go walking in deep sand, one may swim in that sparkling water or walk the dunes for a day without catching sight of hide nor hair of

any living thing. The busy populous town itself—like that of an island settlement—is strangely remote and set apart from the distant mainland. As Thoreau remarked, "a man may stand there and put all America behind him."

Thus detached by the lay of the land from these United States it still seems tenuously held—in another way—to the continent beyond the Atlantic. For England sent the early settlers whose bones lie under the willow-decked slates of the graveyard, and whose descendants continue to bear their names, and their religious customs. While more recently the Portuguese of the Azores, entranced by reports from voyaging whale-



AN ANNIVERSARY

EDWIN W. DICKINSON

men, actually took ship and came to see these fishy waters with their own eyes; found them good and established quite informally a colony of Portugal.

Up and down the narrow winding miles of Commercial Street at night—where, incidentally, commerce has evolved from sperm oil to gasoline, from whalebone to antiques and Cold Storage—the populace which jostles its promenade has the Latin speech and the strong sea-browned faces of these foreign fisher people mingling with native New Englanders, artists from many places, students and whole boatloads of the Yankee navy.

What a backdrop for the jazz blatancy and clangour of this Human Comedy are the elm-shaded, lilac-flanked houses, white Colonial churches and madly bright dahlia-filled gardens, which cherish as decoration and as

souvenir monstrous vertebrae of the slaughtered Leviathan!

When Thoreau came here afoot in 1849 he at once set to marvelling at such quantities of sand. "There was a schoolhouse," he relates, "just under the hill where we sat, filled with sand up to the tops of the desks, and of course the master and scholars had fled. Perhaps they had imprudently left the windows open one day, or neglected to mend a broken pane. Yet in one place was advertised 'Fine sand for sale here'—I could hardly believe my eyes, — probably some of the street sifted—a good instance of the fact that man confers a value on the most worthless thing by mixing himself with it, according to which rule we must have conferred a value on the whole backside of Cape Cod; but I thought that if they could have advertised, 'Fat Soil', or perhaps, 'Fine sand got rid of,' ay, and 'Shoes emptied here' it would have been more alluring. As we looked down the town I thought that I saw one man, who probably lived beyond the extremity of the planking, steering and tacking for it in a sort of snowshoes, but I may have been mistaken. In some pictures of Provincetown the persons of the inhabitants are not drawn below the ankles, so much being supposed to be buried in the sand."

No more than a round fifty years from the time of these primitive sandy tales, Charles W. Hawthorne started his summer class in painting, to-day in its twenty-seventh season. And what a class it has grown to be! What an institution! Hundreds of students from far and wide eagerly covering canvasses with thick oil paint, slaving from dawn until dark for love of the mas-



ter, from fear of a cutting criticism on Saturday morning, or just because youth is so splendidly certain that art can be taught.

Mr. Hawthorne with his assistant, Mr. John Frazier, and this year his new associate, Mr. Richard Miller, has convincingly demonstrated that upon these battered wharves and sandy hills the art-student can be made to flourish like the green bay tree, to increase and multiply.

An example not wasted on other teachers of painting. E. Ambrose Webster has a hale and hearty class recurring each summer (as well as a European one for winters, specifying additional "criticism by Albert Gleizes of Paris, France"). At the Grand Concourse of student work held in the Art Association Gallery last year, the paintings least reminiscent of the supervising instructor, most individual, and hence to the outsider most refreshing, were those done in the Provincetown Painting Class, conducted by Ross Moffett and Heinrich Pfeifer. One more class to be mentioned—this under the auspices of Mr. Frank Carson—and we may have done with this industry without seeking to enumerate private pupils lurking in the byways.

I venture to mention Thoreau again, as being the first writer of parts and the first radical to come this way, thereby establishing, as it were, a precedent for the years just before Nineteen Seventeen when Provincetown became literally a hot-bed of them. Young, frenzied with creative excitement, and eager at once to produce a new literature, new theatre, new art and a New Dawn! What a sense of fellowship there was in

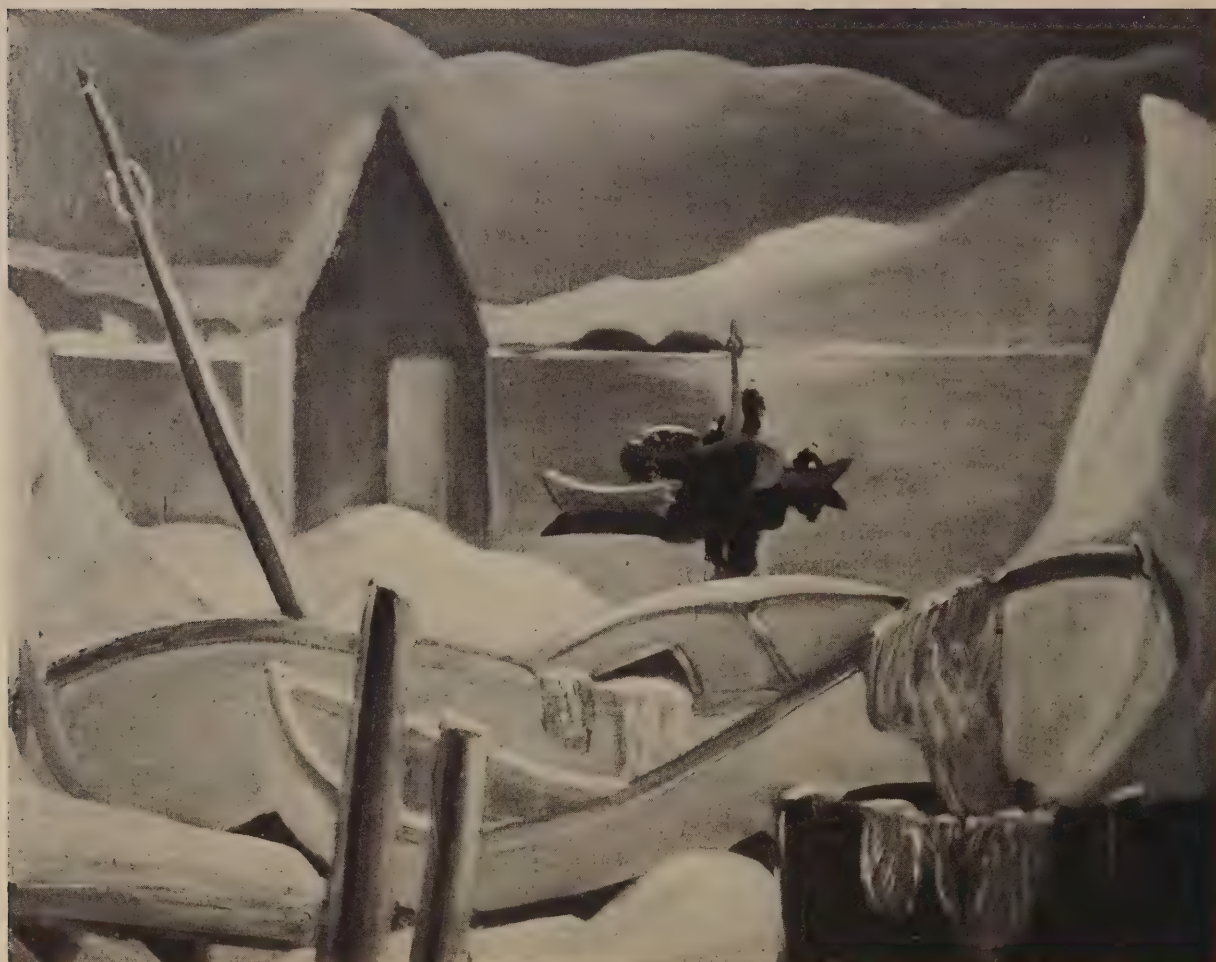


PORTUGUESE BOY  
*In the Adolph Lewisohn Collection*

NILES SPENCER

those days, what an exchange of argument and enthusiasm, and best of all that intoxicating illusion of freedom—a freedom perhaps not altogether illusory either, when we consider what the "Howells Era" had been, and that it was just then at an end.

At any rate these people worked (and from stories verbally transmitted, lived, as well) in a most spirited manner. The Provincetown Theatre came of it, and paintings by Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, and William and Marguerite Zorach—plays by Eugene O'Neill, and prose and poetry of all kinds from the whole group—composed, with some whom I do not now recollect, of



THE END OF THE DAY

J. FLOYD CLYMER

Mary Heaton Vorse (who came first to the town, making it known to the others), George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, John Reed, Mabel Dodge, Ida Rauh, Harry Kemp, Hutchins Hapgood, Max Eastman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Nieth Boyce, Edna Kenton, Wilbur Steele and Sinclair Lewis.

The war changed all this. The group, as such, was wholly dispersed. George Cram Cook is buried upon the slopes of Parnassos, and John Reed in the Kremlin.

Although Eugene O'Neill comes now and then to the salty solitude of his old coast-guard station on the outer beach, and some half dozen others are also returned, it is to work each one alone, for in the direct wake of the war Utopian dreams are swamped.

Like the whalemens by the wharves, I too

should like best to sit talking about the good old days and the young and courageous hearts who dreamed and fought for causes honorable and revered, but am forced instead to take up the burden of cataloguing the unpleasing ways of the Old Guard among painters. Here, as in other places, they live a long time, and live unchanging, save that their affection one for another is cemented and recemented by every hint of Modernism. Concerning which—concerning, that is, even such names as Matisse, Picasso and Derain—are still heard infuriated cries of "Charlatans! Fakirs! and Maniacs!"

From any point of view this is rather forlorn, and so are many of the canvasses produced by these hurlers of strong epithet—little pictures which hang stilly in the lovely



gallery of the Art Association, and in no way ruffle its pale inertia.

The Zorachs have given up trying to stir it up and have moved on to Maine.

Ross Moffett and Tod Lindenmuth but now launched a petition for a second jury and a second show, for since there are two clearly defined groups of painters, why not allow each and every one to have the chance to exhibit in the company of his friends?—particularly as the crotchety institution claims that within its Colonial walls is home and haven for painting of every faction.

Either the petition is granted or the annual show boycotted, and many are the artists who fail to breathe that academic air with satis-

faction—Carl Knath, for instance, Charles Kaeselau, William and Lucy L'Engle, Ada Gilmore, Blanche Lazell, Edwin Dickinson, Heinrich Pfeiffer, Agnes Weinrich, Floyd Clymer, Lytton Buehler and Dorothy Loeb.

Other painters who have done more or less work here within the last few years, yet without themselves becoming established members of the community are George Ault, Morris Davidson, Niles Spencer, Charles Sheeler and Peter Blume.

Even admitting that formal organization among artists is frequently the first symptom of hardening of the arteries, no account of the functioning of this colony would pass muster which wholly ignored "The Beach-



STILL LIFE

AGNES WEINRICH

combers," who have met for years, in rain and shine, summer and winter, once a week, to eat in company and to exchange the news. Which same matters of local and humorous import are daily discussed by the fishermen "down to the Cold Storage," where great beautiful machinery, red, black, and glittering with brass, is forever making ice, and by some odd telepathy perhaps, this news is also simultaneously disseminated among the ladies of the town at church suppers and at "Cake and Apron Sales."

And now, having tried conscientiously if perhaps at too great length, to make an inventory of persons and aspects of this town, I think it time to confess that standing thus at the sea's edge, and sniffing salt air and tar

across the soft sweetness of lilac and wild rose—inhaling in one breath an inner knowledge of both earth and ocean, I find this endeavor to present itemized account essentially foolish. For, after all, what signify the politics of painting in the scheme of things entire? or even in comparison to the comings and goings of the fishing schooners on the bay?

Think of them, riding one day at anchor, and the next slowly lifting their old gray sails and pulling out quietly for three or four months at the Banks of Newfoundland. These are no proud clipper-ships, mind you, to offer serenity in fair weather or in foul, but humble little vessels, looking like nothing so much as remnants of an antique argosy,



PROVINCETOWN

TOD LINDENMUTH





PROVINCETOWN BEACH

ROSS MOFFETT

and awakening an age-old consciousness of peril on the sea,—stirring to life legends of all the ships of time.

Perhaps these qualities of humility and calm dignity are very nearly the exclusive property of the ships! For eyeing any human community under the microscope, the “dignity of man” is less noticeable than his excessive energy, vanity, vexatiousness and capacity for working mischief. There is also his aptitude for strife, which is so diverting for those whose blood is not boiling!

For us who look on it is amusing to see

the opposing theatrical groups drawn up in battle array, and regarding each other with so great a ferocity. In the dead of winter too, certain native shopkeepers demonstrated their vitality by rising in wrath, and moving bag and baggage from one side of the street to the other. And the lively contempts of painter for painter and group for group will probably continue while

“Every boy and every gal  
Who’s born into this world alive  
Is either a little Liberal,  
Or else—a little Conservative!”

## BOSTON NOTES



LANDSCAPE

CARL SAXILD

SUMMER breezes have not brought to our city proverbial lassitude and quiet. . . . Our state of mind has been cruelly disturbed. . . . The Boston Society of Independent Artists has been born in a stable; there has as yet been no reported caroling of angels though the shepherds of art are on the watch. . . . It has been unkindly suggested that along with the No Jury, No Prizes slogan a no-hanging clause be added. . . . Miss Oliver of the *Advertiser* has tartly replied: "Hypnotized! You Academicians stand for standards, as you say, but also for your friends, and pupils, and patrons, as well." . . . Mr. Frank Bayley of the Copley Gallery, authority on early Americana, writes—"In my forty years' experience and from my personal observation, I have seen the jury system of selection gradually growing worse, and I shall note with interest any plan which attempts to correct, at least, some of the abuses which now exist." . . . From Woodstock has come this, Paul Rohland speaking: "We are with you. Go to it and may the foundation of American culture be shaken out of its long sleep. Here in the Catskills we know about sleepiness, but it is on record that Rip Van Winkle woke up". . . . Tod Lindenmuth, Ambrose Webster and Ross Moffett, voicing the

sentiment of the Provincetown group, indicate that there are enough progressive-minded painters in New England to contribute to an Independent or some other show on a large scale and giving an opportunity for general representation. . . . In the meantime, the first cubist painting ever produced in this vicinity has seen the light of an unwelcoming day. The young artist's life has been threatened, his sanity and his morals have been questioned. He has fled the city. . . .

The troubled present brings a centennial. One hundred years ago unwieldy Apollos, Dianas and heroic, coy Venuses were hoisted onto lofty pedestals at the Athenæum and the public was invited to what is chronicled as "the first attempt at an art gallery in this city." Chester Harding, who should have known better for he

had a practical training as a sign painter, urged that the plaster deities be lowered to a point nearer earth where art students could copy the imitations of what had once been examples of a genuine art. . . . Dull as the show was it proved to be a step in a new direction, creating interest and leading to an exhibition, held a few months after, which was the very first one of Boston artists' work. There were grandiose subjects by Rembrandt Peale, Washington Allston and others, but not much that savored of New England except certain of the portraits. The work of the "ornamental painters" who flourished then, producing much that is significant to us now, was not in evidence. . . .

The Dial Folio was supposed to be most original when it recently appeared with the much-discussed title—"Living Art". The term, however, was used just seventy-nine years ago, in speaking of a subsequent Athenæum exhibition of Boston artists' paintings; the reviewer went on to tell how "golden with promise" was the hour. . . . "The American Athens and the Imperial City have Talent in their Midst awaiting only Liberal Patronage to be nobly developed and perfected". . . . Eight decades and the hour still waits. . . . The word "amusing" had not then been invented. Visitors at the gallery wore



poke bonnets and collapsible hoop skirts and looked at the pictures very seriously, one eye glued to a curious instrument that looked like a cornucopia. . . .

The art schools of the city have had a tremendous year. Medals and prizes have been handed to obedient boys and girls who have spent precious months and years doing only what they were told. . . . The casts, and the models who were made to look like casts, have earned a vacation. . . . Carl Saxild, a former scholarship winner at the Museum School, has just come back after an interval in Europe with some landscapes which by some marvel do not look as though painted in 1826 with West India molasses as the medium. . . . Peter Teigen, who got his instruction across the Charles under the chaperonage of Dr. Ross and the Cambridge group,

is producing in his Charles Street studio lacquered and enamelled chests and beds decorated with exquisite Persian scenes. . . .

At the Guild and the Art Club paintings by members cling to unclamorous walls. . . . President T. Jefferson Coolidge has lent to the Museum his five famous portraits of early American presidents. . . . Local artists have gone, some to Europe; others who believe they can paint best what they know best can be found at the seashore or in the handsomely pictorial northern regions. . . . The Art Museum at Providence in its new building is laying plans for next season's program. . . . Worcester is waiting to welcome George W. Eggers, its director. . . . The coming season promises to be engaging in New England.

HARLEY PERKINS.

## BOOKS

ART THROUGH THE AGES. By HELEN GARDNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1926. (\$4.00.)

THIS is an ambitious undertaking which, on the whole, has been carried out successfully. Miss Gardner, who is in charge of instruction in the history of art at the Art Institute of Chicago, has here attempted a task which has lured many writers, sometimes to their destruction—a history of all art in one volume, from paleolithic man's first crude scratchings on reindeer horn to the art of the twentieth century, including not only painting, sculpture and architecture but minor arts as well—a type of book of which Salomon Reinach's "Apollo" has so far been the most successful example.

The enlarging of the horizon of art since "Apollo" was first published is made strikingly manifest by the wider scope of this book. The arts of India, China, Japan, and mediæval Persia, none of which were covered in the older work, are given separate chapters, and Miss Gardner has also included something which is rare in even the most modern books of this type—a chapter on the ancient art of America—Mayan, Aztec and Peruvian.

As might be expected from the author's profession, the book has developed from actual teaching, and is designed with an eye for its use as an introductory course in educational institutions as well as for the general reader. Hence its treatment of the material is somewhat different from that of

most works of the kind. In a volume of this length, of course, it is possible only to hit the high spots, but Miss Gardner's method is to hit fewer of them and to give more time to each than usual. In other words, she has not tried to include every great name or work of art, but rather to select the most important and the most typical, and to devote some space to a careful analysis of each one.

For students this method undoubtedly has its advantages, being less apt to cause confusion by a surfeit of names and dates; but on the other hand it results in some startling omissions. For example, among Venetian painters, although two pages are given to Giovanni Bellini there is no mention of Veronese. In the four pages devoted to American painting from its beginnings to 1900, only four artists are considered—Inness, La Farge, Whistler, and Sargent. The omission of Eakins and Ryder is understandable, for their work has so far not attained any wide popularity, but it would certainly seem that Winslow Homer deserves a place in even the most elementary account of American art. These are only two instances of the lack of proportion which this method is bound to cause.

The text itself, although not marked by any great amount of original thought, is simple, clear and well-balanced, and should lead the students and beginners who use it to a genuine appreciation of the works of art which it discusses. It has, of course, none of the brilliancy and verbal magnifi-

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cence of Elie Faure's four-volume history. There are times when it smacks somewhat too strongly of the classroom to be altogether palatable to an independent reader; in particular, the author's analyses of paintings are a little too neat—they attempt to explain too much and leave too little to the reader's imagination. But the book as a whole is so unusually broad in its scope and general outlook, and the work of compilation has been performed so conscientiously and so capably, that these characteristics take their places as more or less minor defects.

It is not easy to make a particularly sumptuous volume out of a work of this kind, in which one of the primary objects is to crowd as much material as possible into a limited space, but the publishers deserve credit for having given us 675 illustrations which while small are well reproduced, and a text set in a readable type and excellently proofread, all within the limits of a fair-sized volume. Bibliographies are given after each chapter, and at the end of the book there is much useful information for the student in the form of lists of periodicals, sources for procuring reproductions, etc. All of this shows experience in teaching as well as careful attention to detail, and will no doubt be appreciated by users of the book.

On the whole, I think that "Apollo" is still the best all-round introduction to the history of art for the general reader, making allowances for its more restricted scope; but for the particular audience for which "Art Through the Ages" is intended—students in American schools and colleges, and beginners in the arts—this is one of the most satisfactory introductions that has appeared so far.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

#### FOURTH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART, 1925.

Published by the Art Directors Club of New York. Distributed by the Book Service Company, New York. (\$6.00).

FRANKLIN BOOTH. Sixty Reproductions from Original Drawings. With an Appreciation by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS and an Introduction by MEREDITH NICHOLSON. New York: Robert Frank, Publisher, 1925. (\$12.50.)

ADVERTISING AND BRITISH ART. By WALTER SHAW SPARROW. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd.

THE publication of these three books is only one indication of a widespread and conscious movement in the advertising world for what might be



termed, in the best slogan style, "Better Art in Advertising"—another indication of which is the annual exhibition of advertising art held for the past few years by the Art Directors Club in New York.

The first book listed, as a matter of fact, is composed of the work shown at this exhibition last year, being the fourth similar volume which the Art Directors Club has issued. Its 540 illustrations reproduce the paintings and drawings themselves, and at the end these works are shown as they were used in the complete advertisements. For those who wish to have in convenient form the best advertising work done in this country during the year, this volume will undoubtedly be of great assistance.

In holding these annual exhibitions and in publishing the work afterwards in book form, the Art Directors Club manifests a sincere desire to improve the quality of advertising art in this country. There can be no quarrel with this excellent aim, but when one gets down to the artistic standards by which they seem to be governed, it is a serious question whether the style of art encouraged by them would be much preferable to the average untutored creations with which our eyes are assaulted every day. The selection of the pictures included in the annual exhibitions and the prizes awarded indicate that the taste of the art directors in general is for work which while displaying a certain obvious level of good craftsmanship, is quite lacking in vitality or originality.

Typical of the taste of the average advertising man is the enormous admiration bestowed upon the work of Franklin Booth, of which the second book is a symptom. Booth is a highly competent craftsman, whose chief claim to distinction is a meticulous pen-and-ink technique somewhat remotely resembling the effect of wood-engraving. In his best work there is a thin romanticism that is not without its charm, but too often his drawings present only an expanse of mannered and tiresome technique. To many advertising men, however, he seems to represent the *ne plus ultra* of art. The present volume, sumptuously printed by William Edwin Rudge, while indicating an aspiration on the part of the advertising profession for something better than the average run of advertising art, is worthy of a more solid talent.

Comparing these two American books with Mr. Sparrow's volume, one sees that the movement for better advertising art is by no means confined to America, but that on the contrary it has manifested itself in a far more conscious form in England. Mr.

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Sparrow has for many years been an enthusiastic advocate of "reform in advertising", and his book is really in the nature of a tract, although it is a tract of generous proportions and many illustrations. While the crusading spirit at times carries him to rather absurd lengths, his attitude on the whole is so intelligent and his taste so good that his book forms a welcome relief from the average "snappy salesman" book on advertising.

The book is illustrated with numerous examples of British advertising art, many in color, the bulk of them being posters, for in their periodical advertising the traditional British conservatism still reigns to a large extent, except where it has been replaced by a leaning toward the American style. In poster art, however, the British artists are creating work far in advance of anything being done in advertising in America. There seems to be something particularly attractive to the British artist in the poster style; even R.A.'s seem to be at home in it, in most cases producing work far more interesting than their formal Academy paintings. Possibly this is an outcropping of the same English talent which produced the colored aquatint in the nineteenth century.

Much of the excellence of this work is of course due to the intelligent coöperation of such companies as the London Underground and the London and North-Eastern Railways. Most of the posters, being for transportation companies, are of such congenial subjects as landscapes, towns and ships, so that the artist has not been under the necessity of rhapsodizing over toothpaste or cigarettes. But a more fundamental reason is the difference in the British attitude toward advertising. In spite of the hoary tradition that the British have no sense of humor, the work shown in Mr. Sparrow's book has little of the heavy-handed solemnity that appears in so much American advertising art. The designs are entertaining and decorative, and each one shows the individuality of an artist who is free to express himself as he chooses. The attitude as a whole is more humorous, more balanced, more civilized.

LLOYD GOODRICH

ACOMA, THE SKY CITY. By MRS. WILLIAM T. SEDGWICK. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press, 1926. (\$4.00).

THE pueblo of Acoma in New Mexico is one of the most remarkable communities in this country, affording an unparalleled opportunity of studying an Indian culture which has been relatively little affected by white influence. Perched on the top of



an almost inaccessible mesa in the desert, the Acomas have been more or less removed from outside influences and have been able to retain their individuality more than most Indian tribes.

This very aloofness, however, has made it difficult to study them, and it is not surprising that Mrs. Sedgwick has not been able in this book to contribute any large amount of new material, but has devoted herself rather to collecting what has already been published and making it into a readable and informative account. For much of the material on their religious beliefs and ceremonials and on their social organization she has been forced by their unapproachableness to draw on parallel customs in other tribes closely united by race and culture to the Acomas.

**HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER.** (Portfolios of Great Masters.) With eight plates in colors and foreword by S. LANE. London: Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd., and New York: Minton, Balch & Company, 1926. (\$2.50.)

A problem that seems always to have tempted publishers is that of presenting the best work of individual masters in a form sufficiently popular to be financially successful and at the same time so well printed and edited as to appeal to more educated tastes. The series of English publications called *Portfolios of Great Masters*, to which this book belongs, strikes a happy medium between these two requirements. A short introduction gives the essential facts about the artist's life; no attempt is made to "explain" his work, the eight color plates being allowed to speak for themselves. This they do in an entirely adequate manner, for although English color printing as a whole is not as fine as that of the Germans, the color work in this book is much superior to that of the average American volume. American printers in general seem to lack the color sense, and what is almost as important, the patience, which is required to turn out the best work of this type.

Holbein's strong point is of course not his color, and a certain hardness in the tone of the reproductions in this book may be laid to that fact rather than to the printing; but even so the illustrations form a magnificent group. The artist's drawings, already familiar to the public, are not included, all of the reproductions being of his paintings.

The series already includes monographs on Corot, Vermeer of Delft, and Pieter de Hooch, and we understand that additional volumes will be forthcoming in the near future.



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IN accordance with our policy of devoting a large part of each summer number of THE ARTS to an article of some length on an important subject, we take pleasure in announcing that the August issue will contain a very complete and fully-illustrated article on

## GOYA

By A. PHILIP McMAHON

Goya was in many respects the first of the moderns. As Dr. McMahon says: "Modernity was not all of Goya, but rising out of him, that tide is now at flood."

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Dr. McMahon has devoted many years to the study of the artist's life and work, and he contributes a complete and penetrating essay, which will be illustrated with many reproductions of paintings, engravings and drawings. In selecting the illustrations we have endeavored to choose less familiar examples which are nevertheless of first-rate quality and which show the immense range and variety of Goya's art.

This will be an issue which you will want to keep permanently, and about which you will also want to inform any of your friends who do not happen to be subscribers, so that they may enter their subscriptions now and thus be sure of receiving this number.

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*With a Foreword by* FORBES WATSON

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the outstanding events of the art season just closed was the exhibition of the collection of the late John Quinn. When this exhibition was removed from the walls at the Art Center many of the paintings and sculpture had already found new homes in museums private collections and in the galleries of dealers.

While the collection was still intact, we secured permission to photograph it in its entirety for the purpose of making a permanent photographic record of a great collection of modern art.

This volume contains a complete list of the paintings, water colors, drawings and sculpture (exclusive of Negro and Chinese) in the John Quinn collection, and reproductions of 200 of the most important works, among them being 17 Picassos, 9 Matisses, 6 Seurats and 9 Derains. Printed on a fine grade of paper especially adapted to reproductions of works of art, it constitutes an addition of permanent value to the library of anyone interested in art.

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## THE PIDGEON HILL PRESS

# WHERE TO BUY THE ARTS

For the benefit of those of our readers who buy their copy from the dealer each month we are listing below a few of the bookshops where the magazine may be purchased.

If by any chance your dealer does not carry a supply of THE ARTS, we shall, if you can conveniently furnish us with his name and address, be pleased to take up with him the matter of placing an order. We wish to make it as easy as possible for you to secure your copy each month.

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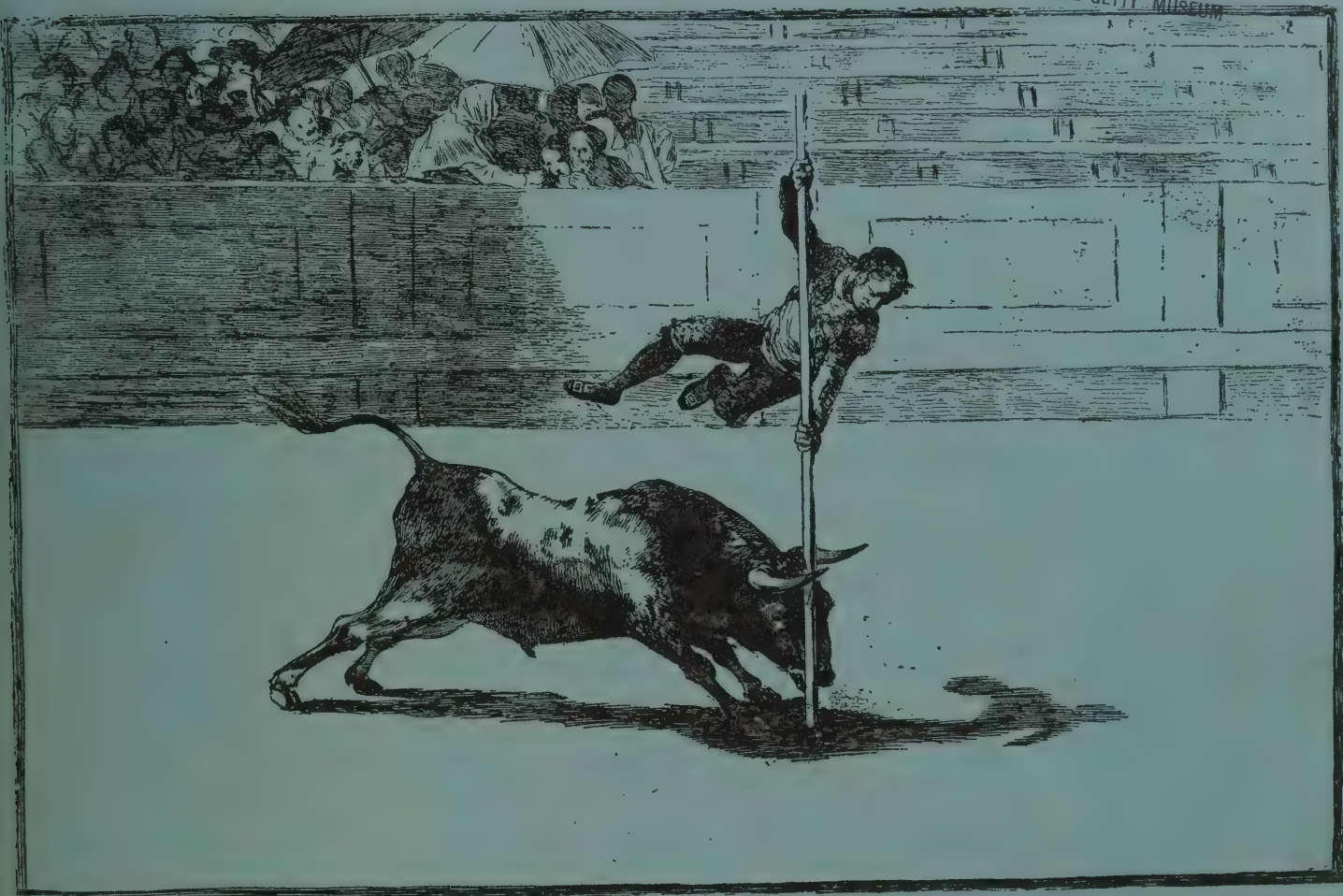
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# THE ARTS

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AUGUST, 1926

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**B**ECAUSE of the constant demand for back numbers of **THE ARTS** and requests for information regarding articles carried in past issues we are publishing below a list of those in which our readers have indicated more than usual interest.

This list is published principally for the benefit of new readers who may be interested in securing some of these articles while the issues containing them are still available.

All of these articles are beautifully and abundantly illustrated.

Adventures in Museum Buying: by Eric Brown.....	February, 1926
American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum; by Meyric Rogers.....	February, 1925
Architecture in New York: by Charles Downing Lay.....	August, 1923
Art of Old Peru: by Virgil Barker.....	July, 1924
Bayeux Tapestry: by Helen Henderson.....	December, 1924
Blake, William, in the "City of Assassinations": by Harold Bruce.....	March, 1925
Bourdelle, Emile Antoine: by Helen Appleton Read.....	October, 1925
Boyd Houghton's Graphic America: by Robert Allerton Parker.....	July, 1924
Brancusi, Constantin: by M. M.....	July, 1923
Brancusi, Constantin, The Sculpture of: by William Zorach.....	March, 1926
Butler, Samuel, Art Student and Art Critic: by Robert Allerton Parker.....	April, 1924
Chinese Painting: by Agnes E. Meyer.....	October, 1923
Cruikshank, George: by Robert Allerton Parker.....	October, 1924
Cubism—Its Rise and Influence: by Andrew Dasburg.....	November, 1923
Daumier, The Man of His Time: by W. M. Ivins, Jr.....	February, 1923
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Duccio, Details of Altarpiece.....	September, 1924
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Guys, Constantin: by Lloyd Goodrich.....	March, 1926
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*"The Exploit of Juanito Apíñani at Madrid"*  
*From La Tauromaquia, by Goya*  
*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

A. PHILIP MCMAHON, whose writings are already familiar to readers of THE ARTS, has written and lectured extensively on the subject of Spanish art, in which he first became interested during a youth spent in the City of Mexico. His undergraduate work was done at Harvard University, where he also received his Ph.D. He has recently accepted an appointment as Associate Professor of Fine Arts at New York University.

GEORGE BIDDLE has attained a prominent position in

American art by his work in a variety of mediums. His sympathetic portrait of Mary Cassatt is based on a friendship extending over a number of years.

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GOYA IN 1815. SELF-PORTRAIT. ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO, MADRID



# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

AUGUST, 1926

NUMBER 2

THE ARTS has always believed that magazines are deadened by too restricted a policy. The policy of this journal, therefore, has been to open its pages not only to ideas found agreeable by its editorial staff but also to ideas which the editors, although disagreeing with them, believe to be stimulating comments upon contemporary creative and æsthetic conditions. There seems to be sufficient argumentative suggestion in the following discontented philosophy set forth by a dealer, left behind in the flight to Europe of the "trade," to warrant recording it.

Ruminating in his quiet gallery upon the strange psychological business of buying and selling the multifarious objects that fall within the term, "art," when employed in its all-inclusive, commercial sense, a dealer eased the weight upon his upper torso by emitting his latest theory about the American artist, that target of the unrooted. Slouched in his most comfortable "buyer's chair" he spoke with the poignant bitterness of a salesman who of late had not sold much. Here is his address.

"The trouble with the American artist is that he comes generally from the middle class. He has neither the courage of the very rich nor of the very poor. For that reason a little success makes him timid. After he has developed what you would call a recognizable statement he won't take a chance. He sticks to the same way of doing things and is afraid to develop or change for fear of losing the little success that he has gained. Men like Ballard Williams, Richard Miller and the other repeaters, so beloved by the citizens of Grand Rapids and communities not yet enough educated in art to see beyond triteness, are really no worse than your friends the prudent radicals. Perhaps they are duller, less informed and knowing, but after all, the repetition of the same idea from the same angle becomes a trick and in the end is it of any consequence whether a trick is fashionable or dowdy? It still remains a trick.

"People blame us, the maligned dealers, for attempting to limit artists to the things that will sell. It is calumny. You have no idea how hard it is to inspire a certain type of artist, after he has enjoyed a little success, to branch out. Look at your so-called radical water color men. They are more sophisticated than Bruce Crane, for example, or the late Willard Metcalf. Are they really any more adventurous?"

"You can't say that of Demuth or Marin," I interrupted.

"They are the very men I do say it of," frothed my cantankerous dealer friend. "It is true that they have achieved something, although God only knows how they can be contented to remain so limited. Just now I am thinking more especially of the men who have barely made the bell of fame tinkle. So many of them confuse 'manner' with 'statement.' The more obvious the manner the more they insist upon it. I tell you that the real quality of an artist shows after, not before, his success. People say that Francis Murphy made his success by puttering repetition. On the other hand your secondary 'modern' painters like Utrillo are also rubber stampists. And the dealer gets the blame.

"If I tell one of my artists that he has already begun to imitate himself the tempera-

mental creature from the comforting middle class, in quest of his little profits, will leave me and go to another gallery, although he knows that I bore the expense of helping to build up his first success. That first success, repeated until it is worn out, doesn't last so long. And in my years of experience I know so few artists who are really after big game and treat art as a man-sized adventure.

"The artist needs either wealth or poverty to drive him hard. Give him a little income or a little protection and he's lost to big undertakings. The late J. Pierpont Morgan had enough money, but he always wanted more power. Poor men like 'Fingy' Connors pounded their way through obstacles to material success. But count the artists who are really keyed up to the tempo of our times.

"The artist, I maintain, coming from a quieter and less ambitious class, often slackens his energies in the face of modern competitive existence. His work is too mild because his life is too comfortable and easy-going. And before damning the dealer for encouraging the artist to continue in a single specialty, the painters and sculptors should ask themselves whether they have either the nerve of a 'Fingy' Connors or the energy and scope of the late J. Pierpont Morgan."

I doubt if my friend, the dealer, would have spoken so fearsomely on a quiet summer morning if the criticism so often directed against dealers, to the effect that they do encourage artists to be specialists, had not gotten under his skin. And I certainly do not believe that the kind of life which produces at one extreme a "Fingy" Connors and at the other a J. Pierpont Morgan, is also the kind of life in which an artist might find his richest development. Yet the words of an experienced and intelligent dealer who has seen dozens of artists arrive at a temporary success, only to fade away into the kingdom of second rate specialists, need not be cast aside as useless, even if one ventures to disagree with them. So I give them here for the suggestiveness, if not for the accuracy, which I believe that they contain.

FORBES WATSON.



CAPRICE. WALL-DECORATION FROM GOYA'S COUNTRY HOUSE. PRADO, MADRID





LA ROMERIA DE SAN ISIDRO. PRADO, MADRID

## GOYA, THE FIRST MODERN

BY A. PHILIP McMAHON

### I.

THE art of Francisco Goya y Lucientes is oceanic in its magnitude. It cannot be confined in a shallow formula; and so profound and multiform are its aspects that, like the work of any other genius of the first order, his life accomplishment invites interpretations and studies of many different sorts. Such, in fact, may well be the test of authentic genius entitling an artist to rank as a master. His infinitude should exceed the measureable capacity of any critical study, the theme never exhausted. Modernity is not all of Goya, but arising out of him, that tide is now at flood.

This aspect of Goya, so far too lightly pondered, is pregnant with significance not only for the art of our time but for the artists also. The pioneers and adventurers of art have, I suppose, in every age felt that their difficulties were particularly grievous. But whereas most artists' difficulties are due mainly to the immense gap that lies between the will to create and creation fulfilling the desire, Goya had in addition obstacles that really are insurmountable for moderate tal-

ents. He was born in poverty; he had mediocre instruction; he lived in a depraved society and under a decaying government; he suffered from envy and jealousy; all commissions were controlled by an academic despotism; in the midst of his career he became totally deaf; and finally, in his old age, a foreign invasion swept away the whole structure and substance of his life. Yet, whatever the difficulties, Goya invariably triumphed.

After every storm, whether stirred up by his private rashness or by a world-wide revolution, Goya, the successful egoist, always emerged on top, his vitality, his creative energy and his prestige undisturbed. Such ability and imposing self-regard might perhaps have equipped him for a political career, rising from a district leadership to a ministry of state, but he gained equivalent worldly success and he won it as an artist. More than that, a master, a truly modern artist.

### II.

THE facts of Goya's life, ascertainable from documentary evidence, are quite enough, without the aid of legends, to form







THE CROCKERY SELLER. TAPESTRY CARTOON. PRADO, MADRID



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

"IT IS WELL TIED" (CAPRICE NO. 17)

dulged, and the risks to which he exposed himself.

When he had already lived almost twice the span of Regnault's entire life, the great adventure with the Duchess of Alba took place. When well over seventy, he learned lithography and produced masterpieces. When almost eighty he satisfied himself what Paris was like. Two years later he visited Madrid for the last time and sat to López for his portrait at the King's command, and while he found himself unable to return the

compliment then, he did teach López some new steps and passes for use in the bullring. Goya's career, in short, provides a leading case when the sceptics' club meets to debate this question: Do the good die young?

When Goya had attained the age of thirteen he was probably already an art student. But the world was more interested in Charles III., who had abandoned the crown of the Two Sicilies to become King of Spain, succeeding his half-brother, Ferdinand VI. The latter was a son of that Philip V. whom Louis XIV. of France had definitely fixed on the Spanish throne after fourteen years of warfare with the rest of Europe. Spain was thus Bourbon territory and as the country was later to learn, Napoleon wanted no Bourbon neighbors. When Charles III. became King, however, the world was still safe for ten years more before Ajaccio's prodigy was born. Charles III. was in the meanwhile revelling in the political philosophy of Rousseau, a study fashionable in cultivated circles until thirty years afterward, when the necks of the French Bourbons

felt its practical consequences, about which very time their Spanish kinsman died a natural Spanish death.

Goya's studies had been pursued chiefly in the workshop of Luzán y Martínez, a follower of Luca Giordano in Zaragoza, and in 1765 he arrived in Madrid, where he became intimate with Francisco Bayeu, a graduate of the same school. In the next twenty years his reputation was established. After some years in Madrid, during which he apparently accomplished little, he won a prize offered



by the Parma Academy of Fine Arts and painted one of the vaults of the Cathedral of El Pilar in Zaragoza. Following this came his journey to Rome, and on his return, marriage to Bayeu's sister. In 1776 he received his first important commission, probably with Bayeu's aid, from Raphael Mengs, to design tapestries for the royal palaces.

Mengs was a Bavarian painter who had become an adept in the neo-classic theories of Winckelmann, and after a triumphant progress through Europe had become dictator of the arts in Madrid. Goya continued to produce these designs at intervals for the next fifteen years. Somewhat later he secured another and more profitable commission for further frescoes in the Cathedral at Zaragoza, and quarreled bitterly with his brother-in-law during its execution. In 1784, however, he won notable favor at Court through an altarpiece which he painted for the Church of San Francisco el Grande in Madrid. The next year he was appointed Deputy Director of the Academy of San Fernando.

During the same period Goya had reached the summit of material ambition, as he wrote his old friend Zapater back home in Zaragoza:

"I had established for myself an enviable mode of life. I no longer danced attendance in an antechamber. If anybody wanted anything of mine, he had to come to me. I was much sought after, but except for someone in a high position, or to oblige a friend, I worked for none. The more I strove to make myself difficult of access, the more I was pursued; each day this has increased



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

"TANTALUS" (CAPRICE NO. 9)

and grown worse and worse; as a result I am so overwhelmed that I do not know where to turn or how to fulfill so many accepted engagements."

Sacheverell Sitwell's book on "Southern Baroque Art" discusses entertainingly the background of rococo aesthetic which Charles III. attempted to impose on Spain during these thirty years. While the artist was successfully endeavoring to evade its restrictions Josefa Bayeu y Goya bore twenty children, of whom Javier, a son, alone reached manhood.



THE SCUFFLE AT THE VENTA NUEVA. TAPESTRY CARTOON. PRADO, MADRID

The reign of Charles III. came to an end because of this monarch's excessive punctuality. He had a fixed date for moving from one palace to another every year, regardless of the weather or any other circumstance, but a heavy snowstorm in December, 1788, had no consideration for the strength of the royal will or the weakness of the monarch's constitution. This event brought to the throne Charles IV. and his consort, María Luisa of Parma. Goya had been a very acceptable hunting companion to Charles III. and had painted the old man's portrait in hunting costume, as he did also that of the new ruler.

The latter was already forty years old when he became King; he was interested in drawing and music, but his tutors had in vain tried to convey the merest elements of arithmetic or geography to his mind. The only thing he was sincerely interested in was hunting. If his brain was weak, his physique was remarkable, and while he was thoroughly familiar with the state of the royal stables, he was quite content to leave such minor matters as national finance and foreign

policy to the Queen and her friend Godoy. Sometimes, also, he investigated the nocturnal pursuits of his less reputable subjects, and in case of trouble he needed no help from the royal guards, for his own two fists were always enough to clear a path to the door.

Queen María Luisa likewise indulged in various fancies. In 1784 or 1785 a young and indigent nobleman named Manuel Godoy obtained a post in the royal guard, an intelligent, handsome youth of seventeen. The Queen soon fell in love with him, and before he was twenty-five he had accumulated such trophies as these: Knight Commander of Santiago, Lieutenant-General of the Army, Grand Cross of Charles III., Gentleman of the King's Chamber, Councillor of State, and finally Prime Minister.

After a shameful treaty concluding an unfortunate war with the French, he was given the further title of Prince of the Peace. But the people called him *Choricero*—sausage-maker—for the main occupation of the inhabitants of Estremadura, his native prov-





THE VINTAGE. TAPESTRY CARTOON. PRADO, MADRID



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"LOS CHINCHILLAS" (CAPRICE NO. 50)

ince, was the breeding of swine. The King, the Queen, and Godoy all favored Goya; Godoy particularly, for he came to Goya's rescue in the affair of the *Caprichos* and purchased the plates as well as the entire edition for the Crown when the Inquisition threatened action against the artist. At the same time a generous pension was awarded to Goya's son.

One of the most amazing features of the royal ménage was the attachment of the

royal pair to Godoy and his loyalty to them. When they were ruined he shared their disgrace and exile, and not until after the death of Ferdinand VII., their son and his bitterest enemy, did he publish his memoirs or venture to protest against the abuse of his former friends. But by that time nobody cared; it was a matter of surprise to learn that Godoy was still alive.

An intimate picture of Spain during this epoch, when Goya's greatest work was produced, may be found in the seventh volume of Casanova's *Memoires*. But the following two anecdotes will sufficiently illustrate the characters of Charles IV. and his Queen.

When the young princess, then thirteen, was betrothed to the future King, she compelled even her parents to give her precedence in their own palace. Her brother objected.

"I will teach you to respect me," she screamed, "for one day I shall be Queen of Spain, and you can never be more than Duke of Parma."

"At least I'll be able to say that I've slapped a Queen of Spain," he replied with appropriate gesture.

Some forty years later, Charles IV. confidentially told his jailor, Napoleon, just how he had governed the Spanish dominions:

"Every day, no matter what the weather might be, summer and winter, I arose from breakfast, heard mass, and then went hunting until one o'clock. After dinner, I returned to the chase until sunset. In the evening, Manuel told me whether matters were going on well or ill. Then I went to bed, and began again next morning, unless some im-



portant ceremony compelled me to rest."

At the very center of this society lived Goya, without ever taking part in political intrigue or taking sides in the closely-drawn contests between Court favorites. Thus he became First Painter to the Court with a salary of 50,000 reales, while his affairs with the Countess of Benavente and the Duchess of Alba, the keenest of rivals, took their happy course. At the same time he painted innumerable portraits, etched his marvelous *Caprichos* and decorated the Church of San Antonio de la Florida with religious frescoes of a type never seen before nor since in an edifice devoted to divine worship.

In the year 1808 Napoleon decided to evict his Bourbon neighbors from their adjoining property. Spain was plunged into the fatal War of Independence. Charles IV. abdicated and so did his contemptible son, Ferdinand VII. While French troops harried the Peninsula, Napoleon placed his brother Joseph on the throne thus forcibly vacated. *Pepe Botellas* — "Pete the Bottle Boy" — was the Spaniards' name for the intruder.

Nearly everything that the troops from the north considered valuable was carried off; such was the practical aspect of what was declared to be a mission of enlightenment, liberty and progress to a nation darkly oppressed by ignorance, superstition and the Inquisition. Cuenca, for example, was plundered and looted with great loss of life three different times: once by Caulaincourt in 1808, again by Hugo in 1810, and finally by La Houssaye in 1811. This helps us to understand why *Hernani* has a Spanish set-



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"AS FAR AS HIS GRANDFATHER" (CAPRICE NO. 39)

ting, for Victor Hugo's father did the job in 1810.

During these disastrous years Goya from personal observation etched his great series, the *Desastres de la Guerra*, and also worked on the *Tauromaquia* as well as the *Proverbios*. In the end Ferdinand VII. was restored to his long-suffering and faithful people, whereupon he showed his gratitude in most extraordinary fashion. The fate of Juan Martín, *El Empecinado*, whose portrait Goya painted, was only one instance of many. This hero had been the peasant



THE BEGGARS AT THE FOUNTAIN. TAPESTRY CARTOON  
PRADO, MADRID

leader of the guerilla bands co-operating with the English troops under the Duke of Wellington that finally drove the French out of the country. The historian Martin A. S. Hume tells us what happened:

"He was kept by the local authorities at Roa for the next ten months (after Ferdinand's return), suffering the most revolting tortures in prison, being brought out every market-day in an iron cage to be exposed to the insults of the crowd. For four days at a time he was kept without food or drink, confined in one position; and his prayers that he should promptly be put out of his misery only brought upon him fresh prosecution. In vain the English ambassador protested to the King against such inhumanity; the *Empecinado* refused to acknowledge any crime or beg for mercy, as he had formerly refused the bribe of a peerage to desert the Constitution, and he was at length condemned to the gallows. He was calm and dignified almost to the last; but on his way to the scaffold he was driven to sudden fury by seeing one of his persecutors, a royalist volunteer officer, flourishing the famous sword which he, the *Empecinado*, had borne throughout the war. With a prodigious effort he burst his fetters and scattered those who held him captive; but he tripped over the shroud in which he was clothed, and fighting furiously to the last, this, one of the greatest heroes of Spanish independence, was dragged by the neck until he was dead, and the last insults might be offered to his corpse with impunity."

For a time Goya lay hidden in the house of a friend, but Ferdinand finally received him at court, saying: "You have deserved exile, you have merited the garotte, but you are a great artist, and we will forget everything." His position and salary were restored, and although Goya found it expedient to retire to Bordeaux, he did so with the King's permission on the pretext of taking the cure at



some French baths. On his last visit to Madrid, Ferdinand gave him a pension of 50,000 reales and indefinite leave on condition that he would sit to López for his portrait.

In Bordeaux Goya lived until the end of his life, with a three months' visit to Paris in 1824. His body was placed in a vault where the remains of his friend Martin Goicoechea had been buried in 1825. In 1899, when the Spanish authorities exhumed the body, it was no longer possible to identify the two, so that the bones of both Goya and his hospitable friend were sealed in one casket and conveyed to Madrid. Even after death, Goya's history was thus remarkable.

### III.

ALTHOUGH Goya frequented the studio of Luzán y Martínez in Zaragoza for some years, and executed his great series of tapestry designs under the neo-classicist Mengs, his technique was, as a rule, more instinctive than methodical. He could and occasionally did step down to the harsh, eighteenth-century manner in which his fellow-students José Beratón and Tomás Vallespin indulged, the standardized product of Luzán's school. His earlier religious frescoes, also, emulated so far as was possible for Goya, the cold correctness of Bayeu. Goya rarely had the same success with portrait groups that he had with single figures. But with those debatable works omitted, well over five hundred paintings and half as many graphic works are left untouched either by his own carelessness or the sterility of official art.

A number of observations are attributed to him which show how superior his independent point of view was to the æsthetic theory current in his day. His impatience with the methods of instruction that prevailed from the time of Alberti and Leonardo until the Art Students' League may be judged from this outburst:



THE WOUNDED MASON. TAPESTRY CARTOON  
PRADO, MADRID



*Pobrecitas!*

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"POOR LITTLE THINGS!" (CAPRICE NO. 22)





*Ya van desplumados.*

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"THERE THEY GO, ALL PLUCKED" (CAPRICE NO. 20)



A CARNIVAL SCENE—THE BURIAL OF THE SARDINE. PRADO, MADRID





THE PARASOL. TAPESTRY CARTOON. PRADO, MADRID

"Always line and never body! But where do we find these lines in Nature? I can only see masses in light, and masses in shadow, planes which advance or planes which recede, reliefs or backgrounds. My eye never catches outlines or details. I do not count the hairs on the head of the man who passes me in the street. The buttons on his coat are not the chief objects to catch my glance. My brush ought not to have better eyesight than its master. When these candid teachers meet Nature their ensemble is a mass of detail and these details are almost always fictitious and lying. They confuse their young pupils by making them trace for years, with sharply-pointed pencils, almond-shaped eyes, mouths like arches or hearts, noses resembling the figure seven upside down, ovals for heads. Why don't they give them Nature, for that is the only teacher of drawing."

And Goya stated one of the final verities when he said: "A picture that is true is finished."

An anecdote showing Goya's attitude in opposition to the conservatives is to be found in a manuscript reporting a conversation had with Tomás López, a monk of the Aula Dei, a monastery near Zaragoza, adorned by Goya. This document, discovered by the Conde de la Viñaza, states that:

"In Zaragoza Goya also painted with fresco one of the domes or cupolas in the Church of El Pilar. It is the one that represents the *Regina Martirum*, and has much better color than that painted by his brother-in-law. But the latter, who was in charge of the work, was not satisfied, because he thought Goya had painted it in too much of a hurry, for he had done it in forty sessions, and they were quarreling about it high up on the scaffolding. Goya told him to go down on the floor of the church and that it would look all right from there, but Bayeu replied by pointing out a poor man who was begging at the door of the church, and said that just as that poor man looked all right near at



THE DUCHESS OF ALBA. LIRIA PALACE, MADRID





THE SNOWFALL. TAPESTRY CARTOON. PRADO, MADRID

hand and at a distance, so ought his painting to do."

Mengs was the inspiration of Bayeu, Maella and the other conventional painters of that time who are now momentarily rescued from oblivion when the name of Goya is invoked. Mengs had studied very patiently all the schools and theories of painting and he finally concluded that the perfect painter should acquire expression from Raphael, grace and harmony from Correggio, truth and charm of color from Titian. He had all the known styles of art classified as follows: the sublime, the beautiful, the

graceful, the expressive, the natural, the vitiated, and the easy. Yet his line still thrives.

"Art may nowadays be reduced to a few simple formulas and may be used quite beneficially by all sorts and conditions of men, if taken with the proper proportions of mathematics. Beauty is no longer an amorphous, volatile, and inconstant abstraction; it is a fixed and definite science based upon all laws of the laboratory except those of physiology and biology, and it has become, thanks to the researches of modern mathematicians, so simple and easy that even a child can operate



SCENE IN A MADHOUSE. PRADO, MADRID

it." But that is not from a neo-classic theorist of the eighteenth century; it is from page 353 of the "Architectural Record" for April, 1925.

Goya's palette, as may be seen from his works and from those portraits where he is represented with palette in hand, was simple. Black, white, vermilion, the ochres and siennas, was about all as a rule. Much of his work was done over a reddish underpainting, and possibly some of his pictures have suffered therefrom. Except in a few small panels, he did not glaze, but the transparency and liquid brilliancy of his production is particularly astonishing in view of his almost exclusive use of the opaque earths. Indeed, his palette grew still more simple as he grew older, and the wall paintings with which he adorned his Quinta del Sordo, just outside Madrid beyond the Manzanares, are reduced to basic elements. He once said that with a piece of charcoal he could put all the color required in any picture. On the other hand, in the portrait of *Ferdinand Guille-*

*mardet*, now in the Louvre, and in *The Family of Charles IV.*, in the Prado, he realized triumphs of vibrant, chromatic brilliancy rivalling the *Hilanderas* and *Meniñas* of Velazquez.

#### IV.

THE rapid sweep of Goya's brush was, therefore, notably capable of transferring the shimmering quality of sunlight, its scintillating vitality, to canvas; but he never became the practitioner of any set of tricks or formulas. When he had developed a satisfactory answer to one of the underlying problems of painting he did not rest in its repetition with variations; his work was ever the spontaneous expression of a powerful personality. His less successful works were the equally frank exhibitions of the artist's ill-health, indifference to his subject, or concern with more pressing pursuits.

Such spontaneity did not prevent the intelligent study of certain predecessors and contemporaries. But it did forbid his con-





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DON MANUEL LAPENA, MARQUIS OF BONDAD REAL. HISPANIC MUSEUM,  
NEW YORK



THE DUEL (DRAWING)

ducting a school, and he had so few followers that their work until lately has been almost entirely unknown.

When he stated that he had had only three teachers, Velazquez, Rembrandt and Nature, he must have referred particularly to his etchings. He could at best have seen only one painting by Rembrandt, but a drawing exists showing that he esteemed one of Rembrandt's etchings enough to copy it. His early series of reproductive etchings after Velazquez is well known.

The influence of Watteau, partly in the technique of his smaller panels, but largely in the themes of his tapestry designs, may

easily be noted. A. L. Mayer, a leading writer on Goya, points out that in the seventies of the eighteenth century there flourished in Madrid a genre painter named Luís Paret y Alcázar, "who must be looked on as the most French among the Spaniards and the last disciple of Watteau."

Lafond says, referring to the distinction which set Goya's work apart from that of his pedestrian contemporaries and to his relations with the Duchess of Alba: "It is not surprising that, living in the intimacy of this quasi-goddess, in the midst of this polished society life at Madrid, influenced by the court of Charles IV., of Maria Luisa and of Godoy, so corrupt but so charming, Goya should have shown a new aspect of his talent. This aspect, all finesse, grace and delicacy, made him for the moment a near relation of Watteau, Reynolds, and Gainsborough."

The same writer compares his genre pieces, his pictures of Spanish peasants in idyllic guise, with the works of Watteau, Boucher and Lancret. But there is a Gallic prejudice in this view, and in Goya at his most care-free and light-hearted hour there is a trace of awkwardness and independent sincerity that was rarely found in the English and French society favorites.

The inspiration of Teniers and his study of Bosch, particularly in the etchings, are even more obvious. And these were artists whose work, in significant examples, was accessible to him.

The constant presence in the royal palaces



of Titian's *Bacchanals* and *The Garden of the Loves*, besides *Venus Listening to Music* and magnificent portraits by the Venetian master, could hardly have failed to affect Goya. The indebtedness to Velazquez is too evident to require extended discussion; in addition to his reproductive etchings we know that it was part of his duty as Court Painter to make official copies of the works of Velazquez for presentation to those whom the sovereign desired to honor. But I am inclined to agree with Mayer rather than with Beruete in thinking that no unmistakable trace of El Greco appears in Goya's work.

The intricate, vortical rhythm of Rubens left its mark on Goya also, not so much in the way of leading him to imitate those complex symphonies of line as to secure by other means a similar sense of vital movement. Moreover, as Hugh Stokes points out, there is a direct obligation to Rubens for the subject which formed the principal decoration of Goya's dining-room in the Quinta del Sordo. In the Prado hangs today the canvas by Rubens also representing *Saturn Devouring One of His Children*.

A superficial resemblance has also been noted between Goya's later male portraits and the treatment of similar subjects by Englishmen of about the same period, not so much in the way of technique or characterization as in composition. It is due possibly to the study of mezzotint reproductions, and Mayer suggests that this interest may account for Goya's joke in dating a letter to Zapater from London.

The influence of Tiepolo has not been so far sufficiently studied, although there are very apparent references to the brush-work and technical facility of the Venetian artist



"WHAT A TAILOR CAN DO!" (DRAWING FOR CAPRICE NO. 52)

in certain periods of Goya's career. These in addition to the technique of his earlier etchings and the slight but fecund precedent offered by Tiepolo's series for his own masterly *Caprichos*. Furthermore, Tiepolo spent the last years of his life in Madrid during Goya's youth, and Goya himself probably had advice from an old pupil of Tiepolo's whom he took into his studio.

Such considerations are, of course, more important in the attribution of pictures than



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THE DUCHESS OF ALBA, HISPANIC MUSEUM, NEW YORK





THE PROCESSION OF FLAGELLANTS. PRADO, MADRID

in attempting to understand the mind of the artist. They do, however, indicate that even indifferent instruction, and distasteful commissions strengthen the hand and sharpen the eye of an artist if, indeed, his eye is the kind that can ever really see, and his hand an instrument for something better than merely laying on paint.

And throughout, his modernity, judged technically, is to be seen in his persistent experimentalism. He actually succeeded in accomplishing that which many artists have vainly sought to attain, and but few have brought to fulfillment. Goya, undeniably and victoriously, transcended what were sincerely believed to be the limitations of his media as vehicles of expression.

## V.

THE liberating influence of Goya can be felt in the work of many eminent painters of the last century and of this. To a more conspicuous degree perhaps than any other artist he united in the course of his

considerable production works which fully satisfied his own age and yet continued unacademic and unorthodox tendencies that endeared him to subsequent artists and afforded them a point of departure.

In the field of decoration he succeeded in superimposing something national and contemporary on eighteenth century French and Venetian traditions. Having won a reputation and an official position thereby, he went on to develop his portrait instinct, injecting into the accepted conventions two elements which he dwelt upon with varying emphasis. He focussed attention sometimes on characterization, and again he exhibited the impressionist's joy in light that reflects color.

Finally, he pushed the resources of the brush and of the etching needle beyond their supposed limits and produced effects by arbitrary methods which were condoned in his own time because of adventitious circumstances. But it was these unæsthetic qualities which enabled them to survive and stimulate the modern movement.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"IT IS THE HOUR" (CAPRICE NO. 80)

The technical influence of Goya on succeeding generations of painters has been tremendous, even on some who were insensible to all that he offers. The ecstatic religious genius of El Greco was the reaction of a foreigner to an exotic atmosphere which even Spaniards were incapable of expressing with equal intensity. El Greco in his entirety escapes many moderns for that reason, and in any case interest in his ideas and technique is of rather recent growth, dating from the beginning of this century.

But Goya's life covered that period of history when the established forms in every sphere of life were in a state of dissolution and flux. Under such conditions the significance of the individual, as set forth in permanent form by a superb egoist, alone possessed value. More than a commentator on the world that exists for the eyes, he recorded with sensitive objectivity that which an artistic conformist, the leader or type of a school, could not have comprehended.

To exercise such influence on the art of the nineteenth century he had, of course, to be present in power in Paris, the focus of that century's artistic life. W. Rothenstein, whose little book is a most penetrating discussion of Goya, writes that: "Proofs of the drawings which he made on stone at Bordeaux got into the studios in Paris; and the younger painters, Delacroix perhaps more than any of the others, began to realize the significance of the new elements of composition and style shown in these remarkable prints."

Delacroix even copied the *Caprichos*, and owned some of the rarest lithographs. Lefort, who compiled a careful catalogue of Goya's prints, acquired such a lithograph at the sale of Delacroix's estate. The British Museum has one of these drawings after the *Caprichos*; another was in the collection of Degas.

The connection of Delacroix with Goya even had a personal touch about it. Ferdinand Guillemardet, whose portrait has already been mentioned, was originally a country doctor, but was sent to the convention by his district and voted the death of



the Bourbons. He later adhered to the Empire; in 1795 he was sent as a sort of commissar to Spain, but was never received at court, where it took him a year even to see a crown minister. He would have been as welcome to Charles IV. as Trotzky to Franz Josef. Guillelmet's portrait, which Goya considered one of his best, was taken back to France by the delegate and purchased from his heirs for the Louvre in 1865. This great canvas, and the etchings into which French critics unjustifiably read an explicit sympathy for the ideals of the French Revolution, aroused a deep response among artists during the latter part of the Second Empire.

The personal touch uniting Goya with Delacroix consists in the interesting fact that Guillelmet was an intimate friend of Delacroix's father, and, as some historians put it, the godfather of the infant Eugene. Rather, he was a "*témoin à la déclaration de naissance*" on a date quaintly given as the 8th floréal, year VI.

Meier-Graefe, indeed, feels that Goya's residence in Bordeaux in itself accounts for Parisian interest. But it is more probable that the dissemination of his prints taken back by French and English officers, together with a few portraits, spread his reputation in those countries.

Courbet's enthusiasm for things Spanish extended beyond Goya to encouraging a wholesale appropriation of all that Spain had to offer painters. His own revolutionary zeal, which eventually wrecked his career as an artist, must have caused him to feel warmly toward the Spaniard whom every French critic hailed as a fellow revolutionist.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"WAIT TILL YOU HAVE BEEN ANOINTED" (CAPRICE NO. 67)

Courbet's realism, as is well known, rested on Ribera, Zurbarán, and Velazquez. The landscape of the *Enterrement à Ornans* echoes Velazquez but there are details and whole figures from Zurbarán.

Meier-Graefe also shows us that Gericault was familiar with Goya. Delacroix had a portrait by the Spaniard in his studio, according to the same writer. But Courbet's study did not include an apprehension of Goya's priceless gift of characterization.

With Manet other and different aspects of



STREET-FIGHTING DURING THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MADRID, MAY 2, 1808. PRADO, MADRID

Goya's genius were assimilated to his own, but that partial understanding proved extremely fertile. Indeed, Manet's appreciation of Goya's more picturesque qualities served to direct renewed interest toward the source, for his borrowings were of a more superficial character than those of Delacroix and hence more easily observed.

Manet's etchings, for example, are frequently Spanish in subject, and much of their technique relies upon Goya. But the morbid self-analysis, the merciless edge of something too fine and subtle to be mere satire, passed Manet by completely. The composure of Manet's *Olympia* or the broad tranquillity of other nudes in comparison with Goya's *Maja Desnuda* is the difference between a tense excitement of the mind and of the flesh, an active irony, and a satisfied repose. The un-

defeated flame of Goya's intensity agrees instinctively with those modern spirits who engage in the struggle with life and will not retreat.

But among those who have withdrawn into mysticism, some have been attracted to Goya. One aspect of his work seems keenly to have affected Odilon Redon, who dedicated a series of lithographs to him. And Goya and Munch penetrated Germany together.

Goya the etcher has almost everywhere conquered artists' imaginations before his genius as painter was realized. Klinger, for example, was deeply impressed with the formal reality in Goya of what in others had been only fantastic and irresponsible hallucination, incapable of demanding and securing a suitable response from the normal and therefore indifferent observer.





THE BEWITCHED (SCENE FROM A PLAY): NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"WHY?" (THE DISASTERS OF WAR, NO. 32)

Many other artists have experienced a stimulating shock in their receptive and formative years on first coming into contact with Goya, and so general, so pervasive has been this influence that in many cases it is hard to isolate. The experience of an enhanced vitality, an appreciation of a greater liveliness in living, derived from Goya, has had surprisingly varied effects on different artists.

Thus Cézanne's debt to Goya is hard to formulate; but his devotion to Delacroix is attested by manifold evidence, and Delacroix without Goya would be difficult to conceive. Georges Rivière in his book on Renoir relates a significant anecdote of Cézanne and the celebrated collector, Choquet. He once found these two super-sensitive creatures to-

gether on their knees weeping with joy over Delacroix drawings spread on the floor around them.

Such otherwise distantly related artists as Daumier and Picasso have their Goya in common, and Matisse's debt to the Spaniard has been developed by W. H. Wright:

"The man who was led to distortion through a pure love of unfamiliar form and to whom Matisse owes the deciding influence toward a new body, was the Spaniard, Goya. The deformed, the grotesque and the monstrous were with Goya a passion. In his *Caprichos* it is easily seen that he, too, was tired of the established formulas regarding the human body, and strove to vary and enrich it. By emphasizing a characteristic trait, by shifting a certain form, by exag-



gerating a certain proportion, he sought to obtain, as did Matisse, the complete expression of what he felt to be essential in his model."

A volume could easily be devoted to thorough study of Goya's place in the genealogy of modern art. Historically and æsthetically not all his progeny are worthy of their distinguished ancestry, so that perhaps it is just as well that many of them are unaware of it.

## VI.

**G**OYA is essentially a modern, and that on several different counts. He is a modern in that he too dealt directly and

passionately with the things of his own day; his imagination responded sympathetically to the exciting movement, the clash of persons and ideas, of his age, although the tumult and stress of the times affected his French contemporaries singularly little.

Again, he is modern because he finds the significant vitality in pulsating, breathing personalities, and this distinction has exalted his name in the history of art ever since. He exists today, he is an artistic event, just as truly as he was in the years 1780-1800.

Technically, he is a modern in that he developed procedures that have meant much to generations following. Above all, he is modern because while he pushed established



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

"NOT FOR THESE" (THE DISASTERS OF WAR, NO. 11)



AN EPISODE DURING THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MADRID, MAY 2, 1808. PRADO, MADRID

conventions to the limit of their capacity, he overleapt those conventions. In his authoritative example, a Court Painter and Director of the Academy of San Fernando, can be found ample warrant for the exploration and emphatic presentation of emotion, graphically and emotionally related.

German critics are fond of pointing out that there is a surprising parallel in the lives of Goethe and Goya, for their long lives were almost contemporaneous. But while the excess of youthful spirit was eliminated from Goethe's scheme of life and his art assumed an equanimity of classical breadth as his life progressed, Goya's most restrained work appeared during his tempestuous youth. With the loss of hearing and after a serious illness in middle life, he went on to express the fullness of death and of life in startling profusion almost to the end.

Goya's fondness for music and his skill in playing and singing are well known. One of his drawings shows him singing while the Duchess of Alba accompanies him on the eighteenth century equivalent of a piano. He even sent the words and music of new tunes to his friend Zapater in Zaragoza. When he could no longer hear he used to compel younger men to play for him, the mere sight giving him pleasure. To German writers this trait has naturally suggested a comparison with Beethoven.

But to return to Goya's own æsthetic development, it is important to note that after the crisis in his health in 1793, the expressionist phase of his art was in fullest force. He had all along striven to place on canvas the individuality, the uniqueness that informs matter and makes it a living being. But we find in his non-illustrative work where we





FERDINAND VII. PRADO, MADRID



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

A GIANT DANCING (THE PROVERBS)

might not expect to find it, just as surely as in his portraits where we do, that he always secured an effect of monumental force, of self-sustaining and self-activated weight. He did so even when emotional pressure was at its height, when proportions were distorted beyond the point that was thought possible.

The importance of movement, of restless energy in his work, of more than normal, commonplace animation, cannot be stressed too much. His employment of asymmetrical composition, his unacademic disposition of masses and piercing planes, hold treasures of insight and intuition that deserve analysis. Such elements in his etched work were intended, we may be sure, for although, with few exceptions, he made no preliminary studies for his portraits, the etchings, where the note of spontaneity is most impressive,

were deliberately planned, and the sketches for them still exist.

Another study that would reward investigation is the practice of distortion in both El Greco and in Goya in relation to the spirit of the baroque. By breaking up and commingling the forms evolved from classical motifs by the High Renaissance, baroque architects aimed to intensify the sense of power and movement. Where the striving to produce effect lacked an adequate motive, the results were unsatisfactory. In sculpture, the failures are perhaps most easily detected, the consequence is really another type of sentimentality.

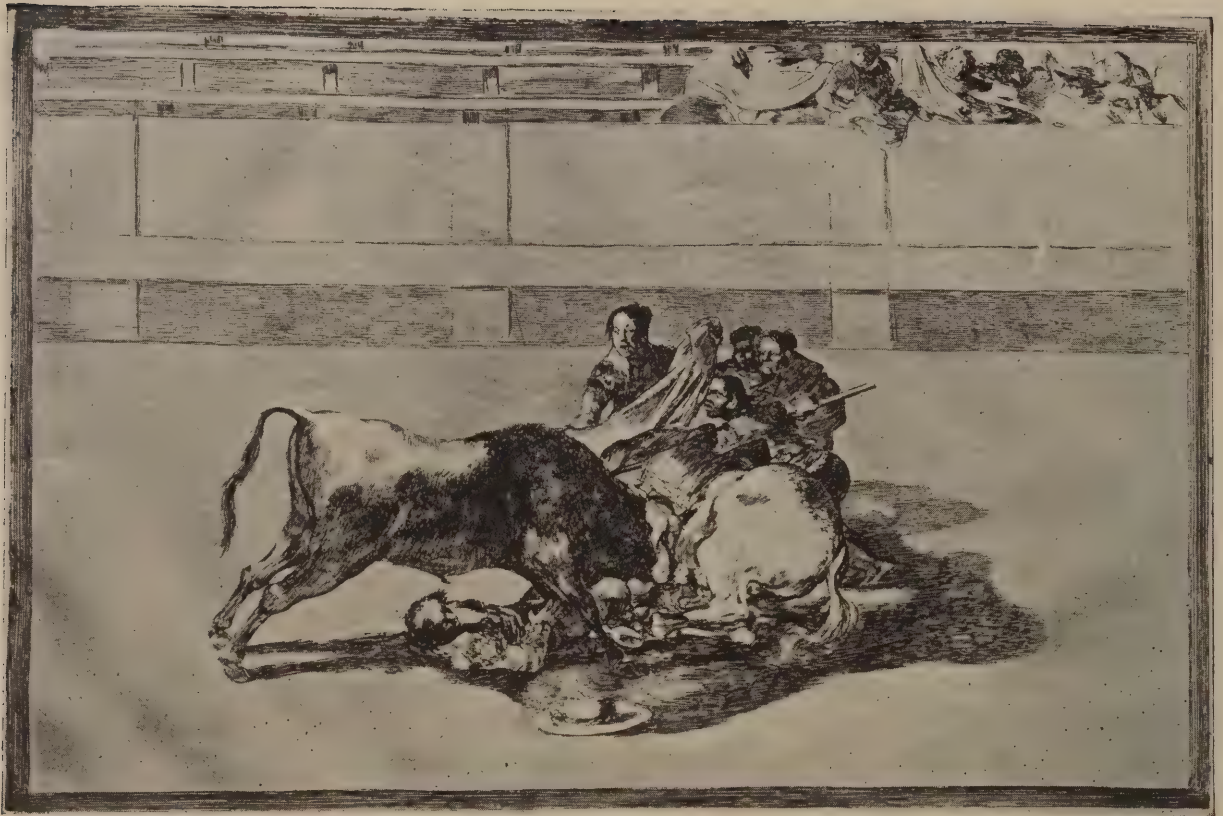
The expressionist element in Goya's work is, together with the frankness of his statement, doubtless the reason why some observers are unable to contemplate much of his work beyond the portraits with sincere satis-





*Courtesy of Miss Helen Frick*

SENORA DONA MARIA MARTINEZ DE PUGA. FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A PICADOR FALLS FROM HIS HORSE UNDER THE BULL (LA TAUROMAQUIA, NO. 26)

faction. Such revulsion of feeling was worded emphatically by P. G. Hamerton who called Goya "coarse-minded and essentially vulgar." Those who find pleasure only in contemplating the sweet grace of Italian Renaissance artists, or who practice the arts as inheritors of the traditions of Landseer, naturally react in that manner.

Hugh Stokes comments pertinently on this phenomenon: "Such an accusation is easy to make, and difficult to refute, especially when directed by one of the anæmic English critics of the nineteenth century against an artist of Latin race. In the constitution of every artist or author of virile strength lies hidden a vein of coarseness which forms an essential part of his intellectual equipment. It may be a survival of what revivalists call 'the old Adam', the sinful nature of man which may be repressed but can never be wholly eradicated. According to the intellectual breadth and sanity of the artist so will the coarseness

increase or diminish, overwhelm and distort his work, and become a weakness, or simply flash from time to time, giving an added power to his creations."

Without going into rather obvious remarks of a psychological variety it is worth while to note that prudery is not solely an Anglo-Saxon attribute, for when Yriarte visited Spain in the sixties, the *Maja Desnuda* was not exhibited publicly, and could be seen only in a darkened room after bribing the caretaker of the Academy of San Fernando.

That Goya's passionate nature found pleasure in scenes of violence, that the mundane strength of the peasant and mountaineer answered brutality with animal fury, there can be no use in denying.

But the favorite fancies of earlier French critics who found in Goya an outspoken sympathizer with the philosophy of the Revolution were far too narrow interpretations. To the cosmopolitan pretensions of the eight-



eenth century he opposed the universality of masculine passions. Goya's ironic statements of life's heedless brutality, blind suffering, and foreordained horror were viewed by these critics merely as a democrat's opposition to monarchy. The fact was that as a genuine Spaniard he was devotedly attached to monarchy while deriding the all too human weaknesses of monarchs.

In the same way his mockery of the Church was mistaken for a Voltairean attitude. But it indicated a want of confidence rather than a lack of belief, for by what he saw he was doubtless convinced that hell reigns supreme here on earth. The Spanish peasant's ingrained faith in personal powers of evil remained unchanged, even confirmed by the innumerable miracles of Satanic dominion which took place daily before the eyes of the Spanish people during the War of Independence. And was it not commonly

thought then that Napoleon was Antichrist?

Everywhere in Goya's art we find together with immense vitality the doomed dignity of the human being in the face of imminent despair. The assaults upon conviction, upon confidence in a well arranged universe may be represented by four documents, that have driven doubt far into the heart of every modern spirit, and bred the uncertainty innate in our world. Goya at once presents the uncertainty and perpetuates a consistent and effective reply; the will to live, to live proudly and independently.

The first of these four documents was the *Theses* of Luther, prevented from universal acceptance mainly by the constitutional conservatism of the Church in Spain. The Iberian race knew in advance that which took the rest of Europe some time to discover; that private judgment was an even less authoritative guide than a group tradition. Rous-



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?" (THE PROVERBS)





Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE DIVIDED ARENA (LITHOGRAPH)

seau's *Confessions*, the second attack on an established world, did profoundly disturb Spain. *The Critique of Pure Reason* and *The Origin of Species* completed the disruption of the tight classical cosmos. But Goya's reply remains a standing solution, not a philosophical or intellectual answer — the affirmation of something more human than the brain.

As Bertels, in his critical analysis of Goya, remarks: "But it seems impossible to conceive of Goya merely as a free-thinker, as an anarchist. That would be too small. He simply accomplished the will of the strongest of the people, their thinking instrument." But Flitch more practically asserts: "In his heart of hearts I have no doubt that Goya was a revolutionary and, in the intellectual sense, an anarchist; but it is characteristic of

him that he never allowed his intellectual beliefs to endanger his worldly prospects."

In two further aspects, apparently inconsistent but cohering in Goya's synthesis, he was profoundly modern. To appreciate this fact, we must conclude by considering his feeling about war and his utter lack of sentimentality.

His famous series *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, is not merely an attack on the conduct of the French troops who invaded Spain. As a matter of historic accuracy, it should be said that the actions of the Polish and German contingents among the invaders were even more ferociously brutal than those of the French. And the undisciplined Spanish peasants who were incapable of being organized into a formal army, were a cause of disgust to their English allies as well as to the





*Courtesy of Miss Helen Frick*

THE FORGE. FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK



DONA JOSEFA BAYEU, WIFE OF GOYA. PRADO, MADRID





Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

#### THE DIVERSION OF SPAIN (LITHOGRAPH)

French who had enthroned Napoleon's brother and desired either open war or a decent peace.

His is more than the indictment of a patriot, for he shows the crimes of the Spanish peasants against humanity together with the wrongs inflicted by the invaders. Goya presents the soldier in these etchings as the unseeing tool of a pitiless superior power for evil. He indelibly records the desperate interrogation of men born apparently only to destroy one another, with aimless misery imposed and endured.

Not only in these works but in many others he also expresses his preoccupation with the crowd, the people, the mob. In the gay decorations of the Church of San Antonio de la

Florida and in the black rage of the wall paintings in his house by the Manzanares we see the real actor, which economists call the pressure of population, and prosecuting attorneys the scum of the gutter. Compared with the intention of these elements in Goya's art, whatever there may be of personal, political, or religious satire is trivial indeed.

The Conde de la Viñaza concludes a chapter by attributing to Goya the conviction that: "*Yo soy mi único Dios, solo en mi cielo.*" To be sure, the menace of the mob is only the objective aspect of unrestrained desire, individualism on its lowest level. But the answer of Goya, the able egoist, is peasant shrewdness, discreet self-seeking, an avoidance of general and political issues, a



limitation of the field to this one relation: artist and subject.

Goya's fascination with the riddle he so passionately stated in the *Desastres* showed, however, no traces of sentimental indulgence. Intense concern with immediate reality occasioned both his freedom from sentimentality and his disillusion: "Those who put their Arcadia in the Middle Ages or some other period of the past have at least this advantage over those who put it in the present, they are better protected against disillusion," observes Irving Babbitt.

Goya's disillusion proceeded not from romantic dreams of a distant Arcadia, but

from experience that human vitality, the keen edge of the most intense personality, is no match for time's impregnable resistance. Instead, however, of accepting the reign of unreason and resigning himself to it or of imposing on disorder some kind of intellectual framework, he obstinately reaffirmed his original stand.

Disillusioned, he yet was intensely Goya, a man. Fortunately this man was also an artist; fortunately, too, he preserved far more than the usual measure of spirited strength throughout a long life so that to the very last Goya the artist could accomplish what is impossible for uncreative men.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A COMPANY OF PEOPLE, SEATED ON A ROTTEN BRANCH OVER AN ABYSS, LISTENING TO AN ORATOR  
(THE PROVERBS)



# SOME MEMORIES OF MARY CASSATT

By GEORGE BIDDLE

I SAW Mary Cassatt for the last time late in January. It was bitterly cold and rained all day. I had received a letter in a trembling and uncertain hand, asking me to lunch with her at her chateau at Beaufresne, Mesnil Teribus, near Beauvais. An accompanying note from the faithful Mathilde explained that several months before she had fallen from bed; since then she could not walk alone, but was carried almost daily to her automobile, for she was still fond of driving. Often she had serious attacks and at such times her memory failed her. She looked forward to seeing me but I must not be shocked by her altered condition.

Mathilde met me at the gate. She had telegraphed at the last moment not to come. Miss Cassatt had had a bad relapse the previous day. Perhaps she could see me later.

After lunch I went up to her room. There she lay, quite blind, on the green painted bed which I knew so well from the painting in the Metropolitan Museum and other paintings I had seen at Durand's. She was terribly emaciated. Her hands, which used to be such big, knuckled, capable artist's hands, were shrunken and folded on the quilt. When she began to talk they waved and flickered about her head; and the room became charged with the electric vitality of the old lady.

"Well," she fairly shouted, "have you ever seen such weather! My doctor says that in forty years there has not been such a storm." She was terribly put out that the weather had prevented her coming down to lunch. She would have ordered chicken but really hadn't expected me at the last moment. She hoped the Chateau Margot was really good. It was the last bottle of a case of wine presented to her by her brother J. G., just before his death some fifteen years back. It was all such bad luck. She had driven too far on Friday, and this terrible weather!

Miss Cassatt as usual did the talking.

Her mind galloped along, shaking the frail human body, lying propped up so sadly thin and impotent. Every few minutes her memory would fail her, and the faithful Mathilde would lean over the bedhead, painfully intent on interpolating the missing links of the conversation. She could almost read her mistress' mind, and would make hurried suggestions to her. Miss Cassatt would pounce upon the right one and gallop along in her talk. Every now and then, for but a moment, she would gently subside, and Mathilde or I would inject a few remarks. What abysses and reinforcements of courage and life and enthusiasm still lay hidden inside the frail body, under the gentle exterior of an old lady's hospitality. Mathilde was to show me the little drawing of the family group done, I think, in Heidelberg, when she was quite a child. There she sat, with a book in her hand, prim, erect, intense; the corners of her eyes slightly raised, looking very straight and hard at one. She wished Mathilde to go and fetch the Egyptian jewelry of lapis lazuli and carnelian. Now there was a terrible snapping of fingers, and various words and suggestions were proffered. At last the jewelry was brought in and spread upon the bed.

"Mathilde," she suddenly shouted, "get Durand-Ruel's letter about my drypoints. I fancy that now I am vindicated. Did you ever hear of such an insult? You saw the prints too! Go and see Durand when you return to Paris. Such impudence!"

Miss Cassatt was becoming exhausted, and I told her that I should see her soon again. It was too bad the weather had prevented her coming down to lunch. She would motor down to Paris as soon as it got a little warmer. I think she hardly remembered me as I tiptoed out of the room. Down the long corridor, pausing to look at her drypoints and colored aquatints along the wall. Then through the darkened salon among the

somewhat incoherent medley of Empire and Louis Philippe furniture. The drawing by Ingres over there hidden by the silk window curtain. Most of the Degas, the Courbets, and the Sisleys were in the Paris apartment. On a little table the set of dark blue English china so brilliantly painted in the *Lady at the Tea-table* in the Metropolitan. Then out through the cold glass-covered veranda where hung the *Utamaros* and one or two *Hokusais*. One last peep across the meadow, the chestnut trees, the little formal stream beyond. I drove away in the rain. I should never again talk with this extraordinary woman.

Her work had been the most important influence I had felt. Then too through her I had somehow lived more closely with her great contemporaries. She had known Berthe Morisot intimately; had seen much of Renoir during those last years at Grasse. Chiefly of course she talked of Degas, for whose work she had a passionate admiration. But it was as a great human being that she influenced me—perhaps the greatest human being I have ever known.

I first met her in 1912. She was then an old lady already becoming blind, and recovering from a nervous breakdown brought on in part by the death of her brother J. G., whom she adored. The qualities that made her very great to me were her integrity and her passion. She drew that almost impossible line between her social life and her art, and never sacrificed an iota to either. Socially she remained the prim Philadelphia spinster of her generation. When I used to bicycle over from Giverny to lunch with her, she would regale me with Washington Pie and Philadelphia White Mountain Cake and sherry. She loved to gossip about Philadelphians, and picked with relish on her family, certain of whom she adored. But she would never forgive them for not going to see her exhibitions in New York. She lived most of her life with her mother in her Paris apartment, or in the country at Beaufresne, and I fancy would have led much the same life had she never painted or left

Philadelphia. Her moral code was as inflexible as were her ways of living. She was rather angered than shocked at the tardy discovery of certain irregular relations and an unexpected baby among a peasant family who lived at her gate.

It is extraordinary that a woman of such social rigidity could have preserved such white-hot passion for her art. It was only possible for a being mentally detached, of fanatical intensity, and an uncompromising fighter. Remember that she came to Paris a young girl, almost without preliminary tuition. She studied alone, and a few years later the early group of Impressionists were asking her to exhibit with them.

I recall with pleasure certain conversations—monologues. My ring at the door was answered by the barking and scampering of the ill-natured and overfed griffons who lived with Miss Cassatt. Their churlish yappings would finally subside to an asthmatic wheeze when the tea had been brought in; and they would settle like withered chrysanthemums upon the rugs. I steeped myself in the old lady's reminiscent talk. It was my first year as an art student. G. B.: "And what do you think of John Sargent, Miss Cassatt?" Sargent, she said, had shown ability, and at one time Manet had spoken of him. But he preferred notoriety. "You know what Claude Monet said to me about Sargent? 'Miss Cassatt, Sargent est un brave type mais quad il dejeune avec moi je ne parle pas la peinture.'" I found that a judicious amount of opposition spurred her on. "But you will admit that he has painted some fine portraits?" "What!" she shouted, "have you seen that thing he did of my brother Alec? And did you know the price he charged? And did you notice the way he smudged in the background?" Her voice quivered. "I call it dishonesty. I told Alec he ought not to allow that thing in his house."

There were but few whom she tolerated among her contemporaries. G. B.: "And what do you think of Albert Besnard?" Miss Cassatt, snickering: "You know what Degas





LADY AT THE TEA-TABLE

MARY CASSATT

*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Courtesy of the Durand-Ruel Galleries.*

said about Besnard? 'Il a volé les plumes de nos ailes.'" She quoted Degas frequently when I asked her own advice. G. B.: "What painters would you advise copying?"—for she believed in copying in the museums. "Would Rembrandt or Rubens be good artists to copy?" Miss Cassatt: "No, Rembrandt is 'le dernier mot.'" By this she meant that Rembrandt and Rubens were finished masters and that the purity of their line and design would be hidden under the brilliancy of their technique. Above all she valued line and design. "Do you know what Degas said?—'Il faut se plier devant les primitifs.'" She herself had copied Correggio in Parma as a young girl, and perhaps Moroni in Bergamo. She made me study his work one summer in museums. She had a veneration for Degas. What he felt was actually her law and standard. Pointing to a little grisaille on her wall she added, "—and no painter since Vermeer has mastered atmosphere the way he does." That was that. I have never seen a great and successful artist who so ungrudgingly acknowledged the debt to an earlier and lifelong influence. But it was not generosity with Miss Cassatt so much as her splendid detachment.

Many of Miss Cassatt's friends must have speculated, as I did, on the exact social relation between the two. She had been a young and brilliant disciple. They were both lonely idealists who lived in their art. And one personality fired and directed the other. How often, had I the courage, would I have asked the prim old lady point blank, "Was he ever your lover?" A couple of years ago Miss Cassatt was telling me about Degas' occasionally shabby or dishonest behavior. I have forgotten the occasion. I think she had sent an American buyer to his studio. Perhaps he was jealous. At any rate he said something about her painting which deeply embarrassed her. It was the particular indifferent intonation with which Miss Cassatt said: "After that for years I stopped seeing him," which revealed to me that relation about which I had been so romantically curious. Miss Cassatt's passion for Degas

was a generous and detached enthusiasm for his work. About him socially she must have felt as any Philadelphia spinster might feel about the French bourgeois whom she frequently saw in business relations.

One day we peradventure spoke of Russians. Miss Cassatt: "If you have had dealings with them, as I have, you will never want to hear of them again. They have never produced art and never will." Without for the moment alluding to their literature I mentioned their music. "Music," said Miss Cassatt, "is a purely emotional art. The finest art is intellectual in its appeal." We never again spoke of Russians.

Miss Cassatt's mind was neither balanced nor analytic. It swept along enthusiastic and prejudiced. Like any artist's mind, good or bad, it saw things directly, did not arrive at truth through a process of ratiocination. Her mind was great because it inspired others to see great truths, through her passion and single-mindedness.

Like every artist, her ego was I suppose never satisfied; and she who had achieved such remarkable success must at times satisfy her pride by snatching too unnecessarily at sops of comfort. At one time she had wished to present to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts two portraits by Courbet. "I went to Durand-Ruel," she said, "and asked him the price, telling him I could not pay for them at the time. 'That's all right, Miss Cassatt,' he answered, 'I will take some of your work in exchange.' And do you know what the Academy had the audacity to write to me?" she shouted, "they thanked me and added that by the way they noticed that the Academy had no examples of my own work and would I send them something, hi! hi! hi! I told them I had been exhibiting for years at the Academy and they had never asked me my prices, although they had funds for buying contemporary American art."

Her family whom she adored caused her continual agonies. There is a particularly noble portrait of hers owned by the Metropolitan Museum. It was, as I remember, of a relative, Mrs. F. For many years it was



kept by the family in the garret. "They liked the way the tea-cups were painted," tittered Miss Cassatt. But her day of revenge came. "They told me I would get the red ribbon if I allowed it to go to the Luxembourg. And do you know they had the impudence to offer the same honor to that woman Romaine Brooke! Well, they can't expect any of my things after that!"

Miss Cassatt was almost unaware of anything that happened in the world of art after 1900. Through occasional conversations with Durand-Ruel, Vollard and Jacacci she must have been dimly aware of certain names and tendencies that goaded her to fury. She never quite forgave Marie Laurencin for omitting noses on her portraits. "Why," she snapped, "I don't quite know what the world's coming to if they call that painting."

Vollard had presented her once with several little terracottas, perhaps by Clairette—when I first saw them across the room I thought they were Maillol's and asked her. "Well," she said, "Vollard told me the name. Yes, perhaps that was it. Do you know his work?" It seems almost inconceivable that she was unaware of Maillol's name.

Her political prejudices were as violent as were her artistic standards. Only they varied from year to year. Toward the end she became incensed with the French—for no reason that I can recall. They were becoming quite worthless and immoral. Earlier in 1915 she used to quote Schiller to me to show how the Germans had changed since the eighteenth century. The last year I saw her she became rather interested in contemporary American art. I rather think she felt that in so doing she was snubbing the French. Perhaps it was a sudden yearning for the country where she had been so little but where she knew she would always live. She had Mathilde accompany her to a little group of Americans that were exhibiting in Paris. I think I was never more flattered than when she told me that she had been led in front of one of my paintings and could make out that it was a still life. "But the others," she said, "I could not see very

distinctly. It must have been a bad light."

I should hate to leave the impression that Miss Cassatt was a violently prejudiced, quarrelsome old spinster. She was all of this, and one was entirely unaware of it as one talked to her. She was a great and passionate idealist, the rare human being who could divert all her passion into her work and ideas. She did not have to "live" her art.

Art is a recreation of life, and enhances life by its power to make us live anew. Miss Cassatt, more than any man I ever knew, through the youthful intensity of her feeling, could make her hearer share her enthusiasm for ideas and her faith in ideas. If it is possible to love a purely detached enthusiasm, then I loved this prim old Philadelphia lady. How slim and upright she would sit in her white serge jacket and lace cap, her shawl sometimes spread over her knee, as she poured the tea in the apartment in the Rue Marignan—the wheezy, chocolate-eyed griffons subsiding in a coma of indigestion about her chair. And then as she caught on fire with some idea her eyes blazed and narrowed; her capable bony hands jerked hither and thither. The lace cap would slip to one side and the shawl slide from her knee. As the time to depart approached I would retreat step by step to the door. Once started she literally could not stop, and one was compelled to take one's leave by inches. She too would rise, snapping her fingers and talking ever louder, as she heard the visitor's voice recede toward the door. Usually she would follow me out on the landing, and perhaps scream over the banisters some bit of family gossip which she had saved from the last letter from Philadelphia. Such are the moments which I like to recall. And then there were the other moments when she must have sat alone, prim and straight and nearly blind, alone for months and years, nursing her passions and enthusiasms. It is not perhaps surprising that at the end of her great and finally successful career she said to the artist, Adolphe Borie, to whom she was devoted: "After all, woman's vocation in life is to bear children."



A VILLA ON THE RIVIERA  
*Salon des Artistes Décorateurs*

DJO BOURGEOIS

## PARIS LETTER

THE Salon des Tuileries, held during June at the Palais de Bois of the Porte Maillot, was originally created by dissenting members of various salons; but the revolt was largely for administrative reasons, and the exhibition is really exactly like many others. If its average quality is perhaps a little better, on the other hand it does not afford delightful surprises.

Unfortunately, since cubism there has been no really great leader or movement, so that many artists are now doing exactly what their elders were doing for official salons thirty years ago, the only difference being that they are less skilled and more easily satisfied. "*C'était bien la peine de changer de gouvernement,*" sings the chorus in a famous operetta.

The exhibition was hung in a long corridor, and there was something quite ingenious about the way the canvases were arranged. The old-fashioned ones were to be found in the first rooms and as you proceeded the rooms became more and more "advanced," so that you might stop and go back the

minute you reached an area that did not agree with you. Personally, I had to go to the very last one in order to find real excitement and pleasure.

On the outskirts of the advanced room I found some paintings that I liked. Besides Matisse's large nude against an Oriental background, I saw Jacqueline Marval's picture of radiant flowers and doll-like girls, Jean du Marbore's superb fireworks, and Edouard Georg's multi-colored, full-grained compositions. The latter seems to be on the right track and is quite likely to achieve something big.

Some panels by Robert Delaunay were pleasant, but a dreadful scientific name, "*Simultané,*" was given to his art which was as fresh as a spring nose-gay. Jean Lurçat is evidently an admirer of Braque, but on his recent visit to the Sahara he has learned the secret of deep, intense color. I also liked Amédée Ozenfant's "purist" decoration. In this neighborhood was Alexander Robinson, an American, who has previously seemed to be overwhelmed by Raoul Dufy's influence, but who is now expressing a personality of his own.



DURING the month of June several famous collections were to be seen for one day at the Hôtel Drouot or Georges Petit before being sold at auction. Works of art of the eighteenth century from the Dutasta collection brought such high prices that even "the man in the street" spoke of nothing else for several days. Whether speculation is good or bad, it has made people pay more attention to works of art; they have become investments, and even those who do not feel their enchantment realize that such beautiful things may never be produced again. The development of machinery has given a greater value to things made by patient and skillful hands. After all, perhaps speculation is better than indifference.

The whole world over, youth is becoming every day less disposed towards long apprenticeship and painstaking labor. If we consider the portraits by Drouais and Latour in the Dutasta collection, we will be obliged to admit that the twentieth century

has not produced any pictures which at the same time reveal such technical perfection and such high artistic quality.

The Decourcelle collection showed a fairly good selection of works by most of the best men of the nineteenth century, but if their originality and independent wit were extremely attractive, in no case could they be compared from the technical point of view with the best works of the eighteenth and earlier centuries. The cultured men of those times would have considered such paintings a very low form of art. In those days Maurice Utrillo, who was represented by one of his best landscapes, would, I am afraid, have been no more than an obscure painter of signs and decorations for provincial inns. Renoir, whose fine portrait of Sisley was included, was perhaps the last great painter of the nineteenth century whose work could be compared in every respect with that of the older painters.



STILL LIFE

*Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg.*

PABLO PICASSO



THE READER  
*Decourcelle Collection*

HONORÉ DAUMIER

WE have just had two most important exhibitions of old and rare Italian books—one at the Bibliothèque Nationale and one at the Pavillon de Marsan. The latter was one of the most complete selections ever shown, lent by the most famous book-lovers in the world and the greatest libraries. The King of Italy lent precious volumes, as well as the Pierpont Morgan Library, which sent the oldest Italian manuscript, the Gospels of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany (tenth century), and among other specimens the Attavante degli Attavanti reproduced in the June, 1925, issue of *THE ARTS*.

The Italian manuscripts perhaps lack the fresh-

ness of the French miniatures painted previous to the fourteenth century, which are as sweet as beds of spring flowers, but while the fifteenth century French illuminations became independent little pictures painted on the folios of religious books, the Italians remained faithful to the pure tradition of the illuminated manuscript, the sumptuous magnificence of their brushes yielding to the severity and dignity of the text. The letters, whether painted by hand or, as later, printed, are as perfect and beautiful as fine specimens of architecture.

THE exhibition of art and life under Louis Philippe, organized by the Princesse de Poix, was the most entertaining event of the season, and a fitting prelude to the important official celebrations now being prepared for the centennial of Romanticism in 1927.

The art of the Louis Philippe period was, before anything else, bourgeois. We may be drawn to it by sentimental or ironical recollections of the quiet old-fashioned homes of our grandmothers in provincial towns, but no one can say that it was a great style. Embroidered slippers and padded morning gowns played a large part in the unhectic life of the eighteenth-thirties. In those days supper

parties and receptions were long and formal affairs, and ladies dressed in a pompous and perfectly modest way. No wonder such a peaceful and monotonous rhythm led ardent youths to the fervors of romanticism.

THE sixteenth Salon des Artistes Décorateurs, held at the Grand Palais, proved that modern decorators have benefited from the lessons of the recent exposition. It is true that nothing has since been invented, but I think that people can no longer keep on saying: "How could we ever live among such things—even if it was possible to ex-



cute them!" "A villa on the Riviera" by Djo Bourgeois seemed to me to be the best exhibit—simple and severe, but full of air and light.

THE sixty recent paintings by Picasso which were shown at the gallery of Paul Rosenberg were all very different from those of his "cubist" period but were still of the purely abstract kind. Picasso, above all else, is a powerful man who never will make concessions and who always succeeds where others fail. Though he has been staying in Paris almost continually for the last twenty-five years, he has remained almost completely impervious to the grayish sweetness and poetry of Ile de France, and his large panels are painted in violent and brutal colors—bright yellows, vivid blues, acid greens, and deep browns.

One day I met Picasso on his return from a holiday at the seaside, which had been marred by rain. He had spent the time painting fish, and I asked him if he had always finished painting them before they became spoiled. "I eat them first and then paint them," he answered. This shows the part played by the subjective in his pictures.

Story-telling, reminiscences of pleasant scenes, decorativeness, or brilliant brushwork are not to be found in his paintings. Picasso is the first and only painter who has succeeded in deeply fascinating his contemporaries with purely intellectual arrangements. He is well known for being one of the few artists who, when visiting an exhibition, carefully and closely inspect every picture. He has mastered numberless techniques, textures and pigments.

Once in the gallery one is immediately in the grip of the intense Spaniard, but one cannot help feeling unhappy. Picasso is really an unemployed genius and it is almost tragic to see such a man unable to find a patron of his own stature, who could have asked him to build palaces and cities and decorate fantastic buildings.



PORTRAIT OF MONET  
*Decourcelle Collection*

AUGUSTE RENOIR

"Notre indifférence pour l'art s'accroît. Il nous est moins utile. L'art doit correspondre à une nécessité," wrote Paul Valéry recently in a remarkable article. For many people the movies have already supplanted books, because modern life leaves little leisure and our generation needs sharper, quicker distractions; and as for our descendants, they may not require the enchantment of fiction and images at all, when they can take the aeroplanes moored outside their windows and fly in a few hours to the most wonderful lands. The arts, however, will not die but will be renewed and adapted to the new rhythm, the new sensitiveness and tastes of modern life.

We have lately had a very good and interesting film at Marivaux—"The Black Cruise," across



PAGE FROM "BIBLE HISTORIÉE"

Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

NORTHERN ITALIAN, XIVTH CENTURY

the continent of Africa in caterpillar automobiles, from Oran to Mossuril on the Indian Ocean, via Sudan, Niger, Tchad and Congo. Some wonderful Negro architecture, costumes and decorations were shown. There was nothing artificial in this record of a very speedy trip which allowed no preparations and no stage tricks.

AFTER having gone through miles of vulgar paintings, the exhausted visitor may sometimes be rewarded for his perseverance by a pleasant sur-

prise. On the lonely Quai de l'Horloge in the island, and next to Princesse Lucien Murat's little art center named after Paul Morand's novel *Fermé la Nuit*, we find another tiny shop, named after Marcel Proust's last and posthumous work, *Le Temps Retrouvé*. Here were hung twelve pictures—no more—lent by art critics. They were the sort of things one discovers at the *Marché aux puces* or in some dusty curiosity shop. Patient "trompe-l'œils," wholesome primitive family portraits painted by provincial artists who were not affected by the continual flux of Parisian artistic life, careful pictures of ships sailing on choppy seas, etc. One can easily understand that after having had to look at all sorts of sophisticated and pretentious productions, the critics enjoyed hanging in their homes these straightforward, honest and substantial little things. . . . I saw these enchanting pictures in a small room where the quivering reflection of the nearby Seine played on the low ceiling.

FIFTY-EIGHT Cézannes were shown at Bernheim-Jeune for the benefit of the Cézanne Memorial Fund—which at any rate should considerably annoy the people of Aix-en-Provence, who I am afraid will never ad-

mit that the painter had any talent.

It is not easy nowadays to gather any large number of paintings by Cézanne, for they are scattered all over the world (chiefly in Germany and Russia). However, his various periods were well represented. Like France, which is well known for its great variety of attractions in a rather small territory, the work of Cézanne offers many different aspects: the tragic and harsh studies of heads remind us of El Greco, whom the artist knew only from seeing vulgar engravings of his work in *Le Magasin Pit-*





PAGE FROM THE "STATUTS DE L'ORDRE DU SAINT-ESPRIT AU DROIT DÉSIR OU  
 DU NOEUD ETABLI PAR LOUIS D'ANJOU, ROI DE SICILE EN 1352" NEAPOLITAN  
 From the library of the Duc de la Valiere. Exhibited at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris





BATHERS  
Pellerin Collection

PAUL CÉZANNE

*toresque*; the portrait of a young man in a bowler hat shows the typical fine grays of the Dutch school; and in his still-lives sumptuous colors are blended with Venetian magnificence. But Cézanne will always be remembered as the immortal painter of the country around Marseilles and Aix.

A lecture was given in the gallery by M. Vollard, one of the few men who believed in the genius of the man from Aix when he was still alive. We do not know how the future will judge Cézanne; but the patience and faith of M. Vollard, at least, will remain a remarkable example. Having sat for one picture a hundred and fifteen times, he heard the painter say that he was satisfied with a little patch of the shirtfront.

M. Vollard certainly showed great psychological penetration; he did not attempt an apology of

Cézanne's awkwardness and never even said he was a great master, but in an unemotional manner told comical anecdotes full of the sadness of truth.

In this light Cézanne's pictures became more moving. We realized the hard struggle of the artist for beauty, we felt the vanity of those who ridiculed him.

There is no doubt that by endeavoring to express his sensations only, instead of trying to represent the objective, Cézanne has succeeded in making many of us indifferent to art which pertains only to vain craftsmanship. The secret of his amazing power is in his wild sincerity. There was an intention, a feeling in every one of his brush-strokes, in every inch of his backgrounds. After him we cannot bear what is only conventional ceremony.

JACQUES MAUNY.



## THE HAPPY VALLEY

READERS of THE ARTS have long been familiar with the work of many of those artists who spend their summers and occasionally their winters in and around Woodstock, New York. The valley land in the Catskills upon which so many of the artists' studios look down has been facetiously referred to as the happy valley. If one knows the place intimately and hears all of the local gossip about the artists, there are times, no doubt, when he will think that the phrase, happy valley, was intended sardonically. But never having paid Woodstock more than passing visits, its nickname seems to me perfectly apt.

The cider is excellent, the hospitality immense. They have a great fondness in Woodstock for not overdressing, and some of the artists take the question of looking picturesque rather seriously. But really, if there is any possibility of developing what is popularly known as an art colony without at the same time becoming æsthetic—rather, ingrown—Woodstock has solved the problem. There the artists live in small houses with good working studios in such a way that economic extras are avoided as far as possible. During the summer season, all told, quite a tremendous amount of work is accomplished.

The self-sufficiency of Woodstock is suggested by the excellent small gallery centrally placed in the village where the artists of the surrounding country can show their pictures. If only so many picture buyers did not require the suave insistence of psychologically trained salesmen, Woodstock might conceivably become a self-supporting community of artists who wouldn't need to go outside of their own locality to find the means on which to live. The gallery holds exhibitions during the summer, and some idea of the scope and attraction of the exhibitions can be gained from a summary of the men who were included in the first of this season's shows.



SELF-PORTRAIT  
*Woodstock Art Gallery*

HENRY MATTSON

To cite a few of the artists with whose work our readers are familiar, Henry Mattson was represented by the self-portrait reproduced herewith. He has painted several portraits of himself, and this is one of the best. Judson Smith showed a portrait of two of his daughters. Warren Wheelock exhibited his "Harmonica Player." Charles Rosen, sincerest of converts to modernity, Henry Billings, Carl Eric Lindin, Paul Rohland, Grace Evans, Ernest Fiene, Harry Gottlieb, Arnold Wiltz, Eve Watson Schütze, Herman More, Reeves Brace, Georgina Klitgaard, Caroline Speare, Madeline Schiff, Hermine Kleinert, Margaret Chaplin, and Lucile Blanch are some of the other artists who added diversity and interest to this opening exhibition.

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## BOOKS

### UNPOPULAR ÆSTHETICS

ART, FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS. By GEORGE J. COX. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1926. \$5.00.

THE APPRECIATION OF ART. By EUGEN NEUHAUS. New York: Ginn & Company.

WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES. By CARL H. P. THURSTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926. \$4.00.

IF Mr. George J. Cox, whose *Art, for Amateurs and Students*, has just been published, were to be commandeered from out his book for the purpose of defeating two other authors, all would be well along the book review pages for the present. Mr. Cox, the reader can find out for himself, is a gentleman with a tolerant mind and an engaging style; I feel sure he is a gentleman in the Cardinal Newman way, one who refrains from causing pain. He would be the right man to review *Why We Look at Pictures* by Mr. Carl H. P. Thurston and *The Appreciation of Art* by Associate Professor Eugen Neuhaus of the University of California.

It is apparent to me that I am not a Cardinal Newman type of gentleman. I felt the realization coming over me as I examined the illustrations chosen by Professor Neuhaus. Quite frankly that one labelled "modern oil painting carried out in the classic spirit" is a complete exposé. The author criticized himself so sufficiently in this one instance that he need not have written two hundred pages of hashed Nature-Order-Harmony to emphasize the point. The exposé is complete, for the illustration in question, a Nocturne, depicts a young society girl sitting on several yards of cheap drapery in the midst of a desert. She lifts her short little arms to the stars (illustrated) with an appealing gesture; and, Mr. Sumner, she is utterly naked. Remembering my double duty as a gentleman and a reviewer, I can only suggest on obvious grounds that this book be forbidden use of the mails.

With the worst out of the way I find myself better pleased with Mr. Thurston's "practical aid to the enjoyment of pictures," because even a reviewer can be human. And then, Mr. Thurston's illustrations are impressive, even when he makes Greuze and Leighton follow directly after Giotto and Ghirlandajo. The references to the illustrations through the text are so stated that one scarcely can tell whether it is the author (or



Ruskin!) or the "average man" who believes that "Ghirlandajo's Death of St. Francis is a fair specimen of the ordinary undistinguished type of illustration." And I wonder who would be held responsible for the remark that "Giotto's Death of St. Francis illustrates the dangers of a democratic or spotty distribution of attention; it should be contrasted with Greuze's Punished Son in which the modulation from the dead body to the surrounding figures of the mourners is beautifully hierarchical."

However, there is no mistaking the author in regard to Watts. "It seems to me," he writes, "that Watts did for the soul very much what Van Eyck did for the body." And in case the reader should not understand at once, he adds five pages later, "The best examples of idealization through sensitive and even reverent study of the sitter's personality are to be found in the work of Watts."

But that does not matter; at least Mr. Thurston would agree with me about Professor Neuhaus, because he too has a sense of the "insidious." Greuze, in his studies of young girls, he explains, "is not content with sentimentality alone but adds to it an insidious sex-appeal, blending them with such satanic skill—balancing an overripe youth against a too sophisticated innocence and spicing its tempting sensuousness with moral frailty—that the dazzled spectator is unable to realize how meretriciously each separate element is handled."

"The student of æsthetics" is warned in Mr. Thurston's Preface that the author has presented "several contributions to the theory of his subject which he can hardly afford to neglect." And I do not think he meant the analysis of insidious sex-appeal. Perhaps he feels that his chapters on the Blending of Form and Meaning, or on Focus, contain the contributions. Although I am what Mr. Thurston might not call a student of æsthetics, a later chapter seemed much more of a contribution—I mean the one on Greatness, in which he solves the problem, answers the riddle of the sphinx and frees himself from its power (the figure of speech is his); an imaginary consciousness "which is assumed to be abstract, disembodied and non-human" will furnish the standard, "the higher criticism," by which "the opinions of living, and therefore fallible, critics" will be checked up. I wish I had space to quote the several pages which explain this "regularization of the natural process by which judgments on art are formed and gain currency." After all, it is quite simple; it is, "like the English constitution, only a legalization of the existing practice."

Mr. Cox, you see, would have enjoyed reviewing

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## WORKS OF ART

these two books, as I can explain in few words. It would have been a review well done, if we can judge from *Art, for Amateurs and Students*. In the first place his book is what it aims to be, in text, format and illustration. It is one of those volumes which are undeniably of today, eclectic to the degree of making acknowledgment to the Victoria and Albert Museum, to Alfred Stieglitz and to Alexander Archipenko, even to *The Arts* and *The Studio*, London. The chapters develop along with the education of the lay audience for which the book is written, ending with advice "For the Layman in Search of a Theory." But mind you, *there is no theory forced down anybody's throat!* Mr. Cox addresses himself to the task of showing a lay audience how to acquire some degree of confidence "fronting the many-faceted art of today." It is skillful, indirect and convincing guide work. At Teachers College, Columbia University, he must attract many interested students. His book will attract more; and it seems an excellent method for other art teachers to borrow.

I have headed this three fold review "Unpopular Aesthetics" because that is the effective meaning of the only worth while book out of the three. Mr. Cox of course does not state it in words; he is writing to amateurs. But many of his phrases turn on the fact that theory alone or even theory uncontradicted is useless to artist and appreciator alike. "There is not, nor can there be, any set formula for judging things that must be felt as much as understood. Yet given an understanding of art structure we shall neither of us display unseemly emotion over a magazine cover. . . . All that is claimed for art structure is that it provides an æsthetic tonic to tide one over the period of growing pains in the study of art." In other words, the æsthetic must be apologized for if one attempts to make art real in words.

This is indirectly an important aspect of the æsthetic problem and one which profound intellects have overlooked. The science is still in its formative stage, with Plato the first and the last of its preceptors. The large array of Germanic criticism defeated itself. The English stands stolidly aloof, boring us with extracts from the German or parallelisms too futile to answer. In America the best sign is eclecticism with emphasis on the not-proved verdict. If anything is to come out of the study of æsthetics as a branch of philosophy it seems most likely to come from this last named skepticism.

Assuredly the æsthetic is unpopular. Every genuine artist denies it, and good critics deny it. Good teachers have to dodge it in order to teach suc-



cessfully. Art patrons and sincere curators have nothing to do with it.

At last we are getting somewhere in this matter of art. The old æsthetic has failed to produce either artists or public and has not made the past art more attractive as an art. Whenever the right critic appears we too with our faith in certain individualities will be superseded; but, reading what signs we can, it seems impossible that we should ever again be lumped wholesale under didactic classifications. There is at least a noise like progress; our individualities have freedom in choice, provided only they have something to say and are not inane.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

Two new art magazines have just made their appearance in England—or rather one new magazine and one which has obtained a new lease on life. The former is *Old Master Drawings*, a quarterly, published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd. The prospectus, after pointing out that “the innermost thoughts of artists are nowhere more purely expressed than in their sketches and studies,” goes on to say that the publication is intended to satisfy the growing interest in this form of art. Its scope is to embrace European drawing from its beginnings to the nineteenth century, and is not to include either Oriental or contemporary art. The editor is Mr. K. T. Parker, and a distinguished committee of experts guarantees the authoritative-ness of its contributions.

The first number includes eleven pages of text, consisting of an article on some unpublished figure drawings of Guardi's by Detlev von Hadeln, and shorter notes on individual drawings by other authorities. There are twenty illustrations, excellently reproduced. Altogether, in its special field the magazine would seem to fill a distinct need on the part of students and collectors.

The other periodical is the monthly *Drawing and Design*, which is beginning a new career under the auspices of *The Studio, Ltd.* The editorial foreword states that its special function will be “that of dealing with the methods and principles of art old and new in such a way as to establish a comparative standard of appreciation.” That its general policy will be what might be called “liberal” is indicated by the contents of the July issue, which includes articles on academism and revolt in draughtsmanship, modern English wood engravings, the human form in primitive design, a comparison of some Titian drawings and a Cézanne, nudes by Prudhon, recent exhibitions, and books.



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## THE ARTS *for* SEPTEMBER

### A SPECIAL PIETER BRUEGEL NUMBER

A STRANGE phenomenon in the history of art is the fact that one of the most original and remarkable artists who ever lived, Pieter Bruegel the Elder, has had to wait until our day for adequate recognition.

Whole libraries have been written around his contemporaries, but the work of Pieter Bruegel is available to readers only in a very few volumes, most of which are expensive, out of print, or difficult to obtain. In English particularly, there is practically no literature on him aside from a few short and scattered magazine articles.

Realizing the growing interest in his work and the very inadequate means of satisfying this interest, we have decided to make the September issue of THE ARTS a special Pieter Bruegel number.

Our European Editor, Mr. Virgil Barker, who has for years been an enthusiastic student of Bruegel's work, has contributed an essay, "Pieter Bruegel the Elder: A Study of His Paintings," which is by far the most complete and scholarly account of the artist's life and work that has appeared in English.

This essay will be illustrated with reproductions of practically all of Bruegel's authenticated paintings, as well as by examples of his drawings and prints. These illustrations, about sixty in number, will be of unusually large size and will be printed on a particularly fine grade of paper.

This issue of THE ARTS will thus constitute the only adequate treatment in English of one of the most interesting figures in the history of art.

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New York, N. Y.

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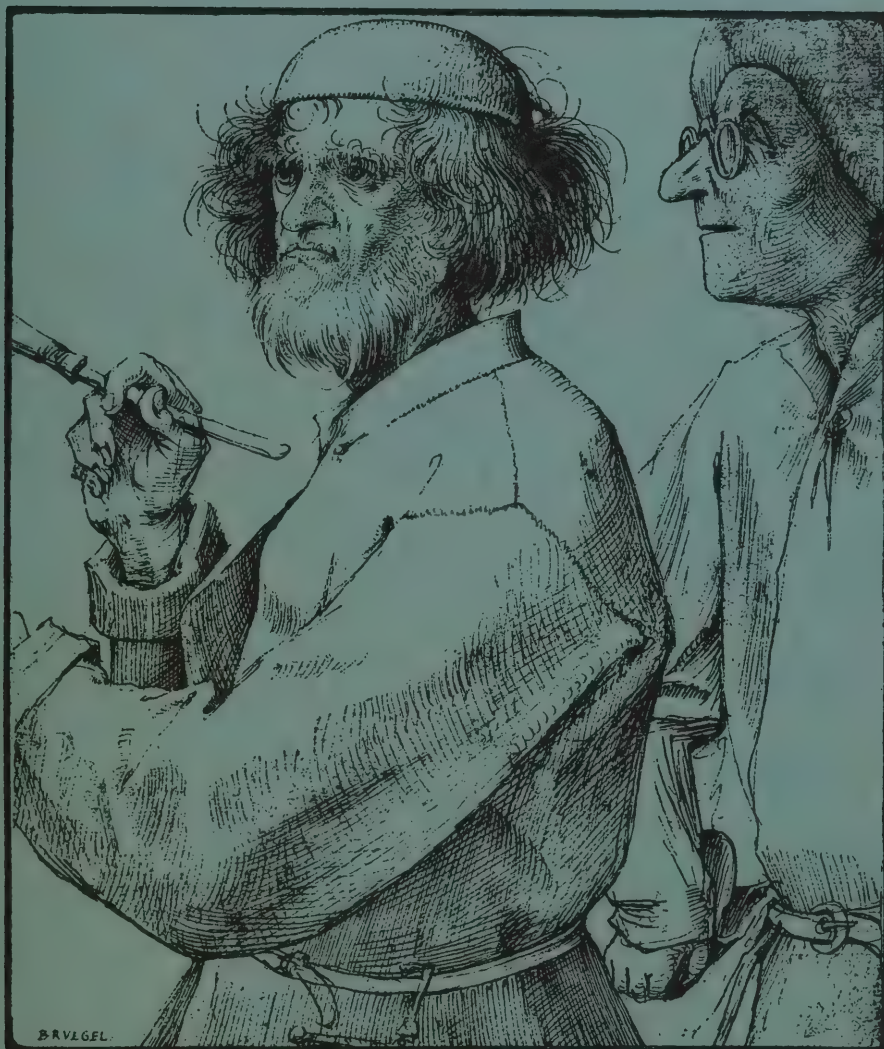


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**B**ECAUSE of the constant demand for back numbers of THE ARTS and requests for information regarding articles carried in past issues we are publishing below a list of those in which our readers have indicated more than usual interest.

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Master and Pupil (Drawing), by Pieter Bruegel  
Vienna, Albertina*

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HUNTERS IN THE SNOW (DETAIL)



# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1926

NUMBER 3

**A**MONG the many adherents of "art" (in quotation marks) a certain proportion holds to the woolly idea that almost anyone equipped with a passing attack of emotionalism for art, can take up a paint brush and do something interesting with it. Thus a lady, after first telling me that she had purchased two paintings by Hélène Perdriat through an agent in Paris without seeing them, blurted out: "I have gone wild and am now painting."

It is not difficult to measure the profundity of an amateur's knowledge of art who would purchase two paintings by Mlle. Perdriat. For at best, her output is shallow, affected and not always even amusing. Yet we know that it is possible for people so lacking in judgment to stir themselves into a state of frothy enthusiasm that permits them to find amusement in spoiling good canvas and misusing good paint.

The habitual reviewer of exhibitions frequently receives confidential information from ladies to the effect that "they have gone wild and are now painting." And indeed, though this is more often a state of mind indulged in by ladies it is also, in the present easy-going epoch of art, a state of mind frequently arrived at by men. But I have yet to meet either a gentleman or a lady who ever said: "I have gone wild and am going in for architecture. I am just erecting an eighteen story building," or "I have gone wild and am going in for medicine," or "I have gone wild and have taken up engineering."

Nevertheless, the equipment necessary to produce a work of art is just as difficult to attain, requires just as many long years of devoted concentration as does the equipment required by a first rate engineer, architect, doctor or lawyer. That particular type of amateur who is sweet and slightly vacant minded, does not hang upon the other professions and ask for himself a low standard of judgment. The lawyer who does not know his business could not defend himself by saying that the practice of law was so fascinating to him that he could not keep away from it, although he really had not the time to devote himself exclusively to it. And what would happen if an amateur doctor pleaded that the reason why he had failed to cure his patient was that although he loved medicine too much to resist practicing it, he had only occasional spare hours to give to it.

Probably those ladies and gentlemen who in middle age become amateur artists, do no special harm either to themselves or to art, and it might be as well not to consider this type of amateur too seriously. Yet the question does come up whether their enthusiastic ignorance is not indirectly a handicap to the serious production of others. The lady who bought two Perdriats unseen, just because that eccentric French painter has received a moment's fashionable applause, is entirely unable to come to any definite conclusion in her judgment of a local artist's work. No painter in her own community has ever received from her a molecule of encouragement.

With all their apparent modesty about their own work, these strangely optimistic amateurs have secretly a conviction of knowledge derived solely from the fact that they have pushed a certain number of tubes of paint over a certain area of canvas. Their knowledge is generally confined to a half understood theory of art promulgated by some

artist or layman of influence in their circle of friends. This theory, not being fully understood, becomes gradually more inelastic, more limited in its applications, and any art which cannot be fitted within its narrow confines is discarded. Sometimes in place of a single theory the enthusiastic amateur accumulates a scattered and incoherent mass of accepted modernistic sayings, and only those paintings to which these sayings can be applied in a hit or miss manner are acceptable.

The most eager enemy of purely academic art is bound to confess that very few of the more light-minded practicing amateurs (there are a few serious amateurs doing things worth while) indulge in the academic. Unhappily, they are hangers-on of the so-called modern camp, for there still lingers in the minds of many the false conception that somehow modern art is easier than the art of the past. It is the penalty that abstract art when not understood has forced upon us. Those who understand it only partially and who have a kind of religious feeling that somehow if they can only hang on thoughtlessly to art they will automatically be lifted above the commonplaceness of their lives, cherish the delusion that any half-drawn, half-formed, half-understood expression in paint has a certain æsthetic virtue, not in spite of but because of its being inept and foggy.

The professional artists, perhaps partly on account of this error in the judgment of their amateurish hangers-on, are becoming increasingly intentional and no longer count upon completing their picture by a supplementary oral dissertation. But the kind of amateur who buys unseen the work of any temporarily successful faddist, still believes that the less a picture can be understood the more securely it belongs within the realm of art. So she "goes wild and goes in for painting," and in doing so she joins all the others of her type, whose opinions about art are at once so fixed and so uncertain, so definite and so beside the point.

The fact that these people paint spasmodically when the spirit hits them, gives them a certain self-appointed authority with those who are too intelligent to masquerade as artists. They form a kind of barrier by putting themselves between the serious artist and his potential public. Extravagant and unbalanced in their constant chatter about art, they give the production of art as a whole a black eye. Their obvious ineffectualness tends to prejudice people against the whole subject of art.

But I think that the greatest harm that the ladies who "go wild and go in for painting" do (granting that they are not entirely harmless), is to encourage vague judgments and low standards, to encourage chatter and talk and meetings and associations rather than effective production. They put the real artist in an embarrassing position by asking his opinion about their own half-baked performances. If he steps on them hard, he becomes in their eyes a jealous enemy; if he tactfully dodges the issue and finds something to say about their daubs they are never shown again without being accompanied by the remark that so and so like them very much. I think the best policy for the artist would be to step on them hard and let them be his enemies, for the ladies who "go wild and go in for painting" and buy the works of H  l  ne Perdriat unseen, do not stimulate the art or the artist of today. They encourage   nemic thinking and cast a shadow of frivolity over the profession of painting. To paint well requires brains and labor. The intelligent amateur as well as the serious professional knows this fact only too well. He despises the make-believe works of those unoccupied ladies and gentlemen who use "art" as a pastime to satisfy their frivolous emotions and it might be worth his while if he would forget his politeness and, when the occasion arises, say what he really thinks.

FORBES WATSON.



# PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER

## A STUDY OF HIS PAINTINGS

By VIRGIL BARKER

**A**SIDE from the evidence of the signed and frequently dated prints, drawings and paintings, few things are certainly known about the life and personality of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Almost all of these, such as they are, occur in a brief passage concerning him, written about thirty years after his death, in "The Book of the Painters" by Carel Van Mander. Herein is no mention of the date of Bruegel's birth; even the place of it, despite a seeming definiteness, remains in some obscurity. His biographer says that the painter was born "not far from Breda, in a village called Breughel,\* by which name he called himself and left it to his descendants." The village of that name nearest to Breda is twenty-five miles away; and as distances went in the sixteenth century, this seems hardly to be bridged by Van Mander's easy phrase. As for the year, the guesses of the scholars range all the way from 1510 to 1530, the most widely accepted one being 1525. Any closer determination of it is a matter of comparative unimportance in its possible effect on the period of actual productiveness, since this is very satisfactorily covered by trustworthy dates.

And whatever the exact year may have been, it had not been long before when for Europeans the geographical world had been suddenly enlarged as a sort of materialization of the immediately preceding enlargement of mind. The succession of discoveries—of America; of India and the true Indies; of Sumatra, Java and Borneo; and, two hundred and fifty years after Marco Polo, of China—were only the working on another plane of the essentially exploring spirit which had been previously manifested by the scholars, scientists and artists of the Early Renaissance. National unity on a fresh basis had

been realized in Spain through the expulsion of the Moors, and in both France and England under absolute monarchies which were headed, at the time of Bruegel's birth, by Francis I and Henry VIII. About that time, also, Magellan was circumnavigating the globe and Cortez was conquering Mexico; Leonardo and Raphael were dying, and shortly after them went Carpaccio, Leo X and Signorelli. Martin Luther, preaching the Reformation in Germany, was thus initiating a movement of ruinous significance for Bruegel's homeland; for there the cause of religious liberty, gradually coalescing with that of political independence, was to meet with the terrible repressions begun by the newly elected Emperor, Charles Quint, who was already by inheritance lord of the Low Countries.

During all this period of ferment and re-orientation for the European mind, Antwerp, where Bruegel was to spend most of his life, was one of the most important of all ports. Situated in what was then the most densely populated region of Europe, it had in its own houses a hundred thousand persons; and of these more than a tenth were foreigners—German merchants, Italian scholars, Portuguese Jews, French Huguenots, English sailors and the soldiers of Spain. Far-journeyed vessels brought to it the spices and rich stuffs, the metal-work and strange animals of distant lands; and their seamen had tales to tell of things far off towards the expanding horizons of the world. In this comfortable and prosperous city, where the sharp demarcations between classes prevalent in other countries were blurred almost into a real democracy of the bourgeois, every fresh discovery and important event had its repercussion in the general consciousness.

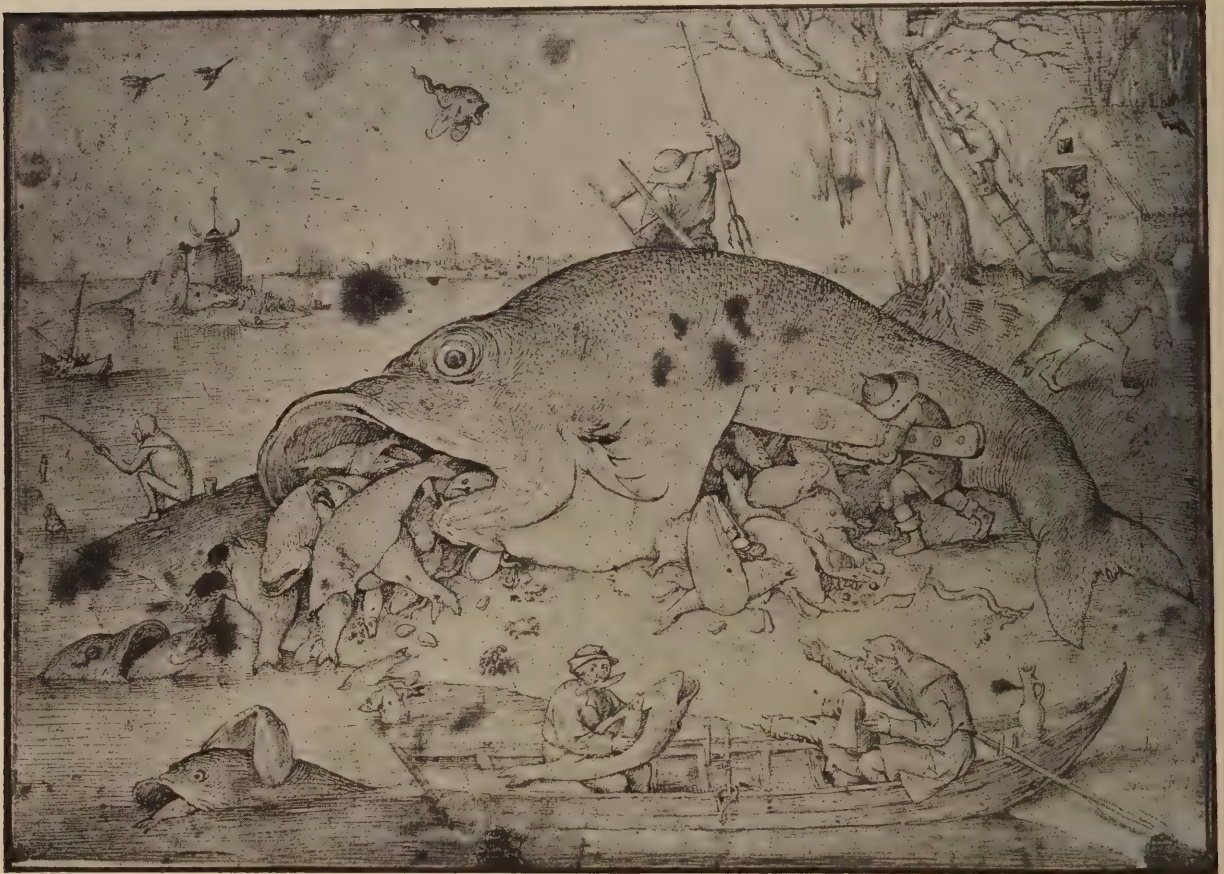
Antwerp was thus a natural center of activity for the religious propaganda and disputation which formed so large and so tragic an

\* There are several different ways of spelling this name, each having some degree of authority; but so far as concerns the painter himself, the deciding fact is that the signatures now visible on the paintings (about twenty in number) consistently adhere to BRUEGEL.

element in the life of the sixteenth century; creeds of all sorts readily found adherents among its varied and impressionable populace. Lutheranism was so strongly advocated by the convent of Augustinian monks that its inmates were dispersed, after the execution of two among them, and its buildings razed. Though the terrorism of the Inquis-

Even the anarchy of Anabaptism, persecuted by Catholic and Protestant alike, made headway through the martyrdom of its believers; and from 1544, almost the very year when the young Pieter Bruegel commenced his apprenticeship, the new sectarianism of Calvin entered the city and grew rapidly in strength.

While he was growing up, the English and



BIG FISH EAT LITTLE ONES (DRAWING). 1556. VIENNA, ALBERTINA

itor Van der Hulst and his priestly successors imposed silence on many, there were open preachings as well as clandestine meetings, and riots in which religion-frenzied women were among the boldest; and with all the burnings of the books, with all the imprisonments and the brandings, the full penalties of the imperial edicts could hardly be enforced by those who were conscious that such enforcement would destroy the principal source of the Emperor's precarious revenue.

the French were subduing the North American continent and in the Andes Pizarro was rifling the wealth of Peru; Rome was being pillaged by the Germans; Henry VIII was finally repudiating Catholicism and Ignatius of Loyola was in a way belatedly replying to Luther by organizing the Society of Jesuits; Hampton Court Palace, the French chateaux and the palaces of Venice were being built; Erasmus, Dürer, Machiavelli, Luini, Ariosto, Correggio died. As yet un-



conscious of such events and such personages, perhaps ignorant of the nearer deaths of Quentin Matsys and Lucas van Leyden, the youth of nameless family was living a peasant among peasants—and a genius in the making—sharing to full their laborious, roistering life. Hard drinkers and heavy eaters, they were much given to feasts and fairs; marri-

ness, he came to Antwerp and, a youth approaching his twentieth year, became an apprentice to the celebrated Pieter Coeck. Paracelsus, Copernicus and Holbein had just died; Bruegel had hardly learned to grind his colors when French Francis and English Henry followed them, even as their sometime enemy, sometime ally, Charles, was bloodily



THE LAST JUDGMENT (DRAWING). 1558. VIENNA, ALBERTINA

ages, baptisms, even deaths were for them occasions for celebrations as excessive as the labor from which they thus escaped. Their animal frankness and coarse gaiety blew like a gale of rude health over all their activities. From life itself, from the small events in a remote village of the *Campine*, Bruegel absorbed the great sane grossness which now seems buried in the books of his day. Bringing with him the peasant vitality which was to develop into a lofty philosophic humane-

but only temporarily settling religious questions at Mühlberg.

From his first master Bruegel must have received somewhat more than a merely technical training, good as that probably was. Coeck had been for four years the pupil of Bernard van Orley and had later studied in Rome; in his own work afterwards he relied to such an extent upon the formulas then worked out that all of it now seems borrowed; but the precepts that he would pass



on to an apprentice could not dull or conventionalize so forceful a nature as Bruegel's. Of more significance in the development of such a nature must have been the stories of far countries that were told, adding to his knowledge and stimulating his imagination; for Coeck had spent the year of 1533 in the Constantinople of Suleiman the Magnificent and had been one of the *entourage* of Charles on his expedition to Tunis in 1538. Painter to the Emperor and Dean of the Guild of Saint Luke, Pieter Coeck died in 1550. Then or before Bruegel passed over to the work-shop of Jerome Cock, who was not so much a painter as a dealer in pictures and a publisher of popular prints. His establishment "was certainly the rendezvous

of all the artists and all the amateurs of Antwerp and even from abroad. Rendered in engraving, the greater number of existing masterpieces would pass under the eyes of the attentive Bruegel." (Bernard: p. 58.) The very shop-name, "At the Sign of the Four Winds," symbolized the range of influences that played over him, the sights and tales that passed into his consciousness; and for Bruegel these things could be only so many more incitements to journey into the world and see it all for himself.

Therefore it is not surprising that, after he had completed his apprenticeship and been received into the painter's guild, in 1551, he should set out upon his travels. Such a trip in those days was no light undertaking. All



A VILLAGE WEDDING. PHILADELPHIA, JOHNSON COLLECTION



frontiers were insecure since the wars between Charles and Francis for continental domination; for little or nothing soldiers turned into robbers. Van Mander mentions neither routes nor places, writing only that Bruegel "went into France and from there into Italy." Even the drawings now preserved afford no positive information as to the way he went—a circumstance which might be interpreted to mean that already he was interested less in telling what a specific place looked like than in rendering the emotional effect of nature upon himself. But two designs now preserved as etchings are signed and dated at Rome in 1553, and there is a drawing of the Ripa Grande which appears to have been done on the spot. The print of a naval battle engraved by Huys and published by Cock after Bruegel's return to Antwerp indicates that he went as far south as Messina.

When he passed through France, François Clouet and Germain Pilon were practising their art of tepid grace; when he reached Rome, the Sistine Chapel paintings had been completed, but not the church of Saint Peter. At the height of their working powers were Michel Angelo, Titian, Palestrina, Palladio; and Benvenuto Cellini was doubling in the rôles of artist and bandit. There is no proof that Bruegel had any contact with these men; that he even saw their works is recorded neither in words nor in the paintings by which he lives today in their company. It is certainly reasonable, however, to suppose that the fame of his contemporaries had not



DANCING PEASANT. THE HAGUE, VAN VALKENBURG COLLECTION

only reached him but actually played a part in persuading him to his long wayfaring. Though still in his twenties, he even then had sufficiently a mind of his own to avoid the mistake of his predecessors, who had gone south specifically to copy and imitate the styles of the Italian painters. In their journeying they were following a fashion, doing something because others were doing it; Bruegel's urge was both deeper and broader, as his genius was.

Yes, the artistic, the professional, motive must have had much to do with sending him to Italy, but the only way of expressing the sum total of the desires that undoubtedly

animated him is to say that he must have craved more life.

"For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide"—

no motive less comprehensive than this could have moved him. He was a great artist in the making, but he was even more a man than an artist; for him the art of other men could

2.

TOWARDS the end of 1553, not long after the deaths of Rabelais and Lucas Cranach, Bruegel was back in Antwerp. He again became affiliated with the shop of Jerome Cock, but now as a sort of collaborator, making drawings for many plates to be engraved by others and published by the shop. As a successful business man with an eye to



STUDY FOR A "BATTLE BETWEEN FAT AND LEAN." 1558? COPENHAGEN, ROYAL COLLECTION

be only a part, and not the most important part, of the all-inclusive experience of which he was in search. Only such a conception of his personality can account for the failure of the Italian masterpieces to influence him then or thereafter and his own immediate and lifelong preoccupation with the entire range of nature and of human life. Moreover, so much can be inferred from Van Mander's only other reference to this momentous trip, a reference which takes the form of reporting somebody else's remark that "... in the Alps he swallowed all the rocks and mountains, to return home and vomit them out on painting-board and canvas. . . ."

the market, Cock's specialties were landscapes of all types and grotesqueries in the manner of Jerome Bosch, dead thirty-five years before, whose works were a mine of motives for exploitation. The former apprentice proved to be an even greater source of revenue and popularity for "The Four Winds"; he shared completely in the contemporary taste served by the shop and for several years devoted himself entirely to new and increasingly inventive compositions in each *genre*.

The pure landscapes of this period fall into two very distinct divisions—the small, intimate ones and the large, composite ones.





BATTLE BETWEEN CARNIVAL AND LENT, 1559. VIENNA, MUSEUM





BATTLE BETWEEN CARNIVAL AND LENT (DETAIL)





THE DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO LIMBO (DRAWING). 1561? VIENNA, ALBERTINA

Among the first sort those of such obviously picturesque things as ruins are less interesting, seem less realized, than those depicting the homely commonplaces characteristic of the Low Countries. An indefinite and puddled village street, a church set among trees, the hybrid ruralness where town and country meet—the buildings and small figures rendered in a clean, unwavering line and the massed multitude of leaves given without a superfluous or unmeaning scribble—these things, conveyed with such immediacy by the free and sensitive pen-work, become sharp-edged and lose their bloom through the interposition of the engraver's hand. Though his return gave him to see all the littlenesses about him with the freshness of a first encounter, it did not make him forget the mountains which had struck so deeply into his mind; and he composed a whole series of

large, Latin-titled designs in which the far and low horizons of home were fabulously combined with Alpine steepes. In these plates, deeper than the romanticism of their composite character, is an immense and sober poetry which transpires even through the hardness of the engraving.

One print, dated the very year of his return, a composition of many people skating just outside a city wall, is obviously based on direct observation and is Bruegel's first essay in the realistic rendering of the life of crowds which was later to play so large a part in his painting; but yet awhile the greater part of his labor went into a long succession of drolleries and diabolisms.

It is in connection with this part, and this part only, of his life-work that there arises any necessity of discussing the influence of another painter on Bruegel. Van Mander





FLEMISH PROVERBS. 1559. BERLIN, KAISER FRIEDRICH MUSEUM





CHILDREN'S GAMES. 1560. VIENNA, MUSEUM



treats the matter thus: "He practised much in the manner of Jerome Bosch and used to make many such goblin pictures and drolleries, for which he was called by many *Pieter the Droll*." The biographer here recorded the general contemporary estimate which, though it is now seen to fall far short of the truth, was surely natural enough, since in his own day Bruegel was popularly known by the widely circulated prints rather than by the unreproduced paintings. The *Big and Little Fish* of 1556 is directly from Bosch, and that his spirit and his manner did have an influence upon Bruegel is not to be denied. But such influence as Bosch did exert upon the man who had returned from Italy uninfluenced was possible only because they shared in a racial streak which can be traced back of them into the Middle Ages. The quality that allowed Bruegel to be influenced by

Bosch at all would have manifested itself in Bruegel's art even if Bosch had never lived. Moreover, Bosch's art was limited almost to this one type of subject-matter, whereas Bruegel's art soon developed other and far more important characteristics which overshadowed without obliterating this element of grotesquerie.

For the time being, however, it had free rein in a series of *Vices* and numerous separate plates such as *The Ass at School*, *The Sorcerer*, *The Merchant Robbed by Monkeys*. In these prints there are, in addition, a mastery of design, an inventiveness of detail and a convincingness of outlandish imagination that far surpass Bosch's most ambitious efforts. A little of these qualities is to be discerned in the two drawings of *The Last Judgment* and *Christ in Limbo*; and they also display Bruegel's entire lack of any mystical



THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS. 1562. BRUSSELS, MUSEUM





BATTLE BETWEEN THE ISRAELITES AND THE PHILISTINES. 1562 OR 1563: VIENNA, MUSEUM

fervor, which would have imparted some sort of impressiveness to his Christs. This negative trait in Bruegel, which is the exact obverse of the sort of humaneness which made him great, is further shown in the series of *Virtues*, also of this period; although these occasionally exhibit a high degree of skill in handling complex groupings, they are what professionalized virtues are apt to be—tedious.

Midway in this prosperous and fertile time of development the Emperor Charles, taken with the notion of enjoying all the benefits of being dead while yet alive, partitioned the empire between his brother and his son, and himself retired in state to a monastery in Spain. From this haven, free of governmental responsibilities, he was able, through his dutiful son Philip, to instigate increasingly severe measures of religious and political repression for the people of the northern lowlands. Yet such things did not affect the personal liberty of Bruegel, who was maintaining an irregular establishment described

by Van Mander in the following anecdote: "As long as he lived in Antwerp, he kept house with a servant-girl, whom he might have married had it not misfortuned him that she was always telling lies, a thing repugnant to his love of truth. He made an agreement or contract with her that he should mark all her lies on a stick—and he took a pretty long one—and when the stick should be full of marks the marriage should be off; which then happened before much time had passed."

More important is what Van Mander tells us of a friendship: "He worked much for a merchant named Hans Frankert, an admirable and excellent man, who found pleasure in knowing Bruegel and was with him whole days at a time. With this man Frankert, Bruegel often went among the peasants, to fairs and marriages, both dressed like peasants; and they took presents like the others, just as if they belonged to the family or acquaintance of the bride or the bridegroom. Here Bruegel found his pleasure in observing the manners of the peasants in eating, drink-



HEAD OF AN OLD PEASANT WOMAN. 1564? MUNICH,  
ALTE PINAKOTHEK

ing, dancing, jumping; loving and other fun-making; which things he then very skilfully and carefully rendered again in colors, in water-color as well as in oil, in both which mediums he was extraordinarily talented." Then Van Mander proceeds to stress the faithfulness and accuracy of Bruegel's peasant pictures in the details of costumes and movements. In short, Bruegel had begun to paint.

The earliest dated painting, *Twelve Flemish Proverbs*, is interesting only because of its connection with Bruegel; its relative clumsiness of execution and utterly unpictorial conception as a whole render it very likely the first of his attempts in a new medium. However, this picture and the others that must be

grouped immediately with it mark the definite emergence of what was thenceforward to be his predominant interest—the life of the peasants, between whom and himself there existed the unbreakable bonds of a common origin and a common destiny. Thus he began at once to paint in accordance with the dictates of his essentially realistic genius, but the first works of capital importance still retain a large admixture of the fantastic spirit which had been running riot in his recent designs for the engravings. These two pictures are the *Carnival and Lent* and the *Flemish Proverbs* in Berlin, both of the year 1559; in both fantasy is made convincing through realistic treatment, just as the Van Eycks and Roger Van der Weyden had made convincing their religious idealism. Bruegel's difference from them

being simply a difference of subject-matter and a still greater reliance upon realistic skill for its own sake. In the *Children's Games* of the next year there occurs the first complete union on a great scale of realism in both matter and manner; and two years later, with the *Fall of the Rebel Angels*, a recurrence in greatly intensified form of the combination between fantastic idea and realistic treatment. This last painting, credited to Jerome Bosch himself until the discovery of Bruegel's signature, is infinitely superior in conception and execution to anything by the earlier man, and would alone rank its creator as a great painter; yet the greatness it confers upon its maker is not the kind that is most truly Bruegel's. Through





"DULLE GRIET." 1564. ANTWERP, VAN DEN BERGH COLLECTION

all these paintings of the Antwerp period there runs a rapidly increasing technical skill—in drawing, color and design—until the last picture that could possibly have been done before his removal to Brussels, the *Israelites and Philistines*, is for minute workmanship a world's wonder. On a small panel about thirteen by twenty-two inches Bruegel has put several hundred human beings, the largest of whom is less than two and one-half inches, in a landscape setting of great beauty, all done in such detail that one can count the spots on the giraffes far away across the river—and all seen with so careful a regard for values and design that it is a satisfactory picture from whatever distance it is regarded, its details merging into the larger relations as one views it from further off. Craftsmanship of this type in painting can go no farther.

### 3.

THE cause of his leaving Antwerp was his marriage, which took place in 1563. His choice had fallen upon the daughter of his first master, Pieter Coeck. Twice during his brief notice on Bruegel, Van Mander refers to the fact that "he had, while she was still small, often carried her in his arms." Her mother, after the father's death, had removed to Brussels and there successfully engaged in her own profession of miniature painting; in consenting to the marriage she "stipulated that Bruegel should leave Antwerp and settle down in Brussels, in order that he might efface former love-affairs from his eyes and his mind." In this marriage was the beginning of what has been well called the Bruegel dynasty. The two sons produced copies and variations of their father's paintings in such abundance that it is an excep-



THE TOWER OF BABEL. 1563. VIENNA, MUSEUM





THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS. 1564. VIENNA, MUSEUM





THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS (DETAIL)





THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS (DETAIL)





THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. 1564. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY



tional picture gallery in Europe which does not boast its "*Breughel le Vieux*"; and these sons in their turn fathered a dozen more painters.

But of them all, none approached the greatness of their original, whose six years of married life were filled by the creation of

great series of five paintings, the *Months*.

While he was achieving all this ordered beauty of art, the disorders of the life around him were increasing at a fatally rapid pace. In Ghent a mob sacked the Abbey of Saint Peter and, made drunk by the wine of its cellars and the intoxication of destructiveness,



THE MISANTHROPE. 1565. NAPLES, NATIONAL MUSEUM

masterpieces—of realistic observation in the *Wedding Feast* and the *Peasant Dance*; of sheer imagination in the *Dulle Griet* and the *Triumph of Death*; of narrative power in the *Massacre of the Innocents*; of the purest pictorialism in the *Conversion of Paul*; of the indescribable *Carrying of the Cross*; of realism, imagination, emotion and thought merged into the large harmonies of that

ran smashingly at large through the city. In Antwerp another mob totally destroyed the rich and famous church of *Notre Dame*. Conflicts multiplied between Catholics and Protestants, between civilians and soldiers; bands of foreign mercenaries coursed through the country and open towns. The Duke of Alba's execution fires cast lurid lights upon the ruin and decimation of what had once

been the most prosperous region of Europe.

Of Bruegel's own reactions to all this his biographer, writing at a time when it was almost a well-forgotten nightmare, makes no mention. Van Mander's single sentence of direct characterization is this: "He was a very quiet and skilful man, who spoke little

things he saw for himself are set down in such pictures as the *Massacre of the Innocents*, yet with such an all-sufficing objectiveness that it requires an effort of mind to realize that that very convincingness comes from his having felt the tragic reality he records. But it is impossible to escape from the over-



THE PROVERB OF THE BIRD-NESTER. 1564-65? VIENNA, MUSEUM

but was sociable in society, and loved to frighten his companions, often also his own pupils, with all kinds of goblin noises. . . ." This does little to round out the portrait of Bruegel the man, for once more the emphasis is thrown upon that droll and amusing side of his nature which seems to have appealed most to his own circle and thence been transmitted to Van Mander. But that Bruegel was intensely aware of the tragedies about him is evident enough in his works. The

whelmingly personal quality of the thoughts set forth in the hell-mouth horrors of the *Dulle Griet* and the apocalyptic terrors of the *Triumph of Death*. Moreover, Van Mander writes that Bruegel had made many other "inventions" which were "so satirical and mordant that on his death-bed he ordered them burnt by his wife, either from repentance or from fear that his wife would get into trouble on account of them."

Not many months before this happened





THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH. 1565 OR 1566. MADRID, PRADO





THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH (DETAIL)

the people of the Low Countries commenced their final effort of revolt which was to establish their freedom not until eleven years later. Bruegel left a world that was hardly less black than the death into which he descended with open eyes. At that very moment Montaigne was setting about to depict one entire man with a vision as veracious as that of Bruegel; Cervantes was soon to rival in words Bruegel's power of making the fantastic real; and only forty years later Shakespeare was to accomplish a re-creation of human life that is more complete than Bruegel's simply because the medium of literature itself permits a more comprehensive embodiment of the soul of man than is possible to the medium of paint. And the painter who more than any other kept close to life belongs in the company of these three.

4.

THE subject-matter of Bruegel's great paintings is limited only by the world and life.\* The whole cycle of nature is in them—the seasons as they pass over mountain, plain and moving waters; the dazzling beauty of the southern sea, the northern cold. The entire range of human life is in them; somewhere in these multitudes every emotion finds its expressive gesture. Even all the animals that are intimately a part of human life are given in their degrees of individuality. These pictures seem to set before the eye every experience possible to man.

Always a tale is being told, but always it is story-telling of a very definite kind. It is

\* The succeeding remarks upon Bruegel's art and mind, disregarding both the minor and the debatable works, are based specifically upon the paintings which are characteristically great.





THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH (DETAIL)

never a continuous narrative with a plot involving the same characters in different circumstances. Thus Bruegel was never obliged to arrange successive episodes of the same story within one frame, as the older painters had done. All the things that happen in his paintings could happen—do happen—just as he shows them, at the same time and in just the relationship to each other that he depicts. He always observes time unity and pulls together his wealth of episode and by-play through unity of theme.

But on a given theme, at first, he attempted to say everything than can be said about it. The picture in Berlin illustrates seventy proverbs; the *Children's Games* is said to contain every one of the one hundred and fifty-four varieties of play listed by Rab-

elais as the games of Gargantua; the *Tower of Babel* has been called a builders' handbook; the *Massacre of the Innocents* apparently depicts every possible attitude of parental grief and frenzy. This exuberance of episode, this encyclopedic narrative utterance, had its literary counterpart in the book just mentioned; it was in full accord with the taste of the time, and Bruegel's personal aptitude had been fostered and disciplined by his long succession of drawings for the plates published by Cock. For the paintings of this type he has thought out every possible visual aspect of his story-matter and swept them all into a unity of design not less remarkable than his unity of theme.

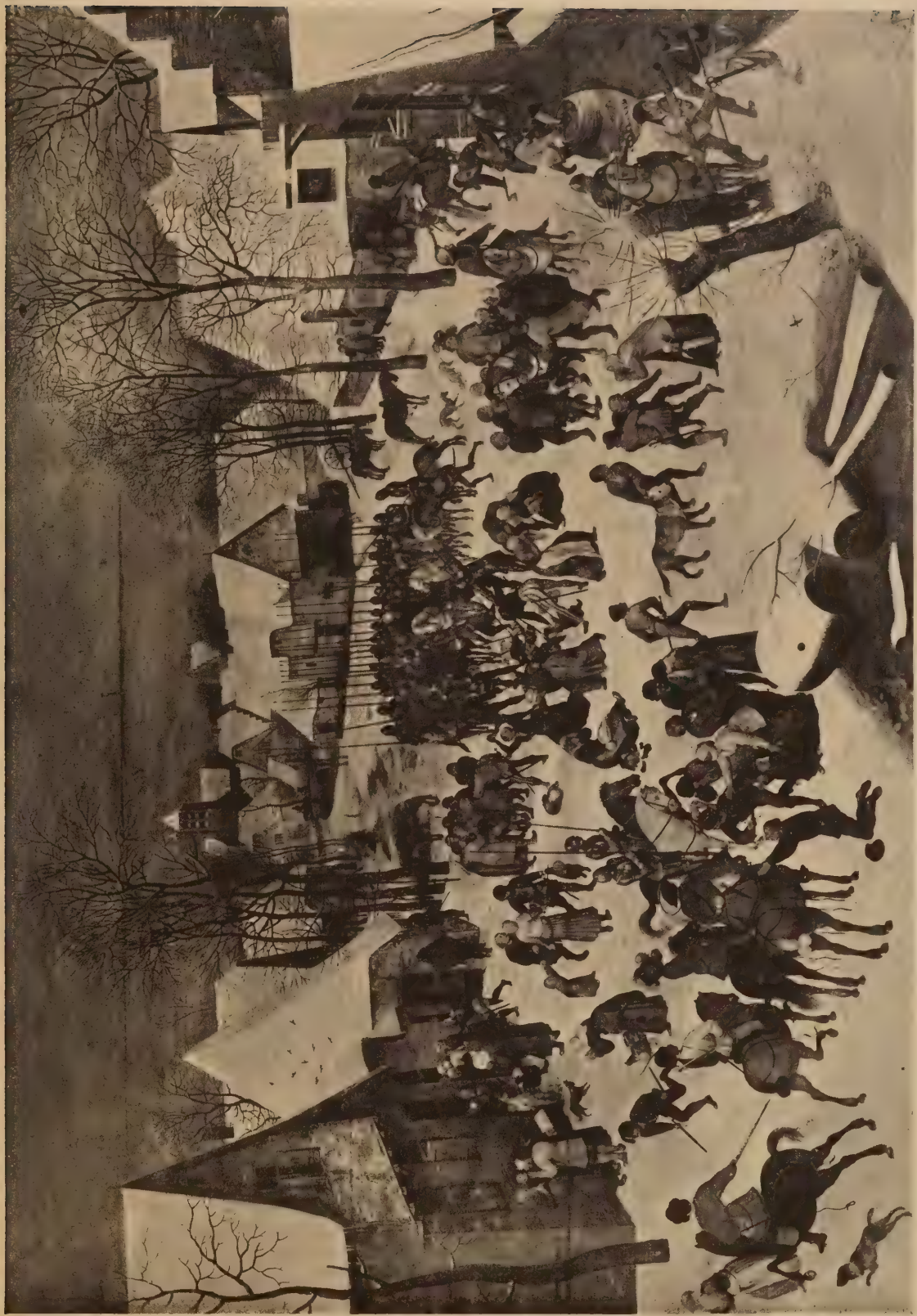
The astounding thing to be noted just here is the completeness with which such an exces-





THE NUMBERING AT BETHLEHEM. 1566. BRUSSELS, MUSEUM





THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS. 1556? VIENNA, MUSEUM





THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS (DETAIL)

sive amount of anecdote is arranged into a functioning organism of narrative. In the *Carrying of the Cross* the movement of every one of the five hundred figures, the very expression of every face, is determined by a completely organized story-action. All the figures, even the minutest ones, play their parts in the whole design as such; but their momentary relations as human beings, equally complex, have been thought out and set down with equal thoroughness. Every episode is a bar, every gesture a note, in Bruegel's orchestrated narrative.

But other paintings show that Bruegel realized the fundamental weakness of this—the weakness of diversity of visual motive, distraction from the pictorial whole. He exhibited a tendency towards the elimination of all side-play, towards the reduction of subject-matter to a single motive and a reliance

upon emotional unity for the abiding impression. His picture-making is still story-telling in that something happens in terms of human action; but it is a single and casual event, and the main interest is shifted from events to design and color as the expression of mood. In the *Months* he forgot all about narrative complexity for its own sake, fixed his attention on the pure pictorial beauty of people and of nature, and sought only the emotional meaning of his theme.

##### 5.

THE nature of Bruegel's work previous to taking up painting is written at large and in detail over his early technical habits, but in these also can be traced a development corresponding to the change just noted in subject-matter.

In the earlier pictures color in general is





THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS (DETAIL)





THE FALL OF ICARUS. BRUSSELS, MUSEUM





THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL. 1567. VIENNA, MUSEUM





THE WINE OF SAINT MARTIN (FRAGMENT). VIENNA, MUSEUM

conceived somewhat as the worker in mosaic is compelled by his material to conceive it—as a weaving-together of brilliant bits of pure color into a color design which is itself thought out independently of other technical qualities. There is harmony and richness, but there is not that melting tonality which afterwards came to be looked upon as the last word in painting. Above all else, there is an unbelievable brilliancy, especially where Bruegel made a lavish use of vermillion. The chain of soldiers woven through the multitude in the *Carrying of the Cross* is one of the most daring things to be found in painting; but

for general sumptuousness of color approaching to the fusion of later times there is, outside of the *Months*, no equal in Bruegel's work to the *Conversion of Paul*. And always it is color used for its own sake, with great sensuous delight. Yet always, again excepting the *Months*, it is color laid on to form which has already been conceived as drawing; the color, superb in itself, follows the form superbly; but the color and the drawing exist independently of one another.

At the beginning of his painting career it was his drawing especially which was determined by his work for the engravers. For the masculine style of engraving that prevailed in his day the preparatory drawings had to show absolute precision of outline. The edges of everything had to be clean and unmistakable in order that the engraver might know what was intended; the artist of the first instance had to make it impossible for the engraver

to mistake his meaning as to this contour or that shape. Drawing in this manner for years before he began to paint, Bruegel necessarily continued to do so afterwards. This accounts for the prevailingly silhouette character of his multitudes of tiny figures. Oftentimes, even from the beginning, the form that meets the eye within the shape is substantially filled out without being accompanied by the feeling of all-aroundness; but a full three-dimensional quality is more and more often attained until in the *Paul*, again, it fills the picture to a degree elsewhere unequalled in Bruegel's work.





THE PARABLE OF THE BLIND MEN. 1568. NAPLES, NATIONAL MUSEUM



THE LAND OF COCKAIGNE. 1567. BERLIN, VON KAUFFMANN COLLECTION





THE CRIPPLES. 1568. PARIS, LOUVRE

But another consequence of his early professional training—and a consequence which enabled him to accomplish some of his most amazing feats—was his skill in composition. His training in draftsmanship gave him the power to render exactly all details that contribute to individuality of character, and the simultaneous training in composition taught him how to arrange immense numbers of such individualized figures without loss of mass unity. Was it the Alpine mountain-sides or merely the upper window of a house on a village square that suggested to him the device of a slightly elevated viewpoint? It is this more than anything else that enables him to impose upon his multitudes that order of art by which may be expressed the disorder of life; and it is this that gives him his long perspectives of village

streets or far horizons dominated by oblique lines. These last, starkly visible at first and gradually becoming more broken and concealed, constitute the characteristic mark of Bruegel the designer.

But it is in design that there is to be discerned the least amount of technical advance on Bruegel's part; what he learned before he began to paint seems to have come nearer to sufficing him in design than in drawing or in color. His composition scheme in the set of the *Months* is shockingly, though intentionally, repetitious; in the hands of a less vigorous artist it must quickly have become the deadest recipe. He divides his panel into two practically equal parts by a bold diagonal from one upper corner to the opposite lower one; one of these parts he fills with things and people seen close at hand, and the other





THE MAGPIE ON THE GALLOWS. 1568. DARMSTADT, MUSEUM

with a far-spreading panorama. And he does it five times over with such freshness that doing it seven times more does not seem beyond his powers. But the design remains a pattern, conceived in the same way as the large composite landscapes done soon after his return from Rome.

In drawing and color, on the other hand, the *Months* show a marked departure from earlier habits in the direction of an essentially modern practice. In the drawing as such there is an increase in looseness with no loss of surety; tightness is sacrificed, but not precision. The figures are still silhouettes to a great extent, but there is an approach to the coalescence of color and drawing. In color by itself there is ever an opposition of large areas of some shade of brown and some shade of green, and a weaving of these areas

together by bits of each color in the other and of other colors in both. Though there is never the full impressionistic fusing of edges in atmosphere, there is yet a decided approximation to the vision of a genuinely naturalistic landscape painter, as distinguished from the vision of a draftsman or a miniaturist.

While this is true, and must be accounted to Bruegel as a merit, an evidence of mental and technical growth, it is still in a measure unfair to the never-failing largeness and unity of vision in the earlier work. Whether the other qualities of this work be regarded as merits or defects in themselves depends, of course, upon the technical tenets or preferences of him who makes the judgment. But in Bruegel they were neither merits nor defects; they were characteristics which had to



WEDDING FEAST. 1568? VIENNA, MUSEUM





WEDDING FEAST (DETAIL)

be present in his pictures if he painted at all. They were necessitated by the time in which he lived and by his professional practice previous to painting. They were as much a part of him as his fondness for telling stories; and in the fluctuations of taste stranger things have already happened than would be the return of even this latter element to professional as well as popular favor.

6.

**I**N Bruegel's time story-telling in pictures generally was still one of the principal means of communicating ideas—even, perhaps mainly, ideas that were not inherently pictorial; prints were still the nearest things to books in popular circulation. Moreover, a nation living under the necessity of never speaking out openly on either politics or re-

ligion naturally resorted to symbol, the concrete proverb or the image that said one thing and meant another. The print of the big and little fish not only meant that the great oppressed the small but carried an idea beyond the words of the proverb in showing the big fish ripped up and disgorging; and upon a people so apt at interpreting images the significance of that would not be lost. This people could not only take a hearty enjoyment of the good things of life but they could also face the whole of it without shrinking from any part of it, whether of grossness or of terror. For the latter, indeed, they even had a gusto and the former they laughed away with a saving healthiness. The distinguishing mark of their living and their thinking was a robust realism.

In Pieter Bruegel there emerged from





PEASANT DANCE. 1568? VIENNA, MUSEUM





PEASANT DANCE (DETAIL)



among them a man of genius in complete sympathy with their realistic attitude towards life; knowing it from childhood, he gave it in his art a more complete expression than it had ever had before. The whole originality and fertility of his mind were for long expended upon feeding the popular taste not only for the familiar or exotic beauty of nature but also for a rough philosophy, unorganized but none the less genuine; and a habit so well established in him by years of labor would not vanish all at once even when more purely painter-like interests assumed for him a major importance. His predecessors in painting had been realistic in their measure; in them, however, realism was largely confined to details of execution and was more than counterbalanced by markedly idealistic conceptions. Even in the grotesqueries of Bosch the older disparity be-

tween idea and embodiment existed; the diabolism in them was only the obverse of the conventional religious idealism, and its distance from a true realism of content remained the same. When Bruegel came to painting, he both carried the manner of realism farther than his predecessors had done and informed that manner with its appropriately realistic matter, bringing about a new harmony between the body and the spirit of the art. He became the first complete realist in the history of painting.

The *Fall of the Rebel Angels* is the nearest thing to a rule-proving exception among Bruegel's great works, the single one which exhibits any of the older disparity between container and content; and this picture, great as it is, could vanish without impairing in the least Bruegel's essential greatness. To examine the Berlin *Proverbs* in detail is to



MARINE. VIENNA, MUSEUM





FLEEING SHEPHERD. 1569? PHILADELPHIA, JOHNSON COLLECTION

get a feeling of being among mad folks because so many of the sayings here illustrated turn upon outlandish actions; but as a picture it is a piece of masterly realistic sanity showing a whole village, in which some of the inhabitants happen to be crazy, intensely busy about its own affairs. The *Triumph of Death*, so far from being a piece of wild and gross fancy, is actually the lucid statement of an idea as true as any gesture in the picture; it is precisely the relentlessness of its realism in thought as well as in embodiment which frightens people into calling it untrue. The latter two paintings only show that if an artist is realist enough, if he penetrates sufficiently into the actual, he necessarily becomes imaginative; they only reiterate and strengthen Bruegel's right to be considered the supreme realist in painting.

Part of his realism is his refusal to depict

what he did not feel. Only once did he venture upon any of the religious emotionalism that had played so large a part in the work of his predecessors, and then he found the emotion so foreign to his own feelings that he openly borrowed the imagery of it; in relation to the great panoramic realism of the *Carrying of the Cross*, the group of mourning women remains a mere formalism, dissociated in spirit and in manner from all about it. Jesus himself is simply an unfortunate creature whose approaching execution is the pretext for this holiday. What passes for the conversion of Paul might be the delusion of a man knocked in the head on falling from a shying horse; there is about the event none of the conventional supernaturalism because for Bruegel that sort of thing was not real. The religious subject as such disappears from his work; and this, coming after





DARK DAY (JANUARY?). VIENNA, MUSEUM





DARK DAY (DETAIL)

the ecstatic idealisms of his predecessors, amounts to the expression of an idea concerning the significance—or lack of it—inherent in the churchly religion. He will have nothing to do with what is not human; not even nature enters into the great paintings except as a setting that enhances, by sympathy or contrast, the emotional life of human beings. To these, whom he knows and loves, Bruegel gives himself wholly, to share in their sorrows and their joys. His religion is that of the great humanists in all ages, and his faith is given only to life itself.

Part of his realism is the robust laughter which is the only solution for the fix in which human beings find themselves. It is the spirit that animated Rabelais in describing

the birth of his hero and Shakespeare in creating Falstaff. To come closer home to Bruegel, perhaps, it is the spirit of *Till Eulenspiegel*, whose gross pleasantries were probably relished by the painter along with the rest of his generation. Bruegel's passion for completeness in his realism abolishes privacy, and the state of affairs brought to pass by this slicing away of all walls is saved only by humor. Humor is the safety-valve for a spirit resolute to probe life to its last refuge—to probe life, but not to break through by main force, as attempted by later realists so-called.

Another element in Bruegel's realism is the objectivity of his work. Van Mander's anecdote already quoted shows that Bruegel went





HUNTERS IN THE SNOW (FEBRUARY?). VIENNA, MUSEUM



among the peasants, not as a professional artist in search of material, but as a participant in their life; and the great pictures themselves strikingly bear this out. This is not to say that Bruegel never worked directly from life, for there are many drawings which could not have been done otherwise—a team of horses resting, soldiers standing in the way, old market-women squatting beside their wares. But when he came to paint the great pictures, Bruegel worked from a memory stocked with the gestures and actions of people who are unconscious of being watched. Bruegel's mind was centered upon their life and he was concerned with technic hardly beyond the point where it would enable him to crowd all their life into his given space and shape. His concentration upon the story he was telling, from the encyclopedic narrative of the early works to the simple and straightforward emotionalism of the *Months*, put him on the crest of a wave of energy which carried him through many an undertaking that would have been impossible for a more self-conscious man. We who see the pictures now are unconscious of the painter because he was himself lost in his subject; and because of this, also, we are unconscious of ourselves. "No glance ever strays across the footlights to the audience," wrote Meier-Graefe of Hogarth's scenes. In Bruegel's work there are no actors, no footlights and no audience. There is only life and participation in life by painter and by us.

And everywhere in these pictures it is the life of Bruegel's own time. His predecessors had clothed religious themes in contemporary dress, but the outer and the inner remained separate things; Bruegel, retaining the outer, put into it its own proper content. He ousted religious stories by contemporary stories. These he painted so completely that a thorough sociological knowledge of the age might be founded upon or tested by his pictures. The whole life of the time is set down by a hand that never falsifies, that swerves neither to the right of idealization nor to the left of caricature.

Yet to leave him as a painter of contemporary manners only would be almost as false

to his greatness as to consider him only as Bruegel the Droll. For he penetrates below the temporary appearances of his time to the permanent in human nature. His pictures can be a means of access to the life of his age, to be sure; but no lover of them would think of using them in this fashion. The important thing is that they give access to a life that is of more than one age; under the costume of the time exists the same humanity that now wears another dress.

In giving himself over so unreservedly to the impermanent, Bruegel took what was for him the only way to the permanent. This cannot be captured by going out after a vague and unlocalized something called life in general; what is presented to the artist for his use is always life in particular. There is an all-life in the steady and swelling succession of human generations; but the only means of access to that is the now-life. The great artist's major accomplishment lies in revealing the universal through the particular, the permanent through the transitory, the inevitable through the accidental.

This Bruegel does; and how well he does it is to be found by analyzing the thought behind his varied rendering of events and people. Even in his early pictures each creature has his own individuality and yet is part of the crowd, which remains a crowd in spite of all detail; each individual retains his own value of personality and yet is integrated into a collective being. Bruegel's minute accuracy of drawing expresses his love for the individual as such; his great masses of people express his desire to see life largely and as an interwoven whole. Moreover, the device of making the ostensible subject of a picture an almost invisible incident in it is an expression of an idea as to the relative importance of the individual and what happens to him. Though the actions of the *Carrying of the Cross* and the *Conversion of Paul* do actually center around the subject-incident, the incident itself is reduced almost to the vanishing-point; so that the story emphasis is thrown entirely upon the larger life of which the incident is only the temporary focus. The *Fall of Icarus* likewise expresses this heresy





HUNTERS IN THE SNOW (DETAIL)





HAYMAKING (JUNE?). RAUDNITZ, COLLECTION OF PRINCE LOBKOWITZ

against conventional thinking as to what is truly sublime; only here the unimportance of a particular event is made more emphatic by such a detail as the position of the shepherd as well as by the large indifference of this great luminous calm expanse of land and sea and sky.

Moreover, the sequence of changes in the relative importance of the human figures in the paintings is but the story of Bruegel's developing conception of the relative importance of man in the scheme of things. In one group of pictures the individual, though fully personalized, is a part of the crowd and the crowd a mass of insects swarming over the landscape. In another group of large-figured peasant subjects man is all-important, filling the whole and shutting nature out. The former are amazing, and one can hardly get too much of them; the latter are interesting

and one likes them long. But for the final expression of his mind one must turn to the set of the *Months*; these five, with the addition of the *Paul* and the *Icarus*, form the summit of Bruegel's art. In them Bruegel reached the solution of the two problems of his life, the life of nature and the life of man; and the solution was the life of man in nature.

The *Months* sum up his life's endeavor both in the material he had all along been dealing with and in the conceptions between which all along he had been alternating. They are full of motives and incidents taken from his earlier works—the church he drew so often, children at their games, the great stretches of landscape that he loved. But all things are adjusted to one another in a new way; the people are seen neither too large nor too small, but in a perfect relationship to





*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

THE HARVESTERS (AUGUST?). NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





THE RETURN OF THE HERDS (NOVEMBER?). VIENNA, MUSEUM





*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

THE HARVESTERS (DETAIL)

an immensely embracing nature; and each picture is pervaded by an unbroken harmony of mood. This set marks the attainment of final insight into everything that had concerned him; they constitute his acceptance and affirmation of life.

7.

THE more Bruegel's work is studied the stronger grows the feeling that almost everything may be attributed to him. To go to Vienna and through that group of fifteen pictures to come into direct contact with his mind across three hundred and fifty years is to be convinced that his is one of the inexhaustible minds of the world. The material brilliancy of the painting is more than matched by the brilliancy of the creative soul behind them. Whether he himself was conscious of all that can now be perceived in his work does not much matter; whether it came there with him aware or unaware, it is enough to make him superbly great. But this much is true: the more his mind is appre-

hended, the more vast and purposeful it appears.

He was fortunate in finding his means of expression in what was then a popular art; everything about that art was so alive that it drew to itself some of the greatest minds of the time. There existed a tremendous amount of give-and-take between the artist and his age, and this degree of interaction it was which had most to do with endowing both art and artist with vitality; they were fed from sources outside of and larger than themselves. Thus it was that Bruegel attained to so comprehensive an expression of himself and his age together that his work has become one of the permanent things of art.

Each picture is a completely functioning organism with several different aspects. There is the aspect of story-telling, that of technical picture-making and that of philosophic thought. Each aspect functions harmoniously with the others. Not only can one analyze out at will the elements proper to each aspect, but one can move from one to





THE RETURN OF THE HERDS (DETAIL)



another without any feeling of shifting gear or changing speed. (The one exception is the group of mourning women in the *Carrying of the Cross*.) All these aspects function at the same mental rate. They are all interwoven into powerful wholes. Every picture is a world in itself, and coming to know them is one of the completest experiences that can be found anywhere in the art of painting.

Yet even with this completeness of expression attained, one has before Bruegel's work a feeling of still more behind, an immensity of mind larger than any art can be. It is the feeling one has before Michel Angelo, but not before Raphael; before Shakespeare, but not before Marlowe. The greater ones are not only greater in their art, but they have

something left over in themselves which their art suggests but does not directly express. Of this greater company is Pieter Bruegel.

There are purer painters, but for the purity of their art they pay the price of going without something of importance to a complete life. And even their gain in intensity seems hardly a gain in the face of Bruegel's intensity on all the levels of his completeness. He transposes all life into his pictures in a scale of relative relationship that preserves the values of human life itself. Every other painter lacks something or has something in excess. Bruegel is the most comprehensive and the best balanced, the most energetic and the mellowest. Of all painters he is the greatest realist, and of them all the most humane.



THE RETURN OF THE HERDS (DETAIL)



## AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE object of the following book-list is to mention not everything that has been printed about Pieter Bruegel but only such volumes and articles as have definite value. The major cause of its shortness, however, is the fact that the literature of the subject is surprisingly small in quantity; in English, particularly, there is almost nothing beyond short paragraphs in some histories of art and the usual unilluminating brevities of general reference works.

PIETER BRUEGEL L'ANCIEN. *Son Oeuvre et son Temps.* Par RENÉ VAN BASTELAER et GEORGES HULIN DE LOO. Bruxelles: G. Van Oest & Cie.: 1907.

This, the first volume to be published on Bruegel, remains the standard work. For the handsomeness and completeness of its reproductions combined with the accuracy and thoroughness of its text, treating every aspect of the painter's life and work, it is a notable accomplishment in book-making and in scholarship. What has since been written and the pictures that have since been discovered still do no more than supplement certain phases of it; nor can it be superseded until someone is prepared to give time and money to a thorough search of European galleries and private collections. It is now, however, somewhat difficult to obtain.

LES ESTAMPES DE PETER BRUEGEL L'ANCIEN. Par RENÉ VAN BASTELAER. Bruxelles: G. Van Oest & Cie.: 1908.

Within its chosen field this volume also remains the standard and needs only supplementing by later researches. Its 278 plates reproduce all the prints then thought to be by Bruegel or after his designs.

PIERRE BRUEGEL L'ANCIEN. Par CHARLES BERNARD. Bruxelles: G. Van Oest & Cie.: 1908.

This, which appeared immediately after the two preceding volumes, may fairly be described as a good popularization of them, with additional historical material drawn from other sources. The thirty reproductions are very good half-tones; the text gives a satisfactory account of the painter's life and times, although there is too much reliance upon the mere subject-matter of the pictures and although parts of Van Mander's clumsy narrative are transposed into French of debatable suavity. It is the only generally available biography in French. To any reader of it my indebtedness to it for facts (other than those given by Van Mander) and my

occasional difference of interpretation will be equally evident.

DER BAUERN-BRUEGEL. Von W. HAUSENSTEIN. München & Leipzig: R. Piper & Co.: 1910.

This is commended by Herr Friedländer (see eighth item) as a portrait of the man Bruegel; as a discussion of his work, however, it has been superseded in German by Herr Friedländer's own book.

"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS" BY PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER. By C. J. HOLMES. In *The Burlington Magazine*; vol xxxviii, no. ccxv: London: February 1921.

THE HARVESTERS BY PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER. By B[RYSON] B[URROUGHS]. In *The Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*: vol. xvi, no. 5: New York: May 1921.

The fact that these two articles ostensibly deal each with a single picture should not obscure either their general interest or their significance as indications and instruments of the contemporary tendency to assign to Bruegel a higher rank than he has had heretofore.

VON EYCK BIS BRUEGEL. Studien zur Geschichte der Niederländischen Malerei. Von MAX J. FRIEDLÄNDER. Berlin: Julius Bard: 1921. (Of Bruegel: p. 169 to end).

The main point of interest about Bruegel in this book is that the author gives a catalogue of paintings which differs considerably, both in its omissions and in its additions, from that given by M. Hulin (see first item).

PIETER BRUEGEL. Von MAX J. FRIEDLÄNDER. Berlin: Propyläen-Verlag: 1921.

This is the standard general work in German, and contains a trustworthy translation of the entire text of Van Mander concerning Bruegel. Even those who do not read German might well possess this book for the clearness and frequent brilliancy of its 101 half-tone reproductions, the majority of which are from drawings and prints. Herr Friedländer is the only continental scholar so far whose work takes cognizance of the picture now in the Metropolitan Museum.

BRUEGEL. Von KURT PFISTER. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag: 1921.

This short essay merits notice as a piece of writing. The 78 half-tone reproductions are not very

clear, but they include more than a dozen which are in neither Friedländer nor Bernard.

PIETER BRUEGEL. *Vierzehn Faksimiledrucke nach Zeichnungen und Aquarellen. Mit einer Einleitung von KURT PFISTER.* München: R. Piper & Co.: 1922.

This handsome series of large plates is a publication of the *Marées-Gesellschaft* and for faithfulness in facsimile reproduction is not to be surpassed.

PIETER BRUEGHEL'S "FALL OF ICARUS" IN THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM. By ARTHUR EDWIN BYE. In *Art Studies: Medieval, Renaissance and Modern*: No. 1. Princeton: University Press: 1923.

A sympathetic though not stylistically distinguished essay in appreciation, written around the *Fall of Icarus* in the Brussels Museum.

RENAISSANCE ART. By ELIE FAURE. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1923. (Of Bruegel: pp. 276-286).

This author's habitual saturation with his subject-matter has enabled him to convey the multitudinous quality to be felt in many of Bruegel's pictures and also to adumbrate the humanity of soul behind them; but he has almost nothing to say about the more narrowly æsthetic merits which permit of Bruegel being ranked among the great; and even on the score of subject-matter Bruegel's livingness is almost smothered under a rhetoric made sluggish with anecdotal detail.

BREUGHEL. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. In *The Calendar of Modern Letters*: vol. 1, no. 6: London: August 1925.

This essay is a little sermon on the virtue of comprehensiveness in the appreciation of art, with Bruegel as an ideal text. It is not itself a comprehensive presentation of the painter or his work and it has very few traces of the verbal brilliancy which has had so much to do with putting this author's novels in the best-selling class; but it may make the name of Bruegel known to many who are not in a position to penetrate his work on their own account. I note a curious slip in the transposition of titles between the Brussels *Numbering at Bethlehem* and the Vienna *Massacre of the Innocents*.

DIE ZEICHNUNGEN PIETER BRUEGELS. Von KARL TOLNAI. München: R. Piper & Co.: 1925.

This book has immediately taken rank as the

standard authority on the drawings; its 104 large half-tone plates reproduce every drawing listed in its catalogue.

PIETER BRUEGEL DER AELTERE. *Siebenunddreissig Farbenlichtdrucke nach seinen Hauptwerken in Wien und eine Einführung in seine Kunst.* Von MAX DVOŘÁK. Wien: Oesterreichischen Staatsdruckerei.

This wonderful production is just being completed; its magnificent plates embody the utmost resources of modern color-printing. An edition with the text translated into French is announced for the month of July, and another with a translation into English is expected during the year.

The foregoing annotations are based upon actual reading and examination of the books and articles mentioned. I think it well to append a few additional items which I have had no opportunity as yet to examine; my study of the volumes already listed, however, leads me to believe that they possess interest and importance. The words in italics at the end of each entry indicate its source among the books in the previous section.

PIERRE BRUEGHEL LE VIEUX. Par HENRI HYMANS. (*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*: Paris: 1890 et 1891.) *Pfister: Bibliography*.

LES BRUEGHEL. Par EMILE MICHEL. Paris: 1892. *Van Bastelaer & Hulin*, p. 294.

PIETER BRUEGHEL DER AELTERE UND SEIN KUNSTSCHAFFEN. Von ALEX L. ROMDAHL. (*Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen des Allhöchsten Kaiserhauses*, Bd. 25: Wien: 1905.) *Tolnai and Pfister: Bibliographies*.

PIETER BRUEGEL IM KUPFERSTICHKABINETT ZU BERLIN. Von LUDWIG BURCHARD. (*Amtliche Berichte aus der Kongelige Kunstsammlung in Berlin*, Bd. 24: Berlin: 1912-13.) *Tolnai: Bibliography*.

DIE NIEDERLANDISCHE LANDSCHAFT-MALEREI VON PATINIR BIS BRUEGEL. Von LUDWIG VON BALDASS. (*Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses*, Bd. 24: Wien: 1918.) *Tolnai: Bibliography*.

DER BAUERN-BRUEGEL UND DAS DEUTSCHE SPRICHWORT. Von WILHELM FRAENGER. (München: 1923.) *Tolnai: Bibliography*.



## NOTES

THE illustrations of Bruegel's paintings accompanying this article are confined to those accepted as authentic by M. Hulin in his catalogue (see Bibliography, first item), with certain additional ones discovered since its publication. Seventeen of the paintings are positively dated; the rest must be distributed through the eleven years of painting on other evidence. Wherever a date appears under an illustration, it is the one assigned by the authority just mentioned, with the exceptions noted. The only alteration in the chronological order, so far as that may be determined, has been the grouping of the *Months* at the end, to correspond with the text, in which they are treated as the summing-up of Bruegel's work as a painter. All the drawings reproduced are dated on the authority of Herr Tolnai (see Bibliography, fourteenth item). The following paragraphs give certain supplementary facts:

*Village Marriage*: Two copies by Pieter II are known. A comparison of this picture with them shows that the arm and hand of the man kneeling near the bottom of the stairway have been repainted "for reasons of decency"!

*Dancing Peasant*: This is doubtful. Herr Friedländer considers it a copy; M. Hulin leaves the matter undetermined, but reproduces it.

*Descent of Christ into Limbo* (drawing): Herr Tolnai says that the date and signature are apocryphal, but assigns it to no other year.

*Flemish Proverbs*: Not known to M. Hulin; date given on the authority of Herr Friedländer.

*Battle Between the Israelites and the Philistines*: also called *The Death of Saul at the Battle of Gilboa*. The uncertainty of this date turns upon whether an extra figure can or can not be discerned at the end of the Roman numerals.

*Dulle Griet*: The literal subject is the quarrelsome woman, Terrible Margaret, she who frightens the devil himself.

*The Carrying of the Cross*: Also called *The Road to Calvary*.

*The Misanthrope*: Also called *The Perfidy of the World*. The proverb lettered at the bottom is

Om dat dē vverelt is soe ongetru  
Daer om ghā ic in den ru.

The translation is: Since the world is so untrustworthy, I go in mourning.

*The Proverb of the Bird-Nester*: The proverb is

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Dije den nest vveet dije vveeten:  
Dije roof, dije heeten.

It may be translated: Who knows where the nest  
is has his knowledge; who rifles it has possession.

*The Numbering at Bethlehem:* Also called *The  
Payment of Tithes.*

*The Fall of Icarus:* Not catalogued by M.  
Hulin. Here put next to the *Paul* in order to  
follow the text, in which these two are joined with  
the *Months* as representing the height of Bruegel's  
achievement.

*The Wine of Saint Martin:* Admitted by M.  
Hulin, but with strong doubts; regarded as the  
fragment of a larger work; done originally in  
tempera and repainted in oil, perhaps in the seven-  
teenth century.

*The Magpie on the Gallows:* This picture was  
bequeathed by Bruegel to his wife.

*Marine:* Not dated by M. Hulin. Placed here  
because it appears to be unfinished, and so possibly  
very late.

*The Months:* The months suggested in the titles  
given under the illustrations follow M. Hulin's  
catalogue. Herr Friedländer assigns that given as  
January to March, the February to December, the  
August (New York) to July, leaving the other two  
as given.

M. Hulin dates the whole set about 1567. The  
only trace among them of a date is on the picture  
in the Metropolitan Museum; on the strength of  
this Herr Friedländer assigns it positively to 1565,  
but Mr. Burroughs is inclined to agree with M.  
Hulin. In any case the violation of time order in  
placing this set last is not very great and the gain  
is considerable in giving a culminating impression  
of Bruegel's art.

### 2.

No paintings in Bruegel's manner are reproduced  
which are definitely or even probably by the sons.  
They are a multitude in themselves, and are mostly  
attributed to the father. They are to be met with  
everywhere, from London to Palermo, from Mad-  
rid to Petrograd. Herr Friedländer authenticates  
(without reproducing) one in Budapest and another  
in Csákány. In Hampton Court Palace there is an  
extremely interesting smaller version of the *Vienna  
Massacre of the Innocents* in which eatables are  
substituted for most of the children, and a com-  
panion piece of coarser workmanship giving an  
entirely different picture of a massacre. In Vienna  
there are a dozen or more by the sons which throw



much light on the entire question of Bruegel's own pictures; the most interesting of these is in the Lichtenstein Collection and is in the manner of the *Fleeing Shepherd* in Philadelphia. The problems raised by all these pictures are many and complex, but the scope and intention of this essay did not permit of its touching upon such matters. However, there are all sorts of ways to spend life, and not the least interesting way would be to go a-Bruegeling through Europe.

### 3.

In making an end I desire to express my indebtedness to a few individuals: to Miss Eunice Sexton, a personal friend, for aid in securing photographs; to A. E. Popham, Esquire, of the British Museum, for trouble taken and for permission to reproduce the drawing of the *Ripa Grande*; to Dr. Francis Brozek, Keeper of Records for the Prince Lobkowitz, for a like courtesy in connection with the *Haymaking*; to Herr Gerhard Janesch, with Lechner's bookstore in Vienna, for aid in connection with the Bibliography; and to Dr. Heinrich Leporini, for making accessible to me the drawings and volumes on Bruegel in the collections of the Albertina—a kindness without which this study could not have been completed.

PALERMO, SICILY: MAY 20, 1926.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE ELEMENTS OF DYNAMIC SYMMETRY. By JAY HAMBIDGE. New York: Brentano's, 1926.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF PHILADELPHIA. With an Introduction by ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1926.

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE. By PAUL GUILLAUME and THOMAS MUNRO. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926.

CHARLES BULFINCH, ARCHITECT AND CITIZEN. By CHARLES A. PLACE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

GILBERT STUART. AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF HIS WORKS. With an account of his life by JOHN HILL MORGAN and an appreciation by ROYAL CORTISZOZ. New York: William Edwin Rudge, 1926.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS. By ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1926.

THIS number of THE ARTS represents not only the most complete and fully-illustrated treatment of the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder that has appeared in English, but also the most complete that has ever appeared in magazine form.

In the future, as in the past, THE ARTS will continue to publish essays which it considers to be permanent contributions to the literature of art, and to maintain the same high standard in its illustrations.

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By HELEN APPLETON READ

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

MARIO TINTI is a prominent Italian writer on art and a frequent contributor to the leading art periodicals in his own country and abroad.

HELEN APPLETON READ, Art Critic of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* and Assistant Director of the Art Alliance, has recently returned from Germany, where she has collected much new material on contemporary German art, which will be presented to our readers in later issues.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY is not only a distinguished landscape architect, but a painter and etcher as well. His latest book, *The Freedom of the City*, has recently been published.

JACQUES MAUNY, whose writings are already familiar to readers of THE ARTS, is one of the younger French painters and has contributed to the leading French art periodicals.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is a member of the faculty of the department of anthropology of Columbia University, his special field being the Negro in Africa and in America.

H. R. SHURTLEFF writes on architectural matters from the sympathetic standpoint of the architect. As an artist he is known to a wide public through his drawings of New York.



PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER GRANET  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

J. A. D. INGRES



# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1926

NUMBER 4

A PAINTER friend has received recently an order to execute a large mural decoration. The height of the decoration I do not know. The length is 170 feet. The order is for a private house and comes directly from the owner to the artist. To make way for this feat an immense Elizabethan room, such as the interior decorator of twenty years ago would have swooned over is to be completely transformed. This amazing order has not been given to one of those graduates of the Academy at Rome who still imagine that modern art is a species of decadent charlatanism but to an American painter devoted to contemporaneous ideas and ideals. I can't help wondering whether there is not something indicative in the fact that an American client has been found who voluntarily has placed in the hands of a modern American painter the fate of a great room in a great house.

The information that a modern American artist is to have such a splendid opportunity comes to me simultaneously with other information not unrelated. An intelligent dealer in contemporary art, who unfortunately does not wish his name used, says that the increase in buyers of contemporary painting has made a great stride forward. During the past summer he sold more paintings than ever before at that season of the year, and for the coming winter he predicts great things for the contemporary artist. His prediction is borne out by other dealers.

In years gone by it was a maxim of those people who went into interior decoration because they were not trained for any other profession that at all costs the artists and their pictures must be barred from the house. Mean people were wont to say that the semi-decorators made more money in selling anonymous old art and copies thereof to their clients. Hence their objection to the artists. This was not the whole truth. The untrained decorators of those days did not know enough to dare to employ an original artist or to advise their clients to buy his work. Their safety lay in imitating.

To-day, thanks to French and (can it be said?) German influence, a few modern artists in America have been permitted to exercise their inventive powers in the field of interior decoration. The conventional architect blushes politely at their efforts and the school of decorators which is made up of glorified shoppers decry the original efforts of their betters. But year by year modernity becomes more chic and periods more dowdy. Grand Rapids has the periods all its own way now, and in another breath will be doing Second Empire and Victorian. And what a laugh when the decorating fellows of a future decade decree for the home Grand Rapids imitations of the objects beloved in the nineties.

The conventional architects have long looked askance at art that is contemporary in the real sense of the word. When forced by conditions to employ or coöperate with the artist they have selected, in the case of great public buildings, the veriest officials. In the case of smaller undertakings they also chose good imitators like themselves. But the blame for the discouragement of originality in interior decoration does not belong only to the old style decorators and the old style architects. The client was also to blame. Few American clients have shown themselves willing to give an artist an opportunity to undertake an original decoration. Those few have had more courage and a lot more fun than their neighbors.

FORBES WATSON.



THE ARTIST'S STEP-DAUGHTER  
*Modern Gallery, Pitti Palace, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI.





REST  
Gualino Collection, Turin

GIOVANNI FATTORI

## GIOVANNI FATTORI

By MARIO TINTI

THE Italian painting of the nineteenth century still remains a kind of *hortus conclusus* not only for the foreigner but also in great part for the Italians themselves. I imagine that comparatively few of my readers, for instance, will have heard of a school of painting called that of the "Macchiaioli" and still more unlikely is it that they will have chanced to see the works of any of the artists belonging to this school.

The group of "Macchiaioli" was formed in Florence about 1850. Its members used to meet in an old café, now no longer in existence, the Caffé Michelangelo, where amidst jests worthy of the tales of Boccaccio and Sacchetti, and ardent discussions, were laid the foundations of the revolution in painting which was to dethrone in Italy the neo-classic academic style of the followers of Ingres and David.

All the "Macchiaioli" agreed in the necessity of a return to the intuitive and empiric acceptance of perceptible reality, and in

maintaining that the truest and most effective technical mode in painting was the *macchia* or spot (whence the name given to their school) that is to say the interweaving of form and color obtained by means of *chiaroscuro*, modulated according to the law of "values" and "relations." In this return to nature was implied a return to expressive beauty in opposition to the formal and conventional beauty of the neo-classicists.

The war declared by the Macchiaioli against neo-classic painting, which was then the official painting, was stern and merciless, and the lack of comprehension on the part of the public, of the old artists and the old type of critics created hard and painful conditions of life for the ardent innovators. But in the end the small heroic band was victorious. The principles and the works of the Macchiaioli had a decisive influence on the painting of other regions, and thus Italy realized her renaissance in painting together with her political revival.



HORSES GRAZING IN THE WOODS  
Collection of Conte Vincenzo Giustiniani, Florence

GIOVANNI FATTORI

It has been asserted by some that the Macchiaioli were but late followers of the French impressionists, but on the contrary the spirit of their art is entirely Italian and joins on to the great naturalistic tradition which began with Giotto. The exhibition of seventeenth and eighteenth century painting held in Florence in 1922 must have shown clearly the continuity of this tradition from Giotto and Masaccio right down to the sixteenth century, with Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Correggio and then with Bernardo Strozzi and Domenico Feti to Sebastiano Ricci, Crespì, Tiepolo, Piazzetta, Guardi, interrupted only by the parenthesis of neo-classicism, and then resumed in the second half of the nineteenth century by the Macchiaioli and the various regional schools.

Those purely lyrical or poetical and naturalistic elements in painting which up to yesterday were thought to be essentially modern were already to be found, more or less evidently, in all the painters who, beginning with Giorgione, drank at the magic spring of Leonardo's painting, and replaced

graphic drawing by pictorial drawing, adopting the new conceptions of aerial perspective, of the rendering of complementary colors, of the lyric of light and chiaroscuro, born of the searching and sensitive genius of the magical painter of "The Virgin of the Rocks." In the landscape backgrounds of Carpaccio's "Scenes in the Life of St. Ursula" we already find violet shades; in the "Dispute of St. Stephen" by the same painter, in "God Eternal" in the Piazza of S. Marco by Bonifacio dei Pitati, and in "The Country Concert" attributed to Giorgione (I cite some of the most typical examples), the aerial perspective has already reached the maximum of its lyric if not its illusive expression. Something of the kind is noted in Tuscan fifteenth century painting; in Beato Angelico, Piero della Francesca and Domenico Veneziano, the color is already tempered with light and in them may be observed *plein-air* tones such as Manet and Monet were to paint four centuries later.

French impressionism (and especially in its second phase headed by Monet) often





IN THE GARDEN  
*Vannini-Parenti Collection, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI



THE ROTUNDA (SKETCH)  
Modern Gallery, Pitti Palace, Florence

GIOVANNI FATTORI

did but add to these intuitive conquests a theoretical *a priori*, changing into a thought-out and experimental fact—as the positivist and scientific mentality of the age demanded—an intuitive, lyrical or truly artistic fact. It is now indisputable that the whole of the renaissance in French painting after the academy of David, goes back to Delacroix and Corot. But what is the “revolution” of Delacroix and Corot, if not a remodelling of themselves after the chromatic chiaroscuro weaving of the Italians from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century? What Delacroix, speaking of his own technique, called *flochetage* was none other than the Venetians’ chromatic web, fluid and shaded, woven on a chiaroscuro ground. The influence

of the great Italians on Corot in his early manner and on Manet is well known.

And, in truth, in Italy, all the regional self-styled revolutionary schools of the nineteenth century, through the force of racial spirit and the influence of surroundings, join on to some aspects of the local tradition, even of the most remote local tradition.

§

Last year Italy celebrated the centenary of the birth of the greatest among the Macchiaioli painters, Giovanni Fattori, whom many consider to have been the foremost Italian painter of the nineteenth century.

He was born at Leghorn on the 25th of September, 1825. His father was a hum-



THE TUSCAN MAREMMA  
Modern Gallery, Pitti Palace, Florence

GIOVANNI FATTORI



ble artisan, a hempdresser of Pistoia, his mother a Florentine. At seventeen years of age he was sent to Florence to study drawing and went through his academic apprenticeship under Bezzuoli, a sort of Tuscan Ingres, more homely and simple than his great model. Under the ascendancy of Giotto and of Masaccio and in accord with the naturalistic renaissance of the Macchiaioli (without, however, allowing himself to be imprisoned by any formula, even though revolutionary), the personality of Fattori went on mysteri-

youth, received from the intercourse with the rude, frank and proud people of that maritime city the first impress—and the decisive one—and thus his character and genius were fashioned in a form vigorous, open, honest and generous.

And it was from the solemn aspects of the Tyrrhenian Sea that the art of Fattori, who until very late in life painted these aspects again and again, drew the more intense accents of his expression and the more profound traits of his style. Nature rough



BRANDING FOALS IN THE MAREMMA  
*Collection of Dr. Edoardo Bruno, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI

ously forming itself with the slow and sure growth of the oak. Only towards his fortieth year did his art reach its maturity. He passed the greater part of his life in Florence, working untiringly and suffering proudly, and in Florence, at the age of eighty-seven, he died, poor and serene as a saint, having never laid down his brush till almost the eve of his death.

Just as the art of Giotto and Masaccio was all the greater and the more vigorous for their being born of peasants in the surroundings of Florence, so too Fattori, being born at Leghorn and living there until his

and wild as the forest of Dante, marked by the fury of the winds of the sea, hardened and parched by the sharp bite of the salt air; often solemnly desolate; like the countenances of the peasants and fishermen of this littoral, countenances devastated by afflictions, privations and malaria, and yet transfused with an awe-inspiring serenity—this nature is adequately reflected in the world that the artist evoked and interpreted most often in his canvases, a world partly martial and partly rustic (but martial and rustic without any rhetorical flourish); soldiers and military scenes of drilling and grand



TUSCAN PEASANT WOMAN  
*Alessandro Magnelli Collection, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI





THE BLACK BULL  
*Vannini-Parenti Collection, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI

manœuvres; episodes in the Italian wars of independence; peasants and sailors and shepherds surprised in the clear revelation of their expressions and their daily and eternal deeds; or scenes and episodes in the life of the "*butteri*" of the Maremma, a species of "cow-boy" who live in the Italian littoral steppes, wonderful riders as vigorous and warlike as centaurs.

The contemporaries of Fattori chose to label this fine stylist with the mean appellation of "specialist in military subjects" and "battle-painter." This reputation which, had it been ascribed to any other artist than Fattori, would have been greatly detrimental, was borne by him with great nobleness, nor even in this form of art did he ever lower the tone of his style, or ever descend to the detail and illustrated banality of a Horace Vernet, whom Baudelaire called "a soldier who paints." Though it might displease those who commissioned him—among whom there was sometimes the government—his vision, perhaps independently of his own will, remained powerfully synthetic and sincerely moving.

Although during his long artist's life Fat-

tori was never commissioned to paint a portrait, he was also a powerful portrait-painter. He saw the human figure not as "story" but as "history," interpreting it, that is, with an austere, solid and architectural largeness, making at the same time of each person a living and individual type and an eternal prototype.

To-day when art is being sterilized in the cabal of doctrines and theories, and when it seems as if artists and critics desire to replace fertile and spontaneous creation by a species of production brought forth in some "æsthetic atelier," the figure and the art of this ingenuous artist might be elevated as a standard of instinctive genius, and I would almost say of artistic revelation, twin sister of divine revelation.

Giovanni Fattori had the same simplicity of customs, tastes and thoughts as the great Italian artists of the first period of the Renaissance. He possessed that elementary ethical wholesomeness and that divine intellectual naïveté which formed the salient characteristics of the pure Tuscan tradition, and thanks to which, creation, an act at once inevitable and spontaneous, hangs unequiv-



AN OLD "BUTTERO" (COWBOY)  
*Alessandro Magnelli Collection, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI





PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY  
*Allesandro Magnelli Collection, Florence*

GIOVANNI FATTORI

cally between the mystery of inspiration and the empirical certitude of the "*buona pratica*" or the apprenticeship and discipline of those who teach and those who learn only by practice. He possessed that gift which Goethe says is inherent in every work of genius—unconsciousness.

His genius, like that of Verdi (who, however, was far more susceptible to European influences than he), is absolutely autochthonous. There may be found in him those instances of conformity which come from contemporariness or from accidental likenesses, but no direct resemblance with his contemporaries in France or elsewhere.

Fattori lays himself down before the life of forms and colors with virgin and meridian spirit. The essential and absolute aspect of things—that physical absolute which is also spiritual absolute—he gathers and places in the synthesis of his vigorous design. But his classicism is organic, never reflective, never cultural. There is nothing suggestive, allusive, or romantic in his art; it is a clear, concrete, exact, rhetoric-free language, which at times reduces forms to their plastic and expressive essentiality. A man of pure Tuscan race, born on the shore of the Tyrrhenian Sea, made as he was with just such

a brain, with such capacious lungs and such a heart and mind, could not do otherwise; it is a fact established by nature. This also explains why Fattori, though he always worked without any conscious æsthetic objective, is unconsciously in line with the Tuscan tradition; like a pilgrim who finds himself again at the gates of Rome, fully believing himself to be treading his own village road.

In fact among the Macchiaioli painters he is the one who least adheres to the impressionist sensibility of the nineteenth century, and the one who is least "modern" and I would almost say the most "antique." In his art there appear aspects of the art of his great forerunners of the early Renaissance in Italy; and marks, traces almost ineffaceable, of an ascendancy still more venerable and remote, that of the Etruscans—a chaste rudeness, an appearance of tragic piety expressed through a stern impassibility. But his classicism, I would repeat, is in no way doctrinal, nor is it deliberate, nor is it "neo-classic"; it is the inevitable resultant of influences due to atavism and surroundings. The same spirit, the same blood, the same sky (only the epoch different): identity and variation—that is tradition.



THE MAREMMA SEACOAST  
Collection of Dr. Edoardo Bruno, Florence

GIOVANNI FATTORI





A GALLERY AT THE DRESDEN INTERNATIONAL

## THE EXHIBITION IDEA IN GERMANY

By HELEN APPLETON READ

NO better example of German farsightedness and efficiency is afforded than the exposition as it is conducted in Germany today. The men and women in whose hands lies the task of rebuilding their country have been quick to seize upon the exposition as a most effective means of race education and culture. The famous German system which when applied to militarism almost succeeded in overcoming the combined armies of the world, has been diverted to the realms of industry, art and sociology. In order to serve educational purposes, certain definite changes have come about in exhibition ideas and technique. The modern German exposition has ceased to be a species of fair, a collection of separate exhibits alluringly set forth by manufacturers for purposes of advertisement

or sales, but instead has become specialized, demonstrating the outstanding achievements and possible future developments of some particular domain of art or industry. It serves to stimulate and educate by holding before the public to whom that special subject appeals, the possibilities of an always soaring standard.

Only by producing work of such excellence, both from the point of view of design and workmanship, that it cannot be ignored, can Germany make the world come to her again. Only so can she, to quote from an article in *Die Form*, "reinstall herself with the Kultur peoples of the earth," as she calls France, England and America. And here let me state that at present the German exposition serves in no way as international propa-

ganda, since comparatively few tourists visit Germany. It serves merely to educate her own people by holding up to them the so-called "*Qualitäts Arbeit*," and it also stresses the importance of developing their ideas in modern forms, by modern being understood forms which are determined by their use.

To further demonstrate how the best minds in Germany today are concurring to build up their country, Director Richard Riemerschmidt's address delivered at Essen before the July conference of the *Werkbund*, is pertinent. The *Werkbund*, incidentally, is that idealistic yet powerful organization made up of outstanding industrialists, museum directors, architects and artists, whose function it is to bring about a closer relation between art and industry and to

develop this expression in modern terms. Riemerschmidt is director of the *Werkbund*, architect for the *Deutsche Werkstätte* and erstwhile director of the Munich *Kunstgewerbeschule*. The gist of his remarks was that it now lies in the hands of the captains of industry whether or not Germany is to build up an expression which will be fine and enduring, indicative of an age of science and industrialism as the works of the Gothic and Renaissance reflected ages of spiritual aspiration and rich exuberance, or whether she will produce a barren commercial expression which will tell to future generations that she merely made money quickly without pride in the kind and quality of the work produced.

If it may seem to some that Germany is placing too much confidence in the educa-



THE "RHEIN-HALLE" AT THE GESOLEI IN DUSSELDORF

WILHELM KREIS, ARCHITECT



tional ability of the exposition, it is only necessary to recall the far-reaching effects which certain expositions in the past have accomplished and ones which did not bring into play the new idea of specialization. Some of these produced results which actually diverted the current of thought toward new concepts of art and industry. Our own World's Fair of '93 is an example of an epoch-making exposition. From 1893 dates the first nation-wide interest in art and architecture and the realization that art and industry might be allied, even if in one sense the World's Fair had a curious reactionary influence. Louis Sullivan, the first apostle in this country to preach the doctrine that economic necessity had created a new architectural style, tells us in his *Memoirs* that the choice was given to the committee in charge as to whether or not the Exposition pavilions should be developed in traditional classical architectural forms or in the modern. Classical won the day and the hands of the clock were turned back a quarter of a century as regards a general acceptance of the belief that beauty was possible in modern steel and cement structures. Another important exposition was last year's international *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs*, dedicated to showing what had been accomplished in the modern style and further serving to put a definite stamp of approval upon certain new types of design which were not dependent upon any past period of style for their inspiration, thereby proving that creative talent in the decorative arts was still existent.

In Germany, more appreciable results have probably been accomplished by expositions than in any other European country. One



THE NYMPH

Exhibited at the Gesolei in Düsseldorf. Courtesy of the Galerie Flechtheim

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

reason is that she has had more of them and another that even before it became important to use them for educational propaganda, she had already given thought to the subject of a disciplined educational exposition, allowing her annual *Messes* to take the place of the commercial exposition.

Outstanding among these expositions was the Industrial Arts Exposition held in Dresden in 1906, which foreshadowed by twenty years last year's International at Paris, in that it had as its requisite of admission that only works should be exhibited which were not imitations of period styles. Directly traceable to this exposition was the organized effort made by commercial interests and designers to establish a modern style, and

one which furthermore should be brought into the daily lives of the people of all classes. To this end scarcely a new building went up in Germany which was not modern in feeling, department stores introduced the new note in their window displays, while printing and advertising especially helped to carry the modern style into common use. Very important also was the part played by the *Kunstgewerbeschulen*, which started about this time to insist that pupils create forms from nature and the life about them and not from period motives. Thus the modern note was firmly entrenched in German consciousness ten years before France began a somewhat similar systematic development, ending in last year's *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs*.

Other expositions to which definite results are traceable were the Dresden International of '97 and the Cologne Sonderbund of 1910. In the Dresden show the importance of display was for the first time emphasized, the traditional red gallery walls giving way to the now universally used neutral tones of gray and white, while the impetus to buy works by contemporary artists, a condition which obtains to a far greater extent in Germany than elsewhere, is attributed to the influence of the Cologne exhibition.

The two outstanding expositions which are taking place in Germany this summer and which form the subject of this article are the *Gesolei* at Düsseldorf, the huge exposition dedicated to Health, Social Welfare and Physical Culture (*Gesundheitspflege, Sociale Fürsorge und Leibesübungen*, the name *Gesolei* being a composite word formed by the three first syllables of the three subjects with which it is concerned), and the Dresden International Exhibition of Fine Arts and Arts of the Garden.

The appropriateness of dealing with an exhibition dedicated to the betterment of the human species in a magazine devoted to the fine arts may at first seem doubtful, but inasmuch as the *Gesolei* serves as a model of modern exhibition technique, and furthermore since its pavilions are permanent struc-

tures displaying the latest trend in German architecture, there would seem to be adequate justification for giving space to it in THE ARTS.

Architecture and race culture are probably as widely discussed subjects in Germany today as reparations and the national debt; race culture because Germany believes that if she is to come back through industrial accomplishment she must provide a physically fit man power, in other words, the strength of a nation is in direct ratio to the strength of the individual; architecture because it offers a concrete and permanent symbol of the modern spirit, Germany considering herself dedicated to expounding and developing this spirit.

To the romantically-minded whose concept of the Rhine is a combination of Loreleis, castles and Rhine maidens, it is something of a shock to find an exhibition devoted to scientific and sociological subjects, housed in what appears to be a modern industrial city on the green banks of the storied river. There is in reality no discrepancy or anachronism inasmuch as industry and the Rhine cities are now synonymous. It is at Essen, Cologne, Düsseldorf and Mühlheim that Germany is staging her comeback, and since art must necessarily go where there is money for its support it is not surprising to find here the most alive museums and art schools as well as the most notable achievements in architecture.

To Wilhelm Kreis, a celebrated exponent of the modern spirit in architecture, must be given full credit for the distinguished and uniform appearance of the *Gesolei*. He was responsible for the general layout, as well as for the more important of the pavilions, which are permanent structures. *Die Kunst* for August describes the *Gesolei* as "the most significant architectural accomplishment of post-war Germany . . . a task which Wilhelm Kreis has brilliantly accomplished, and all the more remarkable considering the difficulties of erecting a monster city on the narrow piece of land allotted to him on the banks of the Rhine. Majestically and





RENOIR'S SON JEAN AS A HUNTER AUGUSTE RENOIR  
*In the "Gesolei" in Düsseldorf. Courtesy of the Galerie Flechtheim*

solemnly, close to the Rhine bridge, situated on mounting terraces, rises the monumental brick dome of the *Rhein-halle* . . ."

The *Rhein-halle*, which also serves as a planetarium and must therefore have a domed roof, is the only exception to the use of horizontal lines which characterize the other buildings. Red brick and gray-white limestone are the materials used for all the permanent buildings. The slogan of modern architecture, "Let the function create its own form," has been strictly adhered to. No classic ornament, no irrelevant veneer of stone hiding a steel structure here. On the other hand this stern adherence to an architectural theorem has produced a certain barrenness in German architecture. Many of the buildings which are pointed out as superlative examples of the modern spirit might serve as factory buildings or public schools.

This can be explained by analyzing the German syllogism of what constitutes the modern spirit. Every age develops its own special and distinctive forms. The industrial and commercial buildings are the only distinctively new types which our mechanical and industrial age has developed. State houses, churches and palaces, the buildings upon which were lavished the creative faculties of the past, offer no new problems. The despised and ignored utilitarian building does, and it is in the construction of these that the modern architect spends much of his creative talent. An entirely new type of architecture has therefore arisen and because it is so eminently illustrative of the age, its influence is felt in all buildings whether or not they serve an industrial or commercial purpose. This theory, however, acts as a boomerang. The architect is as circum-



GARDEN DISPLAY AT THE DRESDEN EXHIBITION





THE SPORT PAVILION AT THE GESOLEI

scribed in being modern as if he were obliged to derive inspiration from Greek temples or Renaissance palaces. He is right in demanding that a modern building in order to be beautiful must also be useful, but he forgets frequently that it can also be useful, serve its purpose admirably, and still be ugly. The German architect does, notwithstanding, merit respect and admiration for his courage in carrying out his ideas of the requirements of a modern style, as does also the merchant and industrialist who is willing to allow his house to serve as an experiment for modern ideas.

Germany, while admiring our modern "*Wolkenkratzer*" as the most perfect example of use determining form, is scornful of our compromise with tradition—for example, our custom of adding piffling Greek and Gothic ornaments on our towering cubic

masses. The American architect would do well to take a leaf from Germany's book, and have the courage to break with tradition, notably in applying no ornament which is not an essential part of the structure.

The *Gesolei* buildings are first-rate examples of so-called architectural purity. All ornament is applied to the supports in flat arabesques of stone, colored tiles or designs made from mosaics of brick. The *Rhein-halle* does not strike one as either barren or commercial. It is a dignified structure, imagination-stirring and beautifully proportioned, its lack of ornamentation made up for by mosaic patterns of brick and by the fine spacing of supporting columns.

Another outstanding characteristic of modern German architecture is the frequent use of ornamental sculpture. The ancient tradition that sculpture should serve as the



BOY WITH A HORSE

PABLO PICASSO

*In the Dresden International. Courtesy of the Galerie Flechtheim*

handmaid to architecture has been revived. It is however significant, in view of the fact that Germany has many first-rate sculptors of her own, that the place of honor, which is the fountain in the central court, should be given to Maillol's Nymph—significant be-

cause Germany therein acknowledges her debt to Maillol to whose fertilizing influence is attributed the renaissance of German sculpture. The classic serenity of the figure is a startling contrast to the somewhat too intellectual forcing of an idea which the architecture demonstrates.

From the point of view of the art of display, the *Gesolei* is remarkable, especially when one considers the undecorative nature of the materials shown. The prevention of tropical diseases, insurance against old age and sickness, better babies, gynecology, and dietetics do not ordinarily lend themselves to effective display from the æsthetic standpoint. However, with well spaced walls and the use of bright flat colors for backgrounds, arrangements were possible which first attracted the eye and then lured the onlooker to a serious study of the subject.

In order to give the fine arts an opportunity of getting in over the common denominator of race culture, a special group of pictures and sculpture was chosen whose subject was "Sport." Among these were Henri Rousseau's "Football Players," Renoir's "My Son Jean in Hunting Garb" and Renée Sintenis' "Boxer."

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THE International Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture at Dresden, and the Arts of the Garden, is the fourth in a series of summer exhibitions which since 1922 have been held in the spacious State Exhibition Pavilion. The preceding exhibitions have been given over to some branch of





THE MAY-DANCE

HENRI ROUSSEAU

*In the Dresden International. Courtesy of the Galerie Flechtheim*

the decorative or industrial arts—textiles, ceramics and paper, for example—but inasmuch as this season's subject, "The Arts of the Garden," necessitated an out-of-door display, the pavilion was left free for an exhibition of another subject. Very wisely it was decided to make it an international fine arts exhibition. The time was ripe for such an exhibition, no really comprehensive International having been assembled in Europe since the Cologne Exhibition of 1910. Incidentally Dresden is popularly called "the city of flowers and pictures," which makes the combination of the two exhibits the more appropriate.

The Arts of the Garden exposition, while affording another example of German exposition technique, must give way in the present article to a discussion of the Fine Arts Exhibition. Mention must be made, however, of the effective use of modern sculpture

in connection with landscape architecture and the highly decorative effects which turquoise blue majolica fountains offer. These were for the most part in the form of abstract flower shapes and offered a distinct improvement over the done-to-death turtle babies and nymphs which our landscape architects seem to be pledged to exploit.

The International, which shows paintings and sculpture of nineteen countries, is, with the exception of the English and American sections, the personal selection of Dr. Posse, director of the Dresden Gemälde Gallery. The American group, which demonstrates a curiously limited point of view as to what constitutes contemporary American art, is the choice of Dr. Valentiner of the Detroit Museum. Barring these two groups the uniform excellence of the exhibition attests to the fact that if unity and distinction is to be achieved in an exhibition it must reflect the

taste and judgment of one man. Furthermore, it is a striking evidence of the broadness of artistic comprehension which reigns in German art officialdom that a museum director who is a noted authority on classical art can also sponsor a modern show which gives as true a cross-section of the whole modern movement as has occurred since the Armory show.

All Internationals since the Armory show must be measured according to the standards set by that epoch-making affair. They must necessarily suffer somewhat in comparison, if only from the point of view of novelty, since the excitement of pioneering and the fascination of guessing which were to be the fertile spots in the uncharted country of modern art, cannot happen again in our lifetime. According to European art journals, which generally give small notice to what happens in the art world this side of the Atlantic, the Armory show was an equally epoch-making affair for Europe. It crystallized opinions for them as well as for us. It was the first gathering together of the new forces in art, forces which had either been ignored or derided in the countries in which they had sprung.

The angle of selection represented in the present exhibition differs from that of the Armory in that it is not dedicated "to that spirit the beat of whose restless wings is heard in every land" to quote Arthur Eddy's words which appeared in the foreword of the Armory show catalogue. The storm and stress factions of that time are now white-washed or forgotten. Some have received the Legion of Honor, a few are in the Louvre, many are in museums of contemporary art, while others after a short-lived sensationalism have passed into oblivion. We hear little of Duchamp these days, and the strident Futurists under the leadership of the truculent Marinetti still proclaim themselves apostles of a new era, but the world takes little heed.

No attempts have been made to prophesy or point out tendencies in the present exhibition. Dr. Posse has told us the story of

modern art from its beginnings with the Impressionists through Pointillism, Fauveism and Cubism down to the latest works of Picasso and Matisse, Kokoschka and Munch, using the finest and most typical examples obtainable. It is difficult to think of any omissions. In order to make the story representative and effective, pictures have been borrowed from private collections, which incidentally gives one some idea of the richness and scope of German collections.

For granted that Germany has not equalled France in the quality of her artistic production, she has nevertheless been far more sensitive to genuine æsthetic qualities in the works of French artists than has France. She has been able to form her own opinions and has not waited to be told by others or for the slow judgment of time. While France was hanging the walls of the Luxembourg with *pompier* *Saloniers*, German museums and dealers were buying Manets and Renoirs, and later Van Goghs, Cézannes, Picassos and Mailols. German critics, whenever a modern French master passes out of the country into English and American collections, bring up the story of the treatment which the Impressionists received at the hands of French officialdom. The Caillebotte bequest to the Luxembourg, for example, has been hidden in two cubicle-like galleries off the sculpture chamber of horrors until this season, when with the advent of Monsieur Masson the museum is being reorganized. And until the very recent acquisition of Manet's Portrait of Zola, the "Olympia" was the only important example of Manet's work in the Louvre.

Before going on to discuss the separate groups it is interesting to notice how Dr. Posse has sustained a point of view throughout the collection. In no case have mere names which stand in the eyes of the world as epitomising the national flavor, been included. Zuloaga is not among the Spaniards nor is Zorn among the Swedes. Neither nationality nor school has been emphasized, the endeavor being to show only



the works of those men who have put something personal and vivid into their work and who in so doing have contributed something vital to the story of modern art. The exhibition is, therefore, neither a collection of separate national traits nor has it that uniform Montparnasse color which is so often

entrance are shown Picasso's "Boy with the Horse" and Maillol's "Flora." Dr. Posse has grouped Picasso and Gris with the country of their adoption and has not hidden them away with the Spaniards as is more often the procedure in the hanging of Internationals.



BATHERS

ANDRÉ DERAÏN

*In the Dresden International Exhibition. Courtesy of the Galerie Flechtheim*

the case with modern exhibitions of this kind.

The International opens with the French group. If the German section is the largest in the exhibition, the French is the outstanding one, and rightly so. France continues to be the art source of Europe, attracting to herself the talented men of all countries. The note of connoisseurship is struck as soon as one enters. To the right and left of the

In order to have a full knowledge of modern French painting from the Impressionists down to the present day, it is necessary to know the German collections. The International offers that opportunity. The celebrated but seldom seen Oscar Schmitz collection of Impressionists with its early Renoirs and Cézannes is loaned in its entirety. The distinguished group of Picassos



STANDING GIRL

HERMANN HALLER

and Braques from the Reber collection and the Rousseaus from the collection of Tetzen-Lund are also loaned. Many of the finest examples of French painting are loaned by the dealers Paul Cassirer and Alfred Flechtheim, showing how many masterpieces are still on the market.

The sculpture chosen to represent France is again significant of German artistic

perspicacity. Maillol is featured, Bourdelle is merely shown; the inference is drawn that he is not a vital source of inspiration. Maillol, as I stated before, is the source from which modern German sculpture has received its strongest impetus.

Starting with France the order of arrangement goes through Belgium, Spain, Italy, then Switzerland, Scandinavia, the Slavs and Anglo-Saxons and last Germany and Austria. Before taking up the separate exhibits a word must be said about the art of installation of which the exhibition is a superlative example. We could do well to take some lessons from Germany in this subject. With them it is not a question of spending money for elaborate backgrounds but of careful consideration of what is the most effective, economical and practical setting for the objects displayed. Once the color and arrangement are decided upon it becomes a matter of brains and management as to how cheaply the effect can be accomplished. In the present International the color scheme is a uniform creamy white. The walls are painted, the ceilings covered with cloth, the floors with heavy matting, and the windows are hung in heavy cotton material hanging in straight classic folds from ceiling to floor. There is no jarring or insistent note; even a poor piece of work loses something of its mediocrity by association with its serene surroundings. The rooms are broken up into units by the effective placing of the sculpture. The fact that the sculpture is in many kinds of mediums and colors—green, black and gold bronzes, rose and polychrome terracotta, tinted majolicas and creamy marbles—helps to make the arrangement the more effective. Many pieces are placed against the windows, an arrangement which I have not seen before, and which not only shows them off from a new angle, but because of the patterns and silhouettes they make against the light, adds considerably to the effective design of the galleries.

The German group numbers 380 paintings and 106 pieces of sculpture. It is generally conceded by the critics that contemporary



German art is given a full and well-chosen showing. Therefore, any conclusions drawn about the trend and status of German art are based on a fair representation. One popular fallacy is at once corrected. German painting is not a distorted, exaggerated version of French modernism. The German painter, despite his admiration for the French accomplishment, does not imitate. A cursory glance about the walls shows that here are no near Cézannes and Picassos. If one is on the lookout for influences a closer affiliation will be found between German, Scandinavian and Swiss painting than between German and French. Another conclusion drawn is that the twentieth century has produced no German painter of international importance.

This existing affinity with the arts of the other Germanic peoples is due to the fact that the Germans have a similar point of view; they tend to use paint as a medium for ideas. With them a picture is a species of graphic philosophy or psychology. German painters from Dürer to Kokoschka have been romantics and philosophers. Pure painting as the Frenchman understands it has seldom been successfully accomplished by them. The Gothic tradition, the struggling of spirit with flesh, morbid introspection, the placing of intellectual and literary interpretations upon subjects which call for purely objective treatment, are their outstanding characteristics and have undergone no essential change with the coming of modern art. Expressionism, the name for the German manifestation of modernism, while it abandoned all traditional forms in its endeavor to find a new language of form, was only another way of setting down ideas and emotional experiences on canvas. In France a definite new art language was developed to embody the new spirit but in Germany by abandoning tradition only chaos resulted. The works of Nolde, Kirchner and Kandinsky, while included in any representative collection of German art, are formless and uncomposed and already appear slightly old-fashioned. The younger painters do not follow in the footsteps of these older



EVE

FRITZ MASKOS

iconoclasts. German painting has swung back to a detailed minute exposition of fact and calls itself *Die Neue Sachlichkeit*. This careful rendition of things does not preclude a certain metaphysical import, an adherence to German tradition.

For all that the rest of the world knows about contemporary German art, there might as well be a Chinese wall about the Reich.



PORTRAIT OF DR. BLASS

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA

*In the Dresden International. Courtesy of Paul Cassirer*

Only a few pictures by the extreme Expressionists who formed what was called the *Blaue Reiter* group, have been shown in this country, and in that annual international caravanserie the *Salon des Tuileries*, which offers a fairly representative cross-section of what has been accomplished in painting and sculpture in the past year, German artists are banned. If the art lover has any curiosity about German art he can satisfy it in only two ways, by visiting Germany or by subscribing to German art periodicals.

True, Kokoschka and Hofer were represented, if for the first time, in last year's Carnegie International but the remarkable satiric drawings of Georg Grosz and the curious detailed portraits of Otto Dix are not even names to the rest of the world. Kokoschka is by birth an Austrian but is grouped with the German painters and is generally considered to be the most remarkable figure in contemporary German art. His

work is "*echt deutsch*" and has nothing of the decorative quality which characterizes Austrian painting. Except for a recent excursion into landscape painting, his chief concern has been portraits of a curiously compelling psychological quality, in which he endeavors to search out the innermost soul of his sitter. He employs a chaotic, painty technique and an obscure color symbolism. Kokoschka is represented in the International with four portraits and a group of landscapes.

If dense ignorance reigns in the outside world concerning German painting it is Stygian when it comes to any knowledge of German sculpture. A few art lovers know of the work of Lehmbruck; he was represented at the Armory show and the Brooklyn Museum owns a full-length nude. "The Assunta" by Kolbe was shown at the exhibition of modern German art which was assembled by Dr. Valentiner and shown at the



Anderson Galleries in 1922. But these are only two out of a group of half a dozen or more sculptors, the majority of them under forty, who are doing individual and a few of them profound work. Kolbe, de Fiori, Albiker, Scharff, Sintenis, are some of them. Even a superficial acquaintance with the works of these artists tells one that Germany stands second only to France in the realm of sculpture. And at that, her output is larger and more varied, if no single sculptor can be said to come up to Maillol. All acknowledge their debt to Maillol. He was for them a revelation of pure form as opposed to Rodin's stormy emotionalism, which had in it too much of their own metaphysical leanings.

The grafting of the idea of pure form upon Gothic dualism and mysticism has produced a combination of solid well-built form and a certain spiritual refinement that is extremely beautiful. These slender, aspiring figures of young men and women are very different from the abundant classic objectivity of a Maillol Flora or Pomona.

The art of the Scandinavian countries has been fairly well broadcast in Europe and America through traveling exhibitions. However, the outstanding figure in Norwegian art, that morbid psycho-analyst of paint, Edward Munch, has been given less space in these exhibitions than many of his lesser countrymen. Munch is the Ibsen and the Strindberg of paint. His huge canvases, twelve of which are included in the present exhibition, depict for the most part psychological states and emotional crises in the lives of men and women. It is easy to understand his popularity in Germany, and his influence upon the work of many of the younger painters is incontestable.

The Dutch section is small but distinguished, although Holland has produced no outstanding painter since Van Gogh, who is represented both in the Dutch and French



SELF-PORTRAIT

RENÉE SINTENIS

sections. Van Dongen is included with Holland despite his Parisian affiliations. Belgium is doing some interesting work in sculpture. One notes especially the portrait bust by Rik Wouters. And the opportunity afforded of seeing the fantastic dream pictures of Ensor, a painter little known outside of his own country, is another evidence of the judgment, knowledge and taste which marks the selection of the International.

The Spanish group is conspicuous for the absence of such well-known picture makers and decorators as Zuloaga, Anglada and Sert. And in the Russian section Chagall, Goncharova, Archipenko and Choukhoeff are chosen to represent their country rather

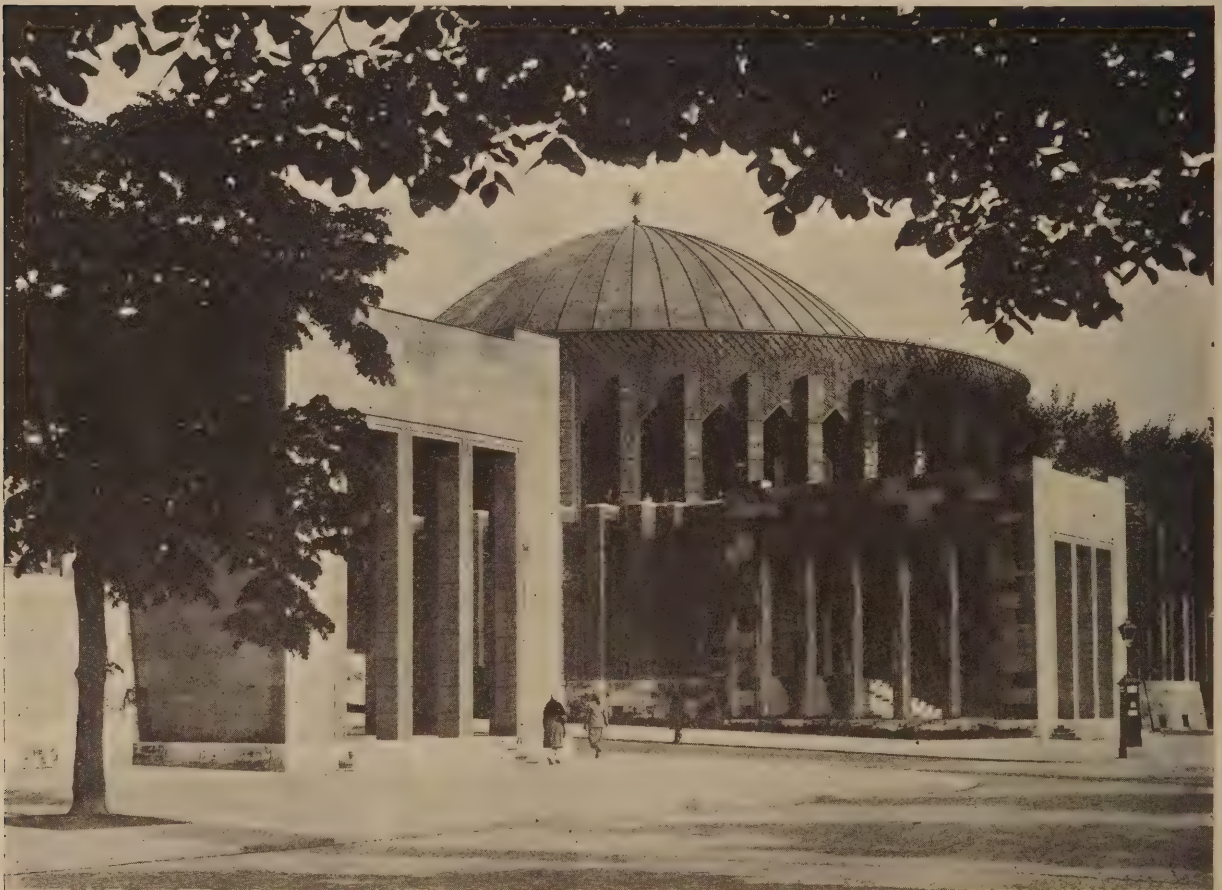
than the Chauve Souris type of decorative paintings or the Sorin portraits which through over-exploitation in the United States have come to stand for modern Russian art.

The American section is a meagre non-representative group. A few of the critics have been kind enough to suggest that it does not represent us at our best, but others claim that it is a definite proof of American artistic poverty. It would seem as if the selection had been made with an eye to what Europe would think sophisticated and modern. It is hard to conceive of a typical American group without a Bellows, a Speicher, a Henri, a Beal or a Luks. And if other countries in order to give a full picture have shown their impressionists, then Hassam and Twacht-

man should have been included. Kent is here but with an unimportant canvas. The Davies and Sloan are not much better.

Pascin, who is cosmopolitan to the marrow, Max Weber, Walt Kuhn, Maurice Becker, Alfred Maurer, Maurice Sterne and Walter Pach are some of the others who, whatever their talents, cannot claim to represent all of American painting. Sheeler is included, but with one of his meagre landscapes in oil, which is an unfair advantage to take of this sensitive painter inasmuch as his oils are still merely experiments and do not do him justice.

The English group appears to have been taken whole cloth out of Clive Bell's book. Roger Fry, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant are featured.



THE "RHEIN-HALLE"





COURS MIRABEAU, AIX-EN-PROVENCE, WITH A STATUE OF KING RÉNÉ,  
BY DAVID D'ANGERS, IN THE FOREGROUND

## A TRANS-ATLANTIC CHRONICLE—V

### AIX-EN-PROVENCE

By VIRGIL BARKER

ON a hill above Aix-en-Provence stands the small and simple house which was the home of a famous painter towards the end of his life. From the only open window of the second-floor studio, intentionally disarranged with unimportant reminders of him, the view lies full south to the close-packed buildings and the church-towers, which seem to turn away—not in contempt, perhaps, but certainly in self-containment. The blue-lettered marble slab set into the wall beside the front door was put there by a small group of friends; the road leading down through a cluster of new cottages towards the town is now called by his name; in a

booklet reproducing some of the contents of the museum, not issued by the museum itself but on sale there and written by a fellow-townsmen, the pious hope is expressed that some of his paintings will find a place in it. And this is apparently the whole extent to which Aix has so far seen fit to commemorate Paul Cézanne.

There is no need to waste any indignation over this repetition of such an old story. Aix hardly owes gratitude to one who carried her name to places and people to whom she was and is indifferent. She can afford to neglect Cézanne a while longer; her nearer past is too different from all that he represents and



THE BURNING BUSH

*Cathedral of Saint-Sauveur, Aix-en-Provence*

NICOLAS FROMENT

she is—perhaps rightly—quite content to live on her memories as yet. “Silent and discreet,” the guide-book aptly terms her, as if it were describing her attitude towards this very person; also “aristocratic and scholarly,” which would account for the first pair of adjectives and the attitude together. The blunt, high-tempered artist cannot be imagined to fit into the sort of life which must even now be lived behind those stately portals flanked with Puget’s caryatids; the fact that he had genius would only emphasize his alien quality there. Though it is impossible to write of Cézanne without mentioning Aix, the guide-books are strictly correct in conducting the visitor over the entire town without once mentioning his name.

2.

WITH the country roundabout, however,

it is a different matter. This Cézanne has taken to himself and made his own beyond the power of a provincial aristocracy to alter or ignore. So much is made plain by the merest hour’s ride out into it.

A straight road descends eastward from the town through a small brook-centered vale and slants up the flank of a mountain-spur. The color generally, in the month of March, was somewhat sweeter than that on Cézanne’s canvases. Perhaps this was due to the delicate emergence of spring into blossoming almond-tree and red-bud and into a softer greenness everywhere. Certain prominently placed ruins and some striking panoramas would have seduced a weaker mind into a cheap romanticism of which Cézanne was never guilty. Another feature of this countryside which he seems to have omitted—at least, I cannot recall a single one of his



pictures in which it plays a dominant rôle—is the olive-tree. Yet the olive is one of the most beautiful of all trees; the silvery multitudinousness of its leaves and the coiling life-hold of its trunk, all the associations of its intimate and manifold meaning to mankind, make up an extreme complexity of significance and charm to the contemplative mind. But visually it is preëminently the etcher's rather than the painter's tree; the over-elaborate detail of its combined strength and grace cannot well be rendered in pigment without a certain loss of constructive simplicity. This would apply with particular force to Cézanne's own technical method, in which the visible brush-stroke of color performs the double task of defining the form

itself and placing the object in its space relationship.

But all the rest of the Aix countryside Cézanne has treasured up to that life beyond life which belongs to pictures as well as to books. The white roads bordered with plane-trees, the hill-side earth brick-red where it has been gashed by man or scraped bare by weather, the gray rocks rounded down and seamed by wind and rain, the blocked green of pine groves. Above all else the mellow-toned Provençal farm-house rising from a slope with as natural an ease as any tree or topping a ridge with its contour-fitting silhouette, pervaded through and through with an immemorial sense of humanity, of isolation and self-dependence. The



SAINT MARTHA AND THE TARASQUE (1470), CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-SAUVEUR, AIX-EN-PROVENCE



ARLESIAN GIRL  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

ANTOINE RASPAL



gravity and dignity of all this, its architectural quality, the just scale of relationship between man and nature—these are the things which the master of Aix has encompassed by the way, as it were, in his intensely single-minded effort after “realization.”

The road winds over another rise and reveals Mont Sainte-Victoire erecting itself with pallid magnificence into the paling sky. Someone has finely written that this is Cézanne’s real monument; and in this idea there is the further satisfaction that it is a monument which his birth-place cannot possibly refuse. A few yards onward a wayside shrine makes a miniature Roman portico to frame a tawdry caged Virgin. The poplars tower above the falling way, their twig-tops smoky with returning life. A park-like valley levels out in front of a silent, close-shuttered *château* framed at the end of an avenue of immense plane-trees. The road, bending to the right, proceeds straight down the valley-length underneath more plane-trees in whose far tops the darkening air condenses somberly. Soon the way debouches on a dusty highroad which climbs again past ruined gateways and new villas towards Aix. The rattle of the carriage-wheels over the cobbles wakes no responsive stir as the placid sad evening is left behind for the night-time of the silent town.

### 3.

THE daytime aspect of Aix, in that portion of it where its public life centers, is one of greater spaciousness and leisure than would be the case with a town more directly concerned with the commercial and industrial life which determines contemporary civilization. In Aix there is very little of this beyond what suffices for the needs of its own inhabitants. On the other hand, the town does not lack a substitute for the more usual life of today. The very presence of a couple of thousand university students would be enough to give any small place an individual air; and Aix encloses all this youthful life with the calm of centuries.

The broad stateliness of the *Cours Mirabeau*, be-fountained and be-statued, roofed with the inevitable plane-trees of southern France, and bordered with the now somewhat battered *hôtels* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, forms the setting for the common life. At one end of this street, across the dusty glare of the *Place de la Rotonde*, a new casino causes an almost imperceptible stir on occasions; and on certain days the *place* before the *Palais de Justice* is animated by a country-market. But for the rest, the narrow streets that were in existence centuries before the wide ones still resent the passage of casual feet; the very buildings on them seem set at angles to emphasize their interior isolation.

But intrusion into these precincts is rewarded by sight of many beautifully proportioned and elaborately carved doorways dating from the days when Aix was the capital of Provence, the political as well as the cultural center of an entire region. The public buildings remaining today are very few but very choice. The wholly commonplace *Palais de Justice* stands on the site of the Palace of the Counts which, from descriptions remaining, would have excelled the Papal Palace at Avignon in importance; but the Age of Enlightenment just before the Revolution saw in it nothing but the ill-proportioned relic of Gothic barbarism and demolished it. There is also a scattering of parish churches of little or no interest compared to the cathedral.

On one side of a quiet square further up the hill stands the old Grain Hall, now the Post Office, with a sculptured pediment by Chastel, the main item of which is a large lady reclining with some difficulty along the edge and dangling her limbs precariously in mid-air. On another side of the same *place* stands the beautiful mid-seventeenth-century *Hôtel de Ville* dominated at one corner by a striking clock-tower one hundred and fifty years older. The great wrought-iron *grille* at the entrance and the court-yard of rich stone-work that imparts a golden quality to the still air, the perfect proportion of all the



PORTRAIT OF GRANET (DRAWING)  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

J. A. D. INGRES

details together form a whole of singular harmony.

The cathedral it is, however, which would generally be acknowledged as architecturally the most interesting structure in the town. It has a baptistery composed of the remains of a Roman edifice, a cloister dating from 1080, a Romanesque portal and nave of about the same time, and alongside a much larger thirteenth-century Gothic nave with a portal of the fifteenth century and a tower of the fourteenth restored with some intelligence in the nineteenth. And yet, with all this disparate-

ness of date, there is no offensive jarring note anywhere, unless the great carved doors, dating from 1505, of the Gothic nave be considered too sharp-edged and tightly finished to be endured after the gorgeous amplitude and suavity of those of *Saint-Pierre* in Avignon. Inside *Saint-Sauveur* are two works of art—a sculptured tomb and a triptych—which excel in quality the many others around them.

The former depicts Saint Martha and the Tarasque, an animal which in the early days of Christianity ravaged the country round-about until the saint overcame it. For all its legendary nature, it exists now in the convincing reality of handsome sculpture; only changed—of a surety wholly changed—from the creature which is fabled to have carried terror through a whole countryside. This mild beast, crouching below the saint in utter tameness, belongs in those very unclassic Shakespearean woods near Athens, to roar a

sucking-dove accompaniment to the high comedy of Bottom the Weaver.

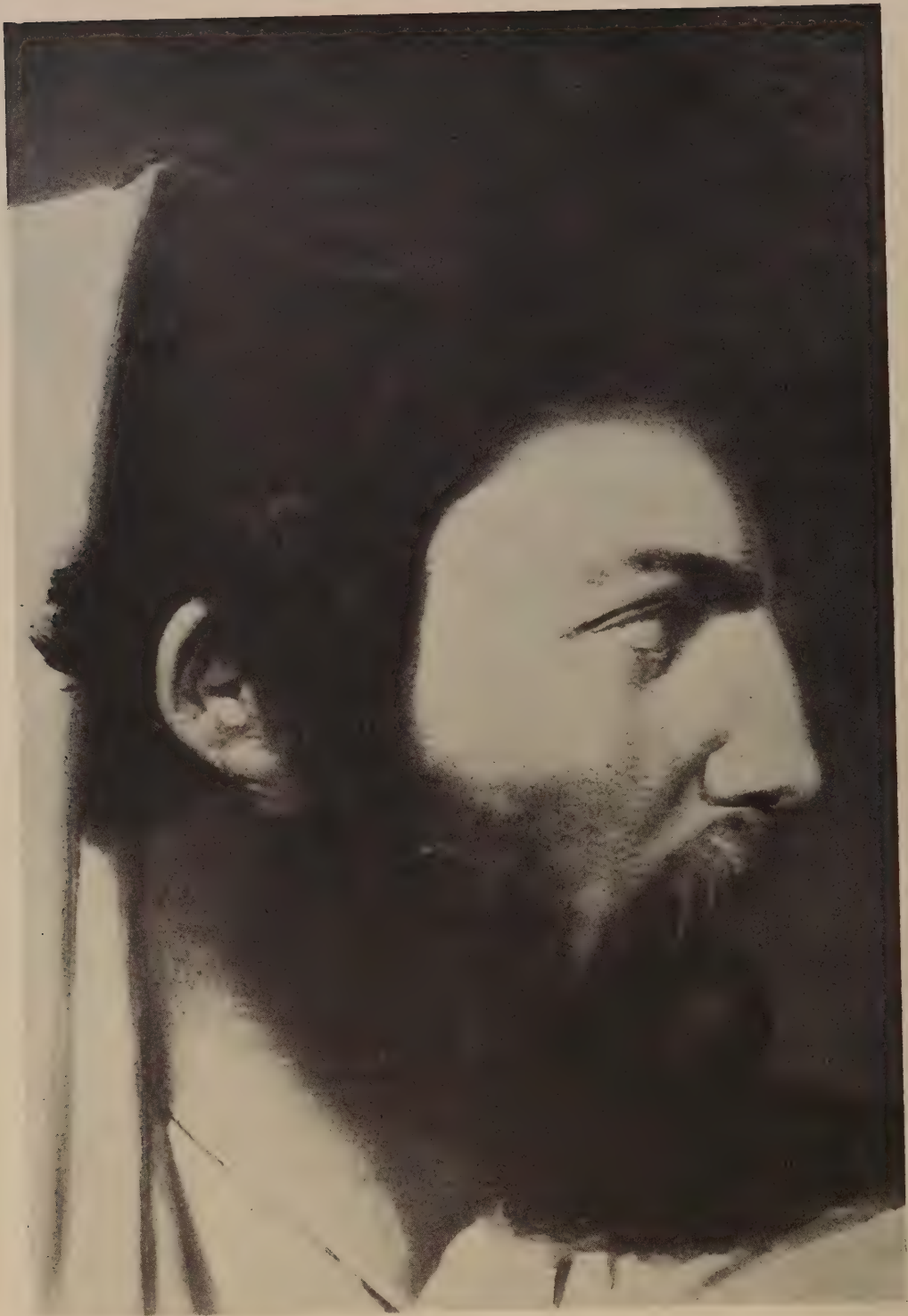
Nicolas Froment's *Burning Bush* is, of course, known almost everywhere now—and deserves to be. This painter to King René is one of the greatest of those artists who are being made known as individuals by the documentary researches of scholars. My own feeling is that although there is some amazing workmanship in the central panel of this triptych, and although the landscape in particular is hardly to be excelled in *finesse* and charm, the conception of the whole does not





JUPITER AND THETIS  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

J. A. D. INGRES



STUDY OF A HEAD  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

J. A. D. INGRES



command the emotions as so important an effort should. It is in the warming honesty of the portraiture on the side panels, portraits of King René himself and his wife Jeanne de Laval, who together commissioned this very painting, that is to be best discerned the true quality of the artist's work.

4.

ON another *place*, one of the smallest of all, dominated by the not-too-ornate Gothic tower of *Saint-Jean-de-Malte*, in the ancient commandery of the order, is housed the local museum of art. The ground floor contains a mass of sculptural and architectural fragments, some of which date back to a time before even the Roman conquest. But it is upstairs, in the midst of walls over-crowded with pictures, that the choicest examples are placed. These comprise a Greek marble votive tablet with two figures and a horse which is akin in its clear and spirited line to the wonderful bronze in the Metropolitan Museum; a Roman portrait head of a baby; some portrait busts by Houdon; a funerary mask and a life-size marble bas-relief portrait of the Renaissance—this last of a workmanship and conception suited to Donatello.

Among the paintings are many of fine quality—some early Italian religious pieces, a small self-portrait sketch in every way worthy of Rembrandt, and two paintings of the School of Fontainebleau whose origin deserves to be more closely determined. There is a *Head of a Youth* by David which is one in sentiment with our own Thomas Sully's *Torn Hat*. There is also a fine thing by a *petit maître* of Arles, Antoine Raspal; its drawing is hard but its color, while enamel-like, is warm and rich; other paintings in the *Musée Réattu* at Arles show that this admirable work was no accident in its painter's career, but a thorough realization of the conceptions at which he consistently aimed.

With the *Aixois*, Granet, and his *Mort du Poussin*, it was different. This painter seems to have bulked fairly large in his day, and he left to his native city a great number of

works which fill a disproportionate amount of the wall-space in the museum. With the single exception of the painting just mentioned, his work is deadly dull—commonplace in color, nerveless in drawing, and prosaic in conception. The exception is a study for a painting which figured in the Salon of 1844. It has freedom of handling, rich colorfulness, and spaciousness of design. The warm brown-gray of the walls, the olive-green of the great curtain swung back from the window, the dramatic white of the death-bed and red of the standing prelate have something of the amplitude of a Courbet interior. Had the painter always attained the suggestiveness of this study, and refused to push his craftsmanship on to the point of losing every trace of that suggestiveness, he would bulk large today.

But this same man was the friend of Ingres, was painted by him, and left four of the latter's works to this museum. Though this does nothing to better his own painting, it does constitute a claim for immense gratitude on the part of posterity.

The very large *Jupiter and Thetis* was not a part of Granet's legacy, but the gift of the state. Painted in Rome in 1811, it figured in the Salon of 1812. It belongs to what must be called, with a certain amount of unavoidable irony, Ingres' imaginative works; but it is more successful than most of those frigid essays in pomposity. Despite the manicured effect of Ingres' conception of the nude, this Jove has a measure of majesty. The undeniable skill of the composition, the handsomely draped folds of the robes, the sinuous delicacy of the lines of Thetis, more than anything else the quality of her light-toned flesh in relief against his darker-hued body—these features contribute to a general effect of unquestionable impressiveness. In one place, however, Ingres' mastery of drawing has failed him—in the long curve that begins at her waist and follows around the thigh; here his line for once does not adequately express the form within it.

In one of the rooms occupied by the bequest of Granet are to be found two studies



STUDY OF AN OLD MAN  
*Museum, Aix-en-Provence*

J. A. D. INGRES



from the model who must have served as the basis of this Jupiter. One, a half-length in profile, is treated somewhat harshly but still with dignity and nobility. But to compare this with a small profiled head of the same subject nearby is to realize more vividly than is possible almost anywhere else the difference between a sculptural and a pigmental conception of the figure. This latter study is technically nothing less than entrancing.

Between these two hangs a pencil portrait of Granet that fits in perfectly with all the other works in this medium which are so well known. But in the room beyond hangs the wonderful portrait which ranks practically at the top of this master's achievement. No print of it can give the quality of the collar-

whites, or that of the velvet of the cape; nor can the best photograph do more than hint at the perfect vigor of the form felt underneath. Here at least minuteness of craftsmanship is no bar to seeing things largely and in perfect relationship. A man who appeared to be a custodian had a tale about the figure being by Ingres and the buildings of the background put in by Granet; but I should have to have considerably more than his word for it. In reproduction it may seem that the execution is tight, as indeed it does from a certain distance before the picture itself; but it seems so simply because it is true, and it is true because it is really loose, and it can afford to be loose because it is absolutely sure.



CLOISTER (1080), CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-SAUVÉUR AIX-EN-PROVENCE



LA PETITE CARMAGNOLE  
*Courtesy of the Brummer Galleries*

HENRI ROUSSEAU

## EFFICIENCY VS. BEAUTY

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

PLATO was perhaps the first to give definite form to the theory that beauty depends upon functional perfection. The beautiful motion he thought is that which produces the desired result with the least effort. The explanation is so simple that it must have been thought of by some one before Plato and it has satisfied many until the present day. It is the basis of much of Ruskin's thinking about architecture, and Elie Faure in his "History of Art" seems to approve it. It is too perfect and too easy in its application to satisfy all the modernists, who see in the efficient functioning of the base ball pitcher, not beauty but a kind of ugliness. Yet the pitcher must satisfy the definition for he reaches his end with a minimum of effort or he could not last out the game.

The beautiful building according to the theory is that which serves its purpose best. The esquimaux igloo comes near to satisfying our demand for functional perfection as a condition of beauty but it is in all architecture the only good example. The portable house and the sheet iron shed are efficient, and serve their purpose perfectly but they cannot be compared in beauty to the wasteful and leaky log cabin. The silo is beautiful but not because it is a perfect store house. In more pretentious architecture the same difficulty arises. A beautiful building may be

wasteful of space, of material, of labor, of heat. Its interior plan may not be deducible from its exterior. Like the Shelton Hotel, it may be beautiful of itself without regard to its function.

Beauty in a machine or implement is thought to be dependent upon functional perfection, but as we all know the mechanical pump is more effective than the well sweep, yet who can deny the superior beauty of the sweep?

In literature the recognition of beauty is not so bound by theories. We are accustomed to a poetic form and we enjoy the complicated rhythms of simple prose. We accept their beauty without question, for obviously it has no other function than to give pleasure. Why should we be more exacting of work like architecture because it has also a practical value? The enjoyment of beauty must be free from all other considerations. We should say to ourselves: "Is it beautiful?" not: "Is it a perfect adaptation of means to an end?"

If we cannot answer the question ourselves, we must take the word of the artist who by nature or by training is sensitive to emotions of beauty and without theories or scientific confirmation feels its presence in movement, in architecture, or in any object.





LANDSCAPE AT BANLIEUE (1923)

MARCEL GROMAIRE

## MARCEL GROMAIRE

By JACQUES MAUNY

SINCE the outbreak of the great cubist movement no event of equal importance has taken place, though a large majority of painters who have very little to say need a leader with theories which they may easily follow. However, the so-called "cubists" do not seem to have had as deep and lasting an influence on the younger French painters as Cézanne did, and although men like Léger or Gris still remain faithful to the original theories of pure cubism and continue to paint more or less pure abstract compositions, the first and foremost of all cubists, Picasso, has frequently played truant and indulged in traditional art which does represent objects and figures.

While a great many contemporary artists do their best to follow the spirit of Cézanne which allows no lazy, tame or thoughtless

painting but only the strict realization of personal sensations, one hundred per cent sincere, the younger painters, although they understand the merits of cubism and share the taste of the early cubists for machinery, constructivism and synthesis, do not seem willing to accept the cubist discipline which considers as inferior all paintings which are not purely abstract constructions. A distinguished collector who just before 1914 understood the artistic movement remarkably well and who still divides painters into two categories—the great abstract constructors who make a deep impression without ever representing any object and the others (minor men) who do no more than tell little stories with more or less originality and wit—appears very old-fashioned now.

The reign of cubism has been short and



STREET MUSICIANS (1919)

MARCEL GROMAIRE

in the future it may be remembered only as a curious event in the history of art. Unfortunately it never met any great patrons; there are no Medici nowadays, no wealthy churchmen or kings who can give great commissions. No patrons asked the cubists to build large constructions or to paint immense decorations, so that they never had a chance to show what they could really do. It therefore would be unfair to compare the cubist movement with, for instance, the Italian Renaissance, which on the contrary never lacked patrons.

Strictly didactic art is a narrow affair and the younger French painters ceased to submit to the cubist discipline as soon as they realized that it could not rule their age. They understood the power of geometric compositions and the effect that they could obtain from synthesis, but their researches have been carried on individually, and they have not formed groups as did the cubists from 1908

to 1911, who worked more or less together, following a common ideal, benefiting from one another's discoveries and losing no time in trying to develop independent personalities.

Since that time, except for the dadaist movement, about which the least one can say is that it does not seem to have resulted in any work of serious importance, and the *sur-réaliste* movement which up to now has been associated only with manifestations which seem more strange than profound, we have seen few groups of painters linked together by a common spirit.

Among the younger painters who have been working individually and outside of the schools Marcel Gromaire has attracted attention by his striking and broad personality. The writer was first attracted by some Gromaires a few years ago in a small exhibition and immediately after at the Salon d'Automne; they appeared to him at the time as if





THE STREET (1923)

MARCEL GROMAIRE



WAR (1925)

MARCEL GROMAIRE



they might have been solid, even brutal illustrations for the autobiography of a hard-working mechanic.

Young artists nowadays are generally somewhat upset when they are called illustrators, as they have been told that the aim of superior painting must be the display of strictly "pictorial" qualities; it must be "pure" painting, which means painting disburdened of the impediment of subjects. The canvases of Gromaire are, in fact, something more than illustrations. Everything about them is rough, but healthy and sincere. Gromaire is a painter rather than an illustrator, but, again, a painter as the "moderns" understand it; contempt for super-refinement in workmanship being in his case perfectly spontaneous and honest.

When the painters of the cubist and "*fauve*" period began to paint, the Ecole des Beaux Arts was still considered an essential stage by families who were not over-anxious to have their sons enter upon the uncertain career of an artist. The young men, already intoxicated by the sincerity and freedom of the art of Cézanne, had to listen to the most boring lessons which they knew led only to the production of the kind of academic, machine-made pictures which may be seen in dusty provincial museums. The reaction was violent. Before anything else the young painters wanted to break with everything that could reveal that they had studied at the establishment on the Rue Bonaparte. David also loathed the Academy with equal strength, but he later enjoyed the raptur-



THE PARIS-LONDON AEROPLANE (ETCHING) MARCEL GROMAIRE

ous sensation of suppressing it with one stroke of his pen when he became one of the most influential members of the Revolutionary committee. The young "moderns" did not have such a wonderful opportunity and could only express their feelings in paintings drastically opposed to obsolete officialdom. Much time and energy have been wasted in this tumultuous reaction, but if it sometimes appears childish and useless it has also given us some real talents stimulated and exasperated by the boredom of official art.

Gromaire never attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts or any similar institution. When he decided to become a painter, shrewd French bourgeois families had perhaps al-

ready ceased to believe in the necessity of obtaining the Prix de Rome and the Gold Medals of the Salon. However, he heard through friends of the advice that Matisse was then giving to a few young painters in a studio, but as the latter seemed more anxious

this influence was communicated chiefly through photographs which often give an impression very different from the original paintings. The influence of Cézanne has been almost universal, but only a few exam-

ples of his work, and these the less interesting, may be seen at the Luxembourg and in the de Camondo collection at the Louvre, the most important and striking Cézannes being preserved in private collections or foreign museums, the largest and finest being now in Moscow. Many of the young painters were surprised when they saw for the first time some good paintings by Cézanne and found them quite different from what they had imagined. The flavor of soiled and dusty ochres, the wonderful blues "which fill a painting with fresh air," the sonorous quality of the reds and greens which have a Venetian splendor, were generally replaced in the photographic reproductions by a dark pattern in which the strange, sensitive brushstrokes had become so conspicuous that the young men, who used to study these pictures eagerly many times a day, saw in them a peculiar graphic system.



A FLEMISH MOWER (1924)

MARCEL GROMAIRE

to imitate the master than to develop their own personalities, this teaching was soon abandoned.

While studying law at the Ecole de Droit in Paris, Marcel Gromaire had been converted by a little book on Cézanne containing photographic reproductions of his paintings.

When one studies the influence of the lonely master of Aix on the younger painters, one must take into consideration the fact that

If the extraordinary shades of Cézanne are missing in the dark paintings of Marcel Gromaire, there are blues which remind one of the country on a clear frosty morning, and fine golden hues like those of polished wood. His big heavy figures also seem to have been cut in wood by an awkward but powerful peasant. As a matter of fact, of course, Marcel Gromaire is a highly cultured artist and his paintings are not intended for the farm hands and



workers whom he likes to paint (probably laborers would prefer photographs of chorus girls or sporting stars).

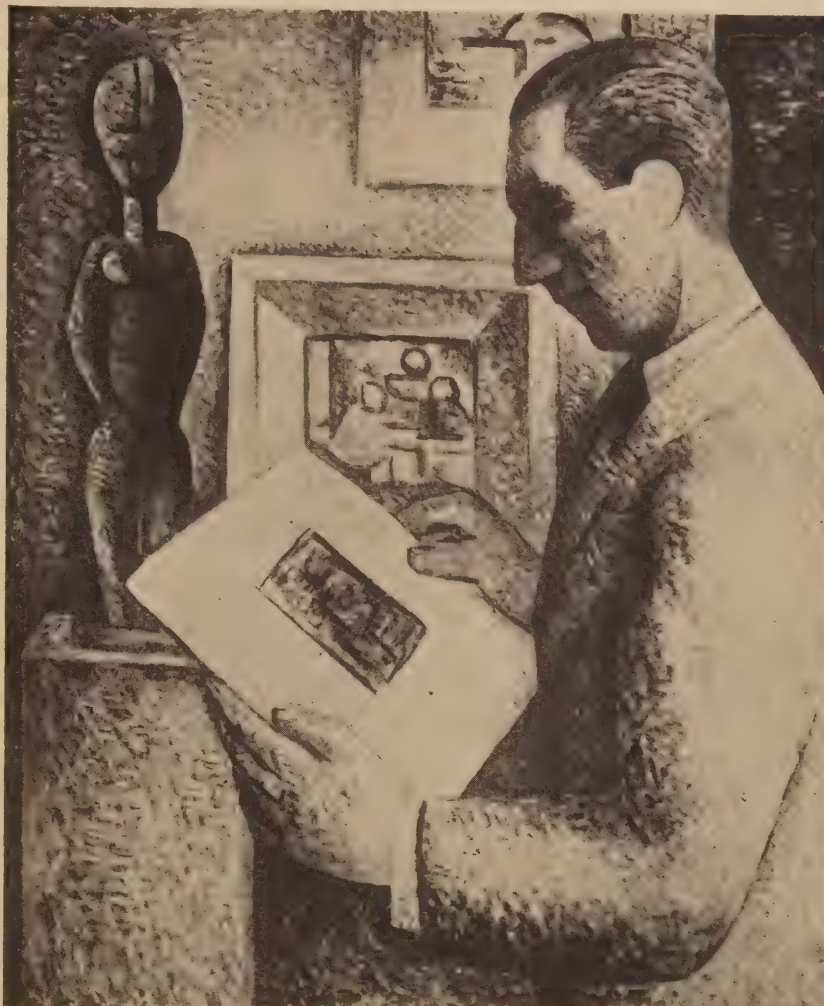
Gromaire evidently prefers negro and early Gothic sculpture to Houdon, but the sculptors and the workmen who built the immense cathedrals had a precise ideal; they endeavored to express their faith; and the whole army of men engaged on these gigantic structures which appear so amazing to us, submitted their art, their science and their lives to one great idea and devotion. In the same way the negro or South Sea Islander carved his images for ritual purposes. The modern artist works more and more for his own pleasure without trying to convey ideas to the public. The work of Gromaire is certainly not intended to tell anything about the working classes nor is it propaganda for any cause; he simply paints such subjects because they appeal strongly to him, very much as Burchfield likes to paint ugly mining towns, railway junctions and the backs of dirty and sinister factories.

Misanthropic, bitter Degas may have hated humanity but Gromaire is full of love for his brother the working man bent over his hard daily job. Renoir's perennially smiling and happy hymn to voluptuousness is almost irritating to him, and he prefers the anguish of Watteau or the turbulence of Delacroix and Gericault. He likes tormented humanity worried by thinking, and in every respect he is before anything else a man from the North.

On the enchanted shores of the blue Mediterranean, bathed in glorious sunshine, man

is bound to think differently from the Northerner who lives in a hostile climate under a dark and threatening sky and has to work hard to earn his bread and to warm his home.

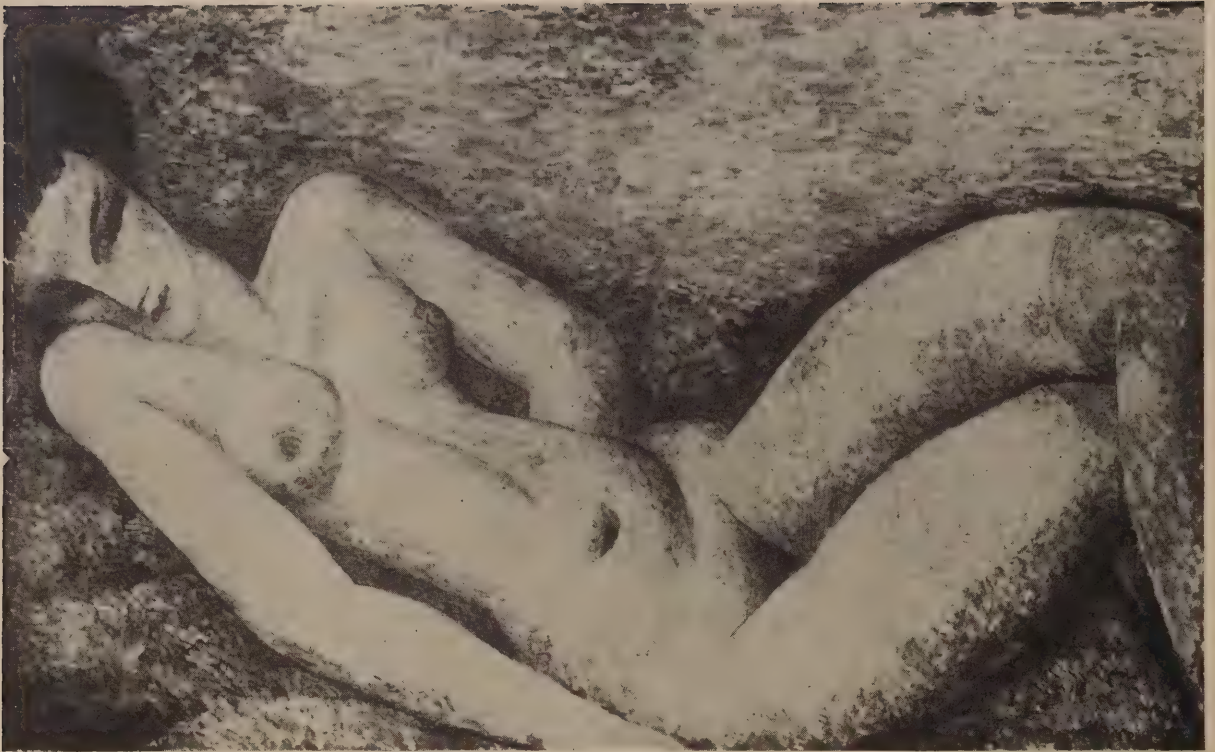
On the way to Belgium, after the mellow



PORTRAIT OF DR. GIRARDIN (1925)

MARCEL GROMAIRE

and elaborate grace of Artois and Picardie are left behind, one reaches a dull, flat country of swamps and mines—the Black Country, the "*Borinages*." Big, silent men are ploughing the heavy soil with powerful horses while their healthy red-faced wives are washing the brick floors and polishing the furniture all day long to make the home more pleasant and comfortable for the man when he comes home to rest by the fireplace.



NUDE (1925)

MARCEL GROMAIRE

smoking his pipe and thinking slowly. This is Gromaire's country, where he was born at Noyelles-sur-Sambre in 1892. Gromaire himself is truly a man from this severe land, not at all unlike a certain type of American business man. I always thought that he would enjoy painting certain aspects of Avenue A, where the enormous stacks of an electric plant throw thick black clouds of smoke into the sky of New York, but unlike so many young Frenchmen of today, Gromaire is not influenced by the American rhythm and is rather afraid of the fantastic activity and the hectic crowds of the great modern American cities. This in spite of the fact that during the war he was attached to the A. E. F. as an officer interpreter, and made many sketches of his companions the athletic doughboys, and also of the melancholy negro soldiers.

Like Cézanne, who when he had to spend a few months in the charming village of Talloires, did not feel the beauty of the lake with its snow-covered mountains, but always

longed for his severe and classical surroundings at Aix, everywhere that Gromaire may go he will remain faithful to his greyish plains where big trees bend toward the dark sleepy water of canals, and where sturdy women slowly tow enormous barges. During a recent trip to La Rochelle he admired the robust old towers standing at the entrance to the harbor, but in the end painted only a Scandinavian ship with its red-haired crew unloading green wood smelling of the North. He has painted a few landscapes of Noyelles with heavy skies, heavy earth, fermenting ponds, and low brick houses with large smoking chimneys.

Like many of the leading young French painters Gromaire seldom paints direct from life or even from notes. His pictures are worked out from his recollections; they are purely intellectual and emotional products, like the creations of the architect, and this explains why they are so well-built, so steady. I found Gromaire working in his concrete studio of the most pleasant 1926 style in the

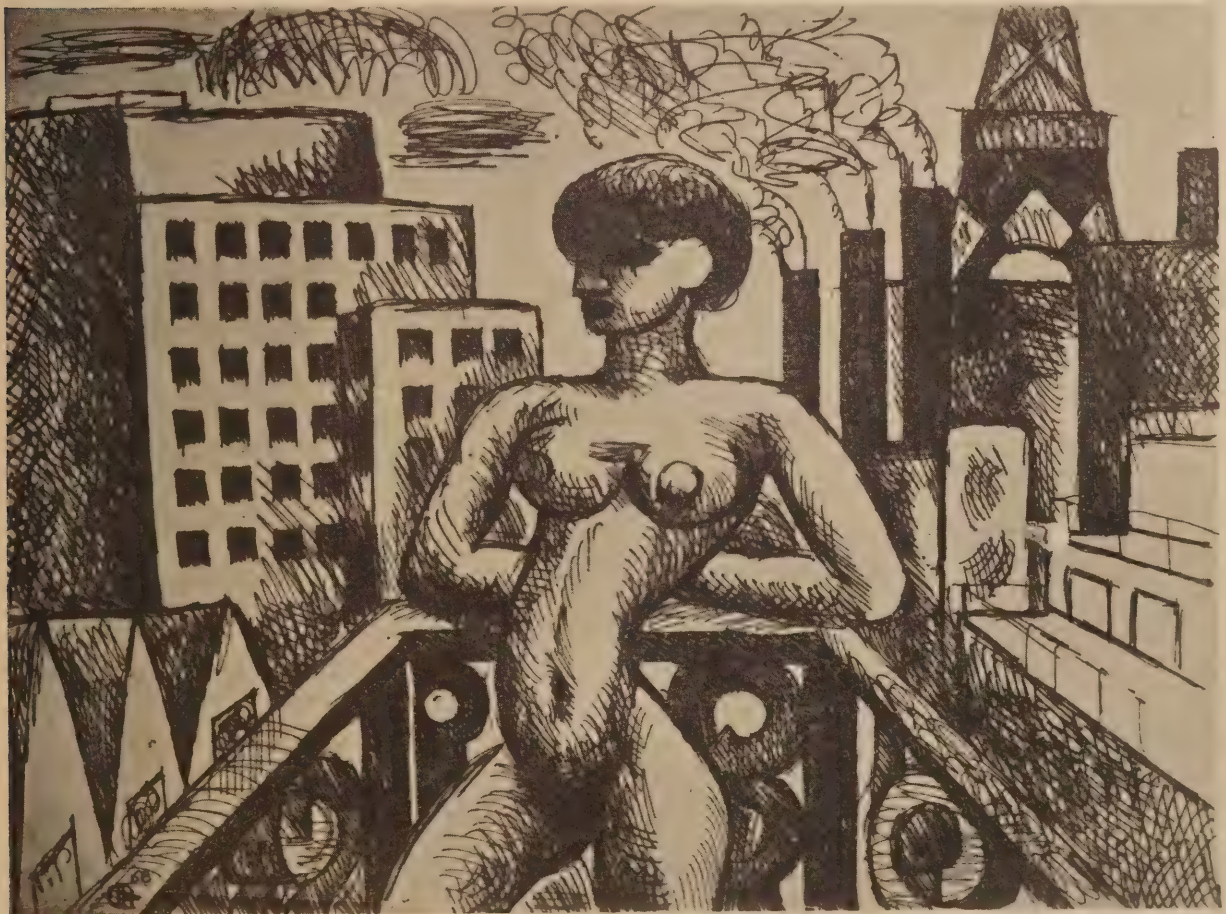


midst of a colony of artists. The small thoroughfare on which this studio stands reminded me of a Moorish street or a group of laboratories in a great industry. It is named after the painter of the "*Dimanche à la Grande Jatte*" whom all these young artists evidently admire very much.

In a recent interview Gromaire, asked what he thought of some of his prominent contemporaries, stated that he considered the work of Derain similar to the work of Anatole France (which he evidently does not like very much). By this he meant that the works of Derain and France are too sophisticated, too artificial, for his taste, too much the productions of men of great taste

and culture who spend their lives in libraries and museums instead of remaining in contact with real life. Gromaire always places humanity in the foreground, and for that reason he prefers epic to lyric poetry and thinks a leader like Picasso is too much of an "egocentrist" because he indulges in strictly abstract constructions which the younger man feels are completely isolated from the human world.

Marcel Gromaire stands as an interesting figure among the younger French painters. He has never swerved from his artistic ideals since the day he began to paint, and his strong personality may lead him to important achievements.



ETCHING

MARCEL GROMAIRE





LANDSCAPE  
*Courtesy of Wildenstein & Company*

CAMILLE PISSARRO



## THE OPENING SEASON

ANNOUNCEMENTS of exhibitions, which lapse during the summer time, have begun to be sent out and herald the opening of the season of 1926 to 1927. The first of the great exhibitions will be the Twenty-fifth International Exhibition held by the Carnegie Institute, which opens to the public on the 15th of this month. The foreign members of the jury, Pierre Bonnard, Charles Sims and Giovanni Romagnoli, made their first visit to New York on their way to Pittsburgh. M. Bonnard is an unusual kind of artist to be affiliated with the prize-awarding jury and doubtless, at least partially, to his influence may be ascribed the awarding of a prize to a painting by Roussell. If I remember rightly, this is the first time that a European artist of independent tendencies has ever received a prize at Pittsburgh. Altogether about three hundred paintings will be exhibited this year at Pittsburgh, two hundred foreign and one hundred American. The exhibition will be reviewed in the November ARTS.

\* \* \*

About the first exhibition to open in New York was held at the Montross Galleries, No. 26 East 56th Street. It was made up of a group of paintings, etchings and color prints by the following members of the New Mexico Painters: Josef Bakos, Gustave Baumann, Ernest L. Blumenschein, F. G. Applegate, Victor Higgins, Theodore Van Soelen, B. J. O. Nordfeldt and Randall Davey.

\* \* \*

The Grand Central Art Galleries began their exhibitions with a display of decorative war maps painted by D. Putnam Brinley. Mr. Brinley's decorative paintings are frequently to be seen at the large exhibitions and always strike an individual note. His war maps which are included in the present exhibition were painted for the Liberty Memorial in Kansas City.

At the Kraushaar Galleries, No. 680 Fifth Avenue, an exhibition of etchings by C. R. W. Nevinson opened late in September. Mr. Kraushaar has spent the summer in Europe where he



THE BACK BEDROOM  
*Carnegie International Exhibition*

DOD PROCTOR

secured a number of important modern French pictures that will be exhibited later in the season.

\* \* \*

Josef Stransky of the Wildenstein Galleries also brought back from his visit to Europe several specimens of French art which doubtless will find their eventual homes in American collections. They in-



PORTRAIT OF SISTER  
*Carnegie International Exhibition*

FELICE CASORATI

clude the landscape by Pissarro reproduced herewith. The painting, it will be noted, was done as late as 1900 and is one which presents the art of Pissarro in a most gracious and appealing manner. In later issues of *THE ARTS* a number of the "finds" made in Europe by American dealers will be reproduced.

The first large exhibition held in New York was the Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Art-in-Trades Club, which will continue until October 27th. The exhibition was planned to consist principally of completed materials "including such decorations and furnishings as are generally employed in the embellishment of the modern home, together with the allied crafts of mural painting, statuary, stained glass, ornamental metal work, etc." It is "primarily for the dissemination of good taste in the home furnishing arts, and is not of a commercial character." As the exhibition was not open at the time of writing, a review of it must be postponed until a later issue.

\* \* \*

During the month of October the gallery of F. Valentine Dudensing, No. 43 East 57th Street, will hold an exhibition of "young American art." Such an exhibition is in keeping with the policy of Mr. Dudensing's gallery, which since its opening last year has done much to stimulate interest in the art of today.

\* \* \*

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and the Philadelphia Water Color Club have announced an "exhibition of original work by living artists in water color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon or pen, or illustrations in whatever medium and not before publicly shown in Philadelphia." The exhibition opens at the Pennsylvania Academy Sunday, November 7th, and closes December 12th.

## THE SKYLIGHT

**A** PROPOS of the habit which some collectors have of always trying to get the artist to lower his price, an artist told me a story which appeared in a French paper. The illustration accompanying the story showed an artist in his studio, obviously down on his luck and looking hungry as he stood talking with a fat over-prosperous client. The client

wished to have a portrait painted of his daughter and was trying to make the painter do it for a very low price. Finally the painter said: "Well, I could paint a portrait of your daughter for the price you mention, but of course I could not use cadmium or any of the expensive colors, and for that price the likeness would not be very good."



## BOOKS

### AFRICAN ART FROM AN IVORY TOWER

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE. By PAUL GUILLAUME and THOMAS MUNRO. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1926. (\$6.00.)

THE influence which the art of the native Africans has exerted on the artistic movements of our own culture during the last fifteen or twenty years has been of great importance. Looked upon at the beginning of the century as a curious monstrosity, having meaning only in an ethnological sense, it suddenly was realized that for sheer power and beauty in manipulation of plastic form, the Negro art of Africa compares favorably with the best of the world's art productions. From that day to this there has been a desire to understand it on the part of the artists, and a groping toward that end. When, therefore, a consideration of this Negro African art is brought forward, it is entitled to careful attention.

The most recent attempt to explain the wood-carving of the African folk is contained in the work of M. Guillaume and Mr. Munro. Beautifully printed, and with carefully figured illustrations, the volume itself is a thing of joy, and a fitting vehicle for the art with which it deals. But as one works into the text which precedes and accompanies the masks, fetishes, and other objects which are presented to the reader, a feeling of regret at the numerous errors in the book tends to overshadow the delight with which one took it up.

The underlying theory on which Messrs. Guillaume and Munro work is something like this: The only method by which a true appreciation of any artistic product can really be had is through consideration of the work *in vacuo*, so to speak. That is, one must only consider, in the case of the art of the Africans, for example, the manipulation of lines, planes, and masses, just as when a painting is being studied it is regard for composition, the palette, and the like, which gives one true appreciation. Now this, indeed, may be acceptable when we are speaking of the work of artists belonging to our own culture or to its historical background, for the knowledge of that culture is implicit. And yet is it not true that when the work of a new artist is introduced in a critical study, the critic presents something of his life and the influences which bore upon his ideas as well as upon his technique, before an examination of the work he produced is undertaken?

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A brilliant statement by a well-known scholar of the genesis and history of the academic viewpoint, and a searching estimate of its value for us today.

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ATTENTION is particularly called to the change in the dates of publication of *The Print Collector's Quarterly*. From 1927 onward the Magazine will be issued in the months of January, April, July and October of each year. Confusion will be avoided if subscribers will kindly refer to Volume and Number, or to Year and Number, only, and not to the month of publication. The annual subscription will remain unaltered at 17/6d post free obtainable from the publishers.

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If this is a prerequisite to the art of our own culture, it seems to me to be infinitely more important when an exotic art is to be explained. And since the art of all primitive peoples is anonymous, it is the background of the art itself, its cultural setting, rather than the life of an individual artist, which must be presented. Theoretically, Messrs. Guillaume and Munro will have none of this. This sort of approach, they feel, impedes rather than helps one understand an art. So having put forth this dictum about African art, they proceed at once to Chapter I, entitled, "Its Relation to African Life." One might suspend judgment on such a logical right-about-face were the facts they present correct. But when they speak of "the deserts of the North, inhabited by Bushmen and Tuaregs," although the former live at the southern tip of Africa, some thousands of miles away from the latter; or when they state categorically that the art of the Benini is a second-rate product because the fourteenth-century Portuguese taught them the technique of casting bronze by the *cire perdue* method, when the early Portuguese sources record that the natives were discovered doing that kind of work; when they describe these marvelous Benin bronzes as having been dug up by archaeologists, when actually they were found in use in the '80s by a British punitive expedition which destroyed the city, one loses respect for this and what follows it.

Again, their tendency to patronize the magnificent art which they profess to explain, and to talk down to the reader to whom they are explaining it, is irritating in the extreme. It may be that the African is a benighted savage, and that his mind is hopelessly inferior to ours, but I doubt it. Whether it is or not, he at least produced an art which is worthy of careful attention on the part of these writers. Similarly, they completely ignore, in footnotes, text, and illustrations, the best collections. Confining themselves to the material at their hand, they do not even indicate that there are many specimens in the Musée du Congo Belge, for instance (not to cite other important collections), the authenticity and provenance of which are beyond dispute, and compared to which the specimens figured by them are markedly inferior.

But when we come to the actual analysis of the pieces shown, irritation becomes acute. I can see, even when the cultural background is given with misstatements of fact, that careful analysis of the pieces themselves might redeem the book and offer compensation. But such exposition as this: "In a mask from the Sudan the traditional staccato rhythm



is still more intense and rough, an explosion of harsh ejaculatory angles and sudden rough projections"; plus bulbousnesses and rods, concentric triangles and swelling masses, sweeping curved pilasters and angular projections, make one's head swim until one begins to wonder what it might possibly be all about. The art of the African is a generalization of type, an idealization, if you will, with the skillful use of distortion and condensation, and a treatment of the various parts of the objects represented more or less as units. But such a mass of verbiage as these writers give us contributes nothing either to our knowledge or our understanding of the art.

The comprehension of African cultures, it seems to me, is a *sine qua non* to the appreciation of African art. And I believe that a little book such as the "Aniota Kifwebe," written by Dr. J. Maes, the curator of the Musée du Congo Belge, in spite of its lack of beautiful typography and the wretched presentation of its illustrations, will teach the artist or layman interested in African art more than will a dozen ecstatic expositions such as the one under review.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

ARCHITECTURE. By SIR THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, R.A. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$8.00.

BOOKS on architecture are often instructive, but more rarely interesting. They retain too often the pompous and detached exactitude that once gave them the entrée to the society of polite learning in the 18th century.

But Sir Thomas Jackson's book shows more than a trace of the knowledge that architecture is not something forever fixed by the laws of Vitruvius and forever held in suspension above the best of all possible worlds, but rather something that ebbs and flows with the human tides on a planet that has its ups and downs.

He has the eye for an arresting phrase and an appreciation of the tellingness of a look behind the scenes of the noble art he is writing about. When he calls their builders the "Lords of the World" he adds a cubit to the stature of the Roman arches. And who of our generation can fail to be warmed by the story of the stone masons of the island of Proconnesos who supplied the Byzantine empire with capitals for its columns by means of quantity production.

It is a pleasure to read—as one would a story—of the coming of Byzantine architecture to Italy, of its growth there under the long since forgotten

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Exarchate, and of its fathering of Lombard Romanesque. This Lombard style in turn crossed the Alps to Burgundy and Germany and—with the first Archbishop of Canterbury—crossed the seas to England and became English Norman. And all of it slowly and surely became Gothic, with the articulation of S. Ambrogio into self-contained units as the first step, and from there always spurred on by the ever-pressing need of making material and labor go as far as possible.

If we of today think we build only to tear down again, what of those far-off days when new brooms swept very clean indeed, so clean that not a vestige was left of what stood before. When the Normans came into England, Saxon architecture—built in the old "*more Romanorum*" and by better artificers than the Normans—covered the land. But long before the Kings of England ceased being the Dukes of Normandy there was no Saxon architecture. In its place were the great Norman keeps and churches. The Norman always finished what he started. As good an epitaph for church builders as for builders of empires.

Yet there is little real poignancy in such a lost Atlantis of architecture since man is always, in some sense or other, tearing down only to rebuild to the greater glory of God.

Maybe it is because it happened before there was a God worth building to that Sir Thomas seems to feel the tragedy of the lost opportunity of the Etruscans so keenly. For not only did they know of the arch—as did many others in early antiquity in spite of what we used to be told when young—but they used it throughout their construction and then they covered it up by borrowed Greek trea-beation!

But where the Etruscans lost the Romans gained, and so it went always. When the monasteries—that had sheltered all the craftsmanship as well as all the learning of the Middle Ages—weakened, the cities and the bishops grew strong. So there were no more great abbey churches but in place of them there came the even greater cathedrals that every man turned his hand to in his own fashion to help build.

Like a true-born Briton the author dwells more on English Gothic, but the balance has been weighed the other way so much for American readers that turn about is fair play. One would give a great deal to see that architectural sketchbook of Wilars de Houecort who took the Grand Tour when Reims was building, and made careful drawings of it in the pleasant French sunshine of six centuries ago,



and then went back to his own work. But as he made those sketches a ferment was stirring in Italy and Petrarch and the Humanists waged their war against the Schoolmen. Brunelleschi followed in their wake and went to Rome where he stood entranced at the sight of the ruins and "gave himself up to their study, caring nothing for eating and thinking of nothing but the architecture of the past." So the Renaissance was born. A thing imposed from without—not spontaneous and from within like the slow-growing Gothic it supplanted—and yet powerful enough to scatter its revived volutes and cymas over an entire world.

Benvenuto Cellini says that when princes go to war the works of art they have set on foot are forgotten. He was mistaken in the long run. The princes and their little wars are forgotten but the buildings they marched away from to the pageantry of battle endure, and books are written about them!

No one volume can be all-embracing, but this book of Sir Thomas Jackson's gives as good a bird's-eye view of the history of architecture as can be obtained, and is more interesting than most.

H. R. SHURTLEFF.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE ART OF COMPOSITION: A SIMPLE APPLICATION OF DYNAMIC SYMMETRY. By MICHEL JACOBS. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1926. (\$7.50).

GREGORIO FERNANDEZ. By BEATRICE I. GILMAN. (Hispanic Notes and Monographs, Peninsular Series.) New York: The Hispanic Society of America, 1926.

THE EARLY ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE CAMPOSTELA. By KENNETH JOHN CONANT. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Harvard University Press, 1926.

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART. A STUDY OF MODERN PAINTING, 1870-1925. By FRANK RUTTER. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, 1926.

THE TESTAMENTS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. Translated by JOHN HERON LEPPER. Including the texts of JOHN PAYNE and others. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926.

CREWE TRAIN. By ROSE MACAULAY. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. (\$2.00).



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STATUE OF MAITREYA IN BRONZE-GILT  
*Recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

CHINESE, WEI PERIOD



# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

NOVEMBER, 1926

NUMBER 5

AT this time of the year about five artists a week call at this office for advice upon the troublesome question of exhibiting. Is it worth while showing their pictures at this gallery, or at that? Where can they show sculpture to advantage? Is it a good thing for the artist to exhibit constantly or to show his work only at long intervals? Does it help to send things to the Independent Society, to the Salons of America? Is this dealer good for this, and that dealer good for that? These and a hundred other questions are asked by men and women who either have no experience as exhibitors or who have only just begun to exhibit. How shall I make a reputation and how shall I make a living? In different forms the questions all boil down to the two latter interrogations.

It depends primarily, since we are not considering meretricious reputations, on the quality of the artist's work. It does not grow automatically in direct proportion to the quality, but no reputation not based on the quality has permanence. Granted that the artist himself, through his work, deserves a reputation, how shall he get it? Roughly there are two roads to choose. One may do as the late George Bellows did, exhibit constantly and everywhere.

Against these arduous methods there are the precious ways of such a painter as George de Forest Brush. One of his meticulous Italianate paintings will be shown preciously alone in a room—not every day or every week, but at rare appointed intervals. Presented with all the sacredness of an old master, the asking price compares favorably with the price of old masters. Shown with anything like the democratic regardlessness practiced by Bellows, Mr. Brush's work would soon disclose its infinitely careful sterility. Shown preciously, it has made for its author quite a precious reputation.

The French, wiser than we are in individual economics, understand both methods. They understand, as Bellows understood, that drawings and lithographs can be of great service in keeping the artist's name before the public. They also understand the psychology of preciousness.

One of the most valuable lessons that we in America can learn from the younger Frenchmen is that while they employ popular methods to advance their reputations, they do not employ popular methods in the creation of their art. Here, I think, we come to the crux of the matter. The young artist, if he would advance his reputation without injuring himself, should keep vote-getting methods strictly out of his work. Let him paint as he wants to paint, without any regard whatsoever as to what the public thinks or will think of his work, for no matter how many exhibitions he enters, if he tries to please the public his insincerity will catch up with him and ruin him.

To conclude this weighty homily, my advice to the young painter is to work exactly as he wishes to work, without giving a glance away from his work to see whether this person or that person likes it, and then to go ahead and show his work whenever and wherever he has an opportunity.

FORBES WATSON.



A WOMAN LEANING ON HER RIGHT HAND

MARY CASSATT (*American*)





LANDSCAPE IN TESSIN

KARL HOFER (*German*)

## THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL

By FORBES WATSON

IF some institution should plan an exhibition devoted to the engineering problems involved in bridge building, it is inconceivable that any of the trustees of that institution would forbid the display of models of cantilever bridges because he himself believed only in suspension bridges. Probably the best engineers would be requested to make clear to the visitors to the exhibition, at least as clear as they could be made to laymen, the engineering problems met in the construction and design of all kinds of bridges impartially. And if such an engineering exhibition were to take place in Pittsburgh, Pa., no one, I am sure, would object to a particular kind of bridge on the ground that Pittsburgh had not spent money for a bridge of the same kind, had consequently proved its dislike of such bridges and that, therefore, it would be

tactless and unwise to let the public see models of them.

But art is quite another story. Though Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, may wish to organize a genuine display of all the various phases of contemporary art, he meets the most surprising obstacles. He himself makes no complaints about these obstacles. But the visitor to the hospitable city of Pittsburgh soon finds out, from some cordial host, facts which lead all but the most reactionary to ask what is the matter with the Carnegie Institute.

A generous institution, undertaking an invaluable work, it suffers from a curiously unfortunate protective attitude toward the public. The character of the exhibition itself proves that a majority of the trustees are



ROCKY NECK

*Awarded First Honorable Mention*

MAX KUEHNE (*American*)

dreadfully afraid lest their exhibitions might arouse the public to a questioning attitude toward art.

Unless the reviewer is expected to traverse the exhibition suavely, patting this well known American and that old fashioned foreigner gently on the back, unless he is committed to officialdom and obstinately blind to the fermenting elements in contemporary art, and incidentally in contemporary life, he is forced annually to ask the same question about the Carnegie Institute. Why, with a courageous director, should the immensely generous endeavor made by the Carnegie Institute be rendered so innocuous; why, at this

day the terrifying fear of the public? Thirteen years ago (I am obliged to recall the fact once more), the crowds flocked to see the one and only great international exhibition ever held in this country, the "Armory Show" in New York, and all indications to-day prove that the incalculable public is very much more interested in truly living art than it is in dead dogmas.

Perhaps we can come nearer to realizing why the Carnegie Institute prefers to display, in its American section for example, such commonplace glib paintings as Mr. Leopold Seyffert's "Rose and Silver," a half nude figure, soft and trite in drawing and



utterly banal in color, or such an astounding performance as the portrait by Gari Melchers, or so feeble a portrait as Frederick Frieseke's likeness of Mrs. George Biddle, while at the same time it ignores the works of better painters. Perhaps the explanation, at bottom, lies in the misunderstanding by the trustees of the relation of the public to the museum.

I heard on every side in Pittsburgh that a certain portion of the trustees of the museum had put their feet down on "modern" art. Quite deliberately, I am told, a certain member of the trustees forbade the exhibition to contain a ratio larger than ten or fifteen per cent of the work of those men who have not shown themselves to be prize-hungry conformants. The conclusion is inevitable that either those particular trustees

in favor of such a one-sided show are ignorant of what is going on in art today, are afraid that the public might be shocked, or else they wish not to see for themselves the evidence which would contradict their own prejudices.

If the object of such an exhibition is to tell the truth about art, if the truth about art would shock the Pittsburgh public carefully nurtured, over a period of twenty-five years, on the idea that the greatest artists of today are those who manufacture most naturalistically, does that give the right to the trustees to enforce their own prejudices against the interpretive? I believe that if the exhibition were more open-minded, both the public and the trustees would enjoy it more. Merely to gather an endless list of paintings by the habitual exhibitors is not to tell the story



WOMAN SLEEPING

KENNETH HAYES MILLER (*American*)

of contemporary art; it is to dodge the issue. And even the presence in this exhibition of single specimens by Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Segonzac and the like, doesn't indicate a desire to arrive at the truth about contemporary

found a number of paintings purchased from past International exhibitions. As Pierre Bonnard, the French member of the jury this year said to me, "the present exhibition may be fearfully conservative, but at least it is not as dismal and depressing as the permanent collection."

In the permanent collection one finds such paintings as "A Woman in Rose" by John White Alexander, "November Hills" by Bruce Crane, "The Three-Master" by Henry Golden Dearth, "Hazy Moonrise" by Ben Foster, "Gray Day, March" by Daniel Garber, "Bird Song" by Lillian Matilde Genth, "Springtime on the Desert" by Albert L. Groll, "The Convalescent" by John Lavery, "The Sun Porch" by Richard Miller, "Afternoon Light on the Hills" by J. Francis Murphy, "An East River Idyl" by Henry W. Ranger, "May" by Dwight Williams Tryon, "Puritan Mother and Child" by Douglas Volk, "Borderland" by John C. Johansen, "The Terrace" by Italo Brass, "Twilight" by Valentin de Zubiaurre, "On the Beach" by Sorolla, and "Changing Horses" by A. J. Munnings.

Some of these pictures were purchased from previous Carnegie International Exhibitions, purchased, I imagine, for a goodly number of thousands of dollars. Perhaps some of them were given, for one would not like to accuse any serious gallery of buying a painting by A.

J. Munnings. Most of them doubtless were strained through the great International exhibitions into the permanent collection at a large cost. An astute French visitor calculated that this collection is worth about one-tenth of the price paid for it. Aside from



BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

HENRY LEE McFEE (*American*)

art. What truth there is in this exhibition is tainted by a needless fear of the public.

Before looking at the display in greater detail, I propose to pay a passing visit to the small and inadequate permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute, where will be





PORTRAIT OF CHARLES AUGUST FICKE

ANDREW DASBURG (*American*)



MOUNTEBANKS AND THIEVES  
*Awarded Third Prize*

ROBERT SPENCER (*American*)

its monetary value, the character of the collection indicates the maddest shilly-shallying with fleeting reclaim. As a representation of the period which it represents, the Carnegie Institute's permanent collection is the result of a grotesque display of ignorance on the part of the trustees. As M. Bonnard said, agreeing with all of the liberal-minded painters who have seen the permanent collection, such an assortment of pictures is incredible.

In the current exhibition, which in my opinion is slightly better than any of its predecessors, there are certainly not half a dozen pictures worthy of a museum's attention. The first prize picture by Ferruccio Ferrazzi is empty and weak. This painter, who

less than ten years ago lived in poverty on the outskirts of Rome and was making interesting modern experiments, has now gone official and paints entirely differently than he once did. Even then it was his brother, Benvenuto, whose work is not seen in the large jury-made exhibitions, who seemed to have the stronger talent.

Just why the Institute persists in throwing its money away on giving prizes to such pictures when the same money might be spent for buying the pictures that are needed to fill the yawning gaps in its dismal permanent collection, is one of those enigmas which only the trustees can explain. And, when explain-

ing this, they might explain also why they do not permit their director to select an exhibition that does not compromise with the public



FIREMEN'S HALL

CHARLES ROSEN (*American*)



and cater to the ignorant. Saved from the expenses of useless juries, from the wastefulness of prize awards and from the inevitable neutrality of committee-ridden methods, the director could pick out a really bang-up exhibition, something that would stir the public instead of putting the public to sleep.

He must have had some such idea as this when he borrowed the large decorative painting of two nude women by Dunoyer de Segonzac. This, as I prophesied before the exhibition opened to the public, is one of the few paintings in the show that really caused some excitement. This picture, despite its too predisposed methods, is one of the few really civilized works in this heterogeneous and loosely contrived show. It is educated in the same sense that the galleryful of pretty little nudes by Giovanni Romagnoli is un-



THE COD FISHERMAN

ROSS E. MOFFETT (*American*)

educated. Whereas the Italian paints with sweet skilfulness, his vision is entirely trite. Segonzac, on the other hand, belongs to our time, has a background of cultivation and a capacity to contribute to the art of painting ideas that are his very own. Some may not like the special idiosyncrasies of his work, but no one could deny its originality and high civilization.

The exhibition, as a whole, divides itself roughly into those works which state with practiced efficiency the meagre thoughts of those practitioners whose minds are completely taken up with the technical problems of manufacturing pictures, and those works by the true artists. If the trustees at Carnegie would heed the artists and let the manufacturers take care of themselves, they could improve their exhibitions a thousand per cent.



NUDE FIGURE READING

WALDO PIERCE (*American*)



In the American section, for example, there are Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, Max Kuehne, Clarence R. Johnson, Arthur B. Carles, William Meyerowitz, Gifford Beal, William J. Glackens, Maurice Sterne, Arthur B. Davies, Charles Hopkinson, Eugene Speicher, John Sloan, Robert Henri, Henry

marily bent upon saying what they think, through the medium of paint. They are not exclusively absorbed in concocting, within the rectangle of a frame, an exhibition picture. They are civilized.

Again, to take up the question of civilized painting as opposed to the commonplace ex-



CLOSING TIME, AVIGNON

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN (*English*)

Lee McFee, Charles J. Taylor, Randall Davey, Waldo Pierce, Rockwell Kent, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Ross E. Moffett, George Luks, Nikol Schattenstein, Andrew Dasburg, Hayley Lever, Robert Spencer, Charles Rosen and others. Different visitors will find different reasons for liking or disliking what these artists show. Their capacity to express varies with the individual power of each. But I do not think anyone could fairly deny that all of these men and women are pri-

hibition stuff, we find in the British section the work of Paul Nash, Rosalie Emslie, Walter Sickert, Augustus John, Dod Procter, P. Wilson Steer, William Orpen, Ambrose McEvoy, Mark Gertler, Leon Underwood and others on the side of civilization, and on the side of potboiling, such claptrap as the paintings by A. J. Munnings, John Lavery and the like.

Germany and the Scandinavian countries, small though their exhibitions are numeri-





PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR GEORGE L. KITTREDGE

CHARLES HOPKINSON (*American*)

cally, add some real zest to the exhibition as a whole. Karl Hofer, Ulrich Hübner, Rudolf Levy, Max Slevogt, Edvard Munch, Isaac Grünewald and others, make these small rooms a pleasure to visit. But

lengths which, strange to say, is by an Austrian named John Quincy Adams.

There are one or two suggestive paintings in the Belgian section, such as the painting of M. Opsomer. There are one or two fair paintings in the Italian section, such as "The Apple" by Giuseppe Montanari, and the vigorous portrait by Gino Parin, a thoroughly Italian work, and again one sees the rubbish that the painting of Antonio Mancini has become. The brown school of definite hard simplicity favored by some Italians is represented by Felice Casorati. On the whole, the Italian, like the Spanish and Russian groups, are just a conglomeration of names loosely picked up. No serious effort has been made to indicate the true developments in contemporary art in these countries.

With the vast amount of literature published in France, Great Britain and America on the state of French art and the status of various French artists, one might suppose that even a committee chosen by a body of trustees could at least select an approximate representation of contemporary French art and leave out the poor old tired manufacturers. The French section, to judge by its appearance, is chosen half for æsthetic reasons and half for some strange fanciful political reasons.

Names rather than the quality of individual paintings are apparently what counts most. Minor works by such true artists as Albert André, K. X. Roussel, Pierre Bonnard, Albert Marquet, Armand Guillaumin, Pablo Picasso, Othon Friesz, Henri Matisse, André Derain, Edouard Vuillard and others have found their way to the Carnegie Institute.



A PROCESSION IN BRITTANY

MAURICE DENIS (*French*)

why waste money bringing over such stuff as Anna Boberg's "Spring in Lofoten Islands," Gustaf Fjaestad's "Hoar Frost" or the decadent affectation of Otto Dix?

From Austria has been brought Oskar Laske's "Tower of Babel," which might be described as a mixture of ice cream and Bruegel, the dry scholastic portrait by Victor Hammer, and one of the fashionable full



There is no need to particularize further. With the exception of the painting by Segonzac, nothing in the French section adds an iota to what everybody at all interested in painting knows about these artists. But then, this is so true throughout the exhibition; there is no effort to give the public any more information about the truly creative than there is about the potboilers. They are all treated equally and put on the same plane. All are presented with the perfect impartiality of trustees who do not like to be responsible for their exhibitions.

Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens could quickly select a better exhibition than this if his trustees would give up committees and prizes and allow the director to purchase some paintings that would add life to the dismal permanent collection.

What the Carnegie Institute is attempting to do is being so completely undermined by the neutrality of its committees that it is worth while to present not only the findings of this particular reviewer but also those of the men and women who have written previously about the exhibition. Even Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the valiant warrior who devotes himself to defending the academies from the coarse onslaught of modernity, in a most friendly review cannot rouse himself to uncontrolled enthusiasm. However, he does not blame the Carnegie Institute, he blames the art of today. He writes in the *New York Herald Tribune* (October 31, 1926): "If the twenty-fifth international is not as exciting as some of its predecessors, it is for no other reason than that we have not been vouchsafed as many brilliant men as of yore. It is only the individual that counts.

Whistler's own words are pertinent: 'We have, then, but to wait—until, with the mark of the gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before' . . .



HUGH WALPOLE

AUGUSTUS JOHN (*English*)

"The inventive vein is, in fact, very thinly worked, and for the higher lights in the American exhibition one must go rather to the men who through force of individual power give us beauty and style. Brush and Dewing are conspicuous among them . . .

"A clearly marked difference declares itself between the American and the European schools. Here we are steadily proceeding along lines that were determined for us years



FAUN AND NYMPH UNDER A TREE  
*Awarded Second Prize*

K. X. ROUSSEL (*French*)

ago when we turned to French training and cultivated the art of the well made picture. We know pretty well where we are going, and, by the way, are little diverted from a traditional path by the marsh lights of modernism."

Henry McBride, the liberal critic of the New York *Sun*, takes quite another view. He writes: "Dunoyer de Segonzac of France makes a quite special success at the Pittsburgh International Exhibition. It was my good fortune to attend the first Sunday afternoon opening of the show when the Carnegie galleries were crowded with the rank and file of the Smoky City—plain and simple people, the sort who are unafraid to openly express their likes and dislikes in the way of pictures—and these most honest students crowded in greater numbers about the

De Segonzac work and exhibited a livelier interest in it than in any other.

"Dunoyer de Segonzac is an excellent painter. I saw two landscapes by him last summer in a private collection in Paris that would convince any but the most bigoted of amateurs that as an artist he must be rated high. He delights in rich pigment and gets the very juiciness of living things into his greens. But he doesn't care much for obvious facts. The things that a dull eye must observe first in a landscape are not the points he emphasizes. He is inclined, to put it frankly, to be abstract.

He plays the artist's game exclusively in paint, and ignores the yearning of the uneducated for a story. He is not a cubist, but most certainly a modernist.

"The interest displayed in his canvas by



VENUS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

LEON UNDERWOOD (*English*)



Pittsburgh's hoi polloi must not, however, be construed as indicating any increased appreciation in that city for abstract art. The working people of that industrial center are no more concerned with the painting qualities of the newer French productions than is Mr.

'They affect to indulge in the super-refinements of colors, tones and compositions, and their chief source of distraction is not to enjoy the visual aspect of art, but to get loquacious about it.'

"We may, I suppose, let that pass. It is



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

AMBROSE McEVOY (*English*)

Saint Gaudens, the 100 per cent. American director of the Carnegie Institute, who says that the art critic of the New York *Sun* and certain others 'affect' to like them. Yes, 'affect' was the word he used. How is that for an amenity, I ask you? He deliberately wrote in the foreword to the catalogue:

dreadful to be misunderstood, but one cannot be explaining one's self all the time, and besides, my topic for the moment is De Segonzac.

"No, there is no present danger of Pittsburgh's falling for cubism. What gathered them in force about De Segonzac's canvas

was an innocent delight in it as a puzzle. There were enough arms and bare legs flying about in the composition to inspire Pittsburgh with the notion that it could definitely decide which legs belonged to which body, but



SELF-PORTRAIT

MARK GERTLER (*English*)

no two people could agree on the matter, and the entire mob quickly became as loquacious as the critic of the *New York Sun* could ever hope to be. Finally there pushed into the throng a stern old lady with a definite turn of mind, accompanied by her husband and her ear trumpet. After a two-minute appraisal of the scene, and a discreet

reference to her catalogue, she announced with piercing distinctness, 'Them's bathers,' and her disapproving glance focussing upon me, seemed to insinuate that it was no place for unmarried men. Why must deaf ladies imagine that every man is under suspicion who studies bathers? Art critics cannot always be accompanied by their wives when going about their daily tasks, and such a wholesale district of humanity is, to say the least, a reflection upon the brand of ear trumpet that is used. Evidently the information obtained through it does not always bear the test of time. But to do the lady justice, she was entirely right about the picture. At least, I too, will certify that they were bathers.

"Aside from this instance there was no other show of excitement in the galleries. People looked at all the pictures but dutifully. It argues, don't you think, that there must be something wrong either with the people or with the pictures? I prefer to think it's the pictures. You can't fool all the people all the time, you know. When one restaurant is better than another it straightway becomes crowded, and without much advertisement either. There is something genuine in the relation of the public

to its ball players, to its Gene Tunneys, its Bill Tildens and even to its comic strips in the Sunday supplements. It does not have to be coaxed to take what it really likes, and the movies made themselves popular without any critical incitement.

"There is a bit of wisdom on this subject in Dostievsky's famous novel 'The Kara-

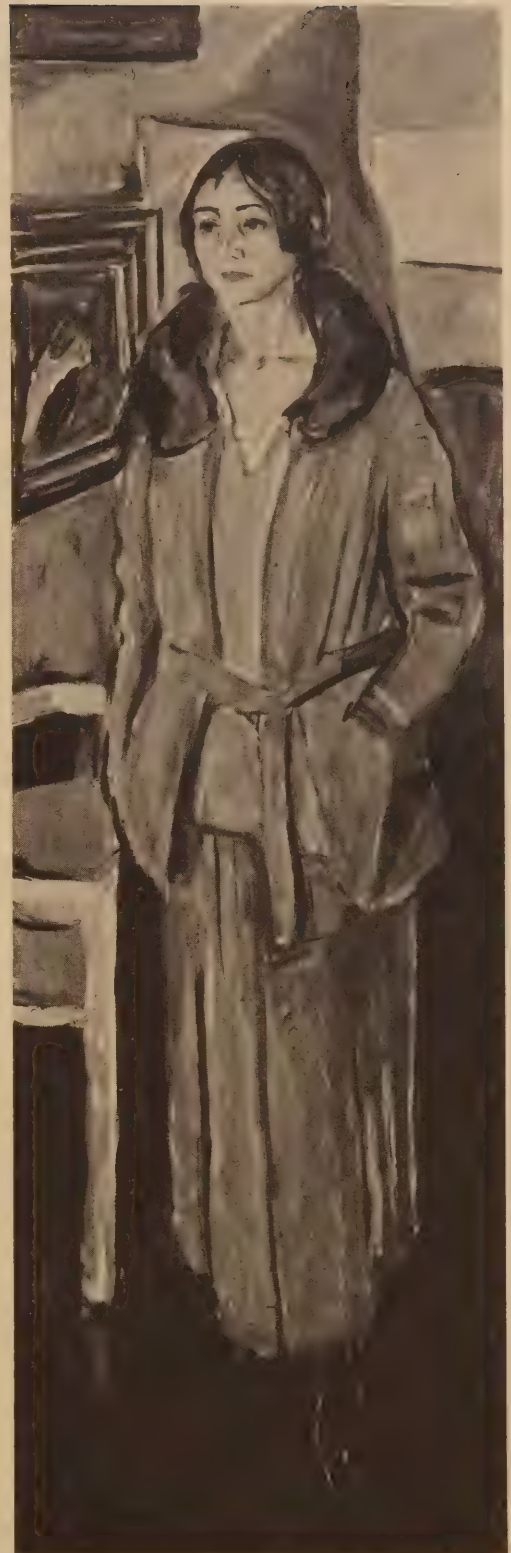


mazoff Brothers.' An aged priest on his deathbed gives some parting advice to his brothers in the monastery. 'Give the Bible to the people,' he tells them. 'Tell them the whole thing. Do not be afraid they will not understand. There is nothing the people cannot understand if it is properly presented.'

"If art be a good thing, it, too, must submit to that test. It is not that the public is instantly right but that it is finally. Great artists are apt to be ahead of their period and subsist upon the comprehension of the hardy few, but they are proved great only when the recognition is general. Since the public must decide these things, why not let them in a little earlier in the game? There is an entire world of difference between a live exhibition and a tame one.

"But perhaps you think I ask too much of institutions. I do not ask it myself. I know what institutions are and how many there are on committees who must be consulted, and how the benefactors must not be frightened, and all that; but many of my readers, it's to their credit, of course, are not so worldly wise, and are always innocently demanding whether the miracle of a live show has happened. So each year that first impetuous query has to be answered with a 'No.'"

The following clear statement is by Helen Appleton Read, art critic of the *Brooklyn Eagle*: "Five years ago with the appointment of a new director, Homer Saint-Gaudens, things began to wake up. Modern art insinuated itself first in homeopathic doses—the pictures hung behind doors and in corners, their number so far in the minority that the trustees could still point with pride to the fact that Pittsburgh did not subscribe seriously to that crazy modern stuff. The next year there were more moderns, the examples less innocuous and the places allotted them more conspicuous. It is rumored that those responsible came very near to losing their jobs, had it not been for the unanimous verdict of the press that Pittsburgh was waking up and was allowing new blood to be injected into its fast atrophying veins. Matters looked hopeful for the fulfillment of Andrew Carnegie's ideal—an annual cross-section of European art. But judging from the last two exhibitions a deadlock has been reached. So far and no farther is the very evident verdict. Twelve and a half per cent moderns is the exact figure, as against 87½ traditional. If the International is to continue to be something more than an example of per-



WOMAN IN GRAY  
EDVARD MUNCH (Norwegian)

fect neutrality it will be necessary to change its machinery. The art-loving public will be heartily in accord with such changes. Merely by showing isolated examples by Picasso, Matisse and Derain is not to represent con-

materially in telling the story of modern European tendencies in art; who could show how they are developing or deviating from the ideas received from the still young fathers of modernism."

Elizabeth L. Cary writes more favorably of the show than most of her confrères. In the *New York Times* she says: "Any large general art exhibition with inclusiveness for its motto is bound to contain more of history than prophecy, and the Twenty-fifth Carnegie International is no exception to the rule. The wonder is that so much of prophecy is there, or of that recognition of changes long since begun, which is about what prophecy amounts to in a day of minor prophets. . . .

"To one American visitor the paintings in the American section of the Pittsburgh exhibition give extraordinary pleasure. How far the fact that they are American counts is impossible to say. 'To see the beauty of Laila,' said Majnun, 'requires the eyes of Majnun,' and we need not pretend to a wholly dispassionate judgment of our own art. Nevertheless, the American section contains much extraordinarily fine accomplishment, as fine as any in the galleries, and to be modest about it could be only deliberate pose."

A summing up of the situation is made by Margaret Breuning in the *New York*



A COUPLE AT THE WINDOW

KARL HOFER (*German*)

temporary European art. A whole group of younger men are springing up. Let a group of these take the place of the octogenarians who have been occupying wall space in the International for the last quarter of a century. The Annual Salon des Tuileries could yield up a group of painters who could assist

*Evening Post*: "There has been such a procession of foreign shows to our shores in the years following the war that International has become rather a familiar art slogan, so that it does not occur to us at first jump to consider what an innovation this 'International,' founded by Andrew Carnegie was . . .



"Its object was to present a slice of contemporary art, both native and foreign, to America as one of the means of achieving greater understanding between nations and their peoples.

"In the eighties, and early nineties, too,

"Whether the directors of the Institute knew what the people of Pittsburgh wanted, or whether successive exhibitions formed the taste of beholders, is difficult to decide. The vexed question of which came first, the hen or the egg, will ever be with us.



BALLET DANCERS DRESSING

ZINAIDA SEREBRIAKOVA (*Russian*)

there was little to disturb and much to make direct appeal in official European art.

"The work of the Barbizon painters was still in vogue, the Salon furnished such men as Bouguereau, Gerome, Cabanel, while the *revoltés* seemed to be nothing more alarming than impressionists with the ingratiating work of Pissarro, Monet or Renoir, since Manet and other revolutionary painters, more difficult to appreciate, were not represented in academic exhibitions.

"The interesting thing is that through the years which spelled secession, revolt, and all the various movements classified as neo-impressionism, cubism, synchronism, dadaism (or literally, as you like it in plastic art), no faintest ripple disturbed the smooth flow of accepted academic output . . . .

"A rude jolt occurred in 1913 when the Armory Exhibition was assembled in New York and gave some idea to the transatlantic world what was going on across the sea.



MONKS

DANIEL VAZQUEZ DIAZ (*Spanish*)

Here they all were Fauves and Theorists, Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Gauguin, Van Gogh (to select a few names), blatantly announcing that something was going on in art that we did not know about or understand.

"It was a painful shock to most people. Many of them never recovered from it sufficiently to find out what it was all about, but retreated further into their stronghold of conventional and understandable æsthetics.

"But the astonishing feature was that after the first gasp from this icy cold splash, most people felt a decided stimulation and woke up to the fact that art was a living expression of life and would stay fixed no more in this moment of time than it had in centuries past. Modern art was studied and practiced.

It gained exponents here and in Europe.

"But this new phase of art did not seep into the Pittsburgh exhibitions. It is astonishingly absent, even now, in this quarter-of-a-century show.

"If the *raison d'être* of these large exhibitions is to furnish the people of Pittsburgh a pleasing diversion, agreeable rather than stimulating, and demanding no painful readjustment of artistic judgments, then there is no possible criticism of this finely arranged showing, assembled at such vast expenditure of time and money.

"But if it were supposed to present the beholder with a cross-section of contemporary art in Europe and America, it is far from its goal."





PORTRAIT OF A POLISH WOMAN

ISAAC GRÜNEWALD (*Swedish*)

# MAYA ARCHITECTURE

## A REVIEW OF SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS

By HERBERT J. SPINDEN

THE Mayas of Central America and Yucatan planned their cities grandly, with ceremonial centers and surprising cumulative effects. They responded in the first instance to the sky-scraper instinct, commonly regarded as typically American, by building temples on lofty pyramids and then erecting roof crests and other decorative walls on the tops of these temples. Professional architects have recently discovered that the terraced sky line of New York has this ancient American precedent of a stepped pyramid silhouette. Other portions of the general public have recently become aware that the Mayas must be classed among the great nations of the world on account of distinguished results attained in mathematics and astronomy no less than in graphic and plastic expressions of a high ideal of beauty. The rush to satisfy this growing curiosity about the Mayas is responsible for three recent books written from distinct points of view. Even the three taken together fail to cover in adequate fashion the history of Maya civilization or to give descriptions of the outstanding productions in ceremony, art and science.

Mr. George O. Totten in *Maya Architecture*<sup>1</sup> brings together a representative collection of photographs and architectural reconstructions designed especially for the use of professional architects. His folio volume has more than a hundred plates chosen to cover the historical and geographical range of Maya architecture. In a second book Mr. T. A. Willard, a successful manufacturer of the Middle West, plays Boswell opposite Mr. Edward H. Thompson's Dr. Johnson in *The City of the Sacred Well*.<sup>2</sup> This book is frankly described in sub-title as "a narrative of the discoveries and excavations of

Edward Herbert Thompson in the ancient city of Chi-ch'en Itza with some discourse on the culture and development of the Maya nation as revealed by their art and architecture." In part it is a panegyric of Mr. Thompson and in part a transcription of that gentleman's imaginative fireside talks. Finally there is Mr. Thomas Gann's latest journalistic venture entitled *Mystery Cities*,<sup>3</sup> mostly concerned with the exploration in a fourth class ruin of British Honduras called Lubaantun, but with a variety of other archaeological information brought into the narrative and with interludes devoted to insects, snakes and other archaeological handicaps and to the amusing sides of Negro and Indian life in the Central American forest.

It is perhaps natural with the explorations of the Carnegie Institution at Chichen Itza now under way that the art of this city should be especially emphasized when the Maya civilization is being discussed. But otherwise this emphasis is unfortunate since Chichen Itza is much more a Toltec city than a Maya one. It was conquered by the Toltec emperor Quetzalcoatl in 1191 A.D. and only a few of its many buildings antedate this event. The foreigners from the Mexican highlands introduced into Yucatan and especially into Chichen Itza a new and barbarous religion featuring human sacrifice. If human sacrifice was known to the Mayas before this time it certainly was not played up in art and ceremony. In sculptural art the Toltecs from Mexico introduced an entirely new symbolism, and in architecture new forms of buildings, impressive enough in the mass but defective in detail, were made under their direction. These are quite unworthy to rank with the truly Maya products. The buildings of Chichen Itza, being of more recent date and standing

<sup>1</sup>Washington, D. C.: The Maya Press, 1926. (\$25.00.)

<sup>2</sup>New York: The Century Company, 1926. (\$4.00.)

<sup>3</sup>New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925. (\$5.00.)





DETAIL, PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR, UXMAL



in a somewhat drier situation have the advantage over early Maya buildings of more complete preservation, especially as regards frescos and other painted surfaces.

Mr. Totten gives a useful résumé of Maya



STRUCTURE ORNAMENTED WITH MASK PANEL ABOVE DOORWAY, KABAH

history and arranges his plates in a general attempt at historical succession for the monuments which he pictures and describes. It happens that Maya history, while defective in the names of rulers and even of cities, is well enough off in the matter of dates. During the First Empire, which came to an end

shortly after 600 A.D., nearly all important sculptures and buildings were inscribed with dates which now can be set over into the chronological system of the Christian era and the Gregorian calendar. It is therefore

possible to study artistic successions in much sharper time relations than can be obtained in the classical field of Greece. While the zero of Maya history is Aug. 6, 613 B.C., when their day count began to function, the first sculptured object with a contemporary date is a curious figurine of jadeite dated May 16, 98 B.C. The first dated stela at a Maya city is at Uaxactun, the dedication having been effected on June 10, 68 A.D. The First Empire is generally divided into an early, middle, and late period. During the early period the sculpture has many archaic features and is often crudely executed. Improvement is rapid, however, and during the middle period which extended from 373 A.D. to 472 A.D. some very beautiful works were carved. The most splendid structures of many cities date from the third division or the great period, including lofty monolithic sculptures, large elaborately decorated altars, and temples on artificial acropoleis and around plazas. A distinct tendency toward flamboyancy as regards the treatment of the typically reptilian art motives is felt at this time

but improvement in the carving of the human figure is not affected by this tendency.

For this First Empire Mr. Totten shows buildings and monuments of Copan in western Honduras, of Tikal on the northern plains of Peten in Guatemala, and of Yaxchilan, Piedras Negras and Palenque in the



Usamacinta river valley. Unfortunately no reconstructions of the great façade sculptures in high relief which once adorned the temples of Copan, were available for publication. He does give a restoration of one of the monumental figures in the Hieroglyphic Stairway, properly enough called a "King in all his Glory." The temple reliefs at Copan

processes are disclosed by the remains. The walls with niches built to hold stucco figures in high relief were fitted with sockets at intervals. Into these sockets the armatures of the stucco decorations were fitted by artists after the completion of the buildings and the stucco figures built up over the armatures.

On the whole the most imposing buildings



SOUTHEASTERN CORNER OF EASTERN WING, NUNNERY, CHICHEN ITZA

have fallen and the restoration of the blocks has become a difficult picture puzzle. One thing is clear enough, namely that the carving was done after great masses of stone had been built into the rubble wall by tenions.

At Yaxchilan several temples are in a fair state of repair but on these, except for the beautifully carved lintel stones, most of the decoration was in stucco. Here again the

of the First Empire of the Mayas are the temples of Tikal and Palenque. The first are extremely massive and reach lofty heights, especially since their pyramidal substructures rise from artificial platforms. While a curator at the American Museum of Natural History the writer of this review had charge of several reconstructions of Maya temples, which Mr. Totten publishes

in his folio, including one at Tikal, one at Palenque and a third at Chichen Itza. The numerous problems which can come up when such a reconstruction is underway might not be expected from a quick survey of photographs and plans. I became convinced at this time that the acme of Maya construction was reached in the temples of Palenque, in which the vaults obtained almost their maximum width, the walls became light yet safe, the roof-crest most carefully adjusted to its supports, the sanctuary most perfectly and logically formed and the decoration in stucco and carved stone most pleasing and impressive.

Totten passes from the cities of the First Empire to Chichen Itza and devotes 31 plates to this city, covering its most conspicuous buildings and giving details of frescos and colored sculptures.

He leaves out of consideration nearly all the buildings of the Transitional Period, which were built after the cities of the First Empire had been abandoned and are mostly located in the central portion of the Yucatan peninsula. He cannot be greatly blamed for this omission since there is a paucity of published materials on the ruins of this time. Nevertheless a number of most interesting developments took place in architecture in these little known cities. A characteristic type of building had a long series of double chambers backed against a central wall and to which terminal towers of rich and pleasing design were added. In connection with these towers there were stairways which became merely decorative, being reduced to panels of horizontal bars in a practically vertical position. Another detail which came into use at this time was the triumphal arch or gateway sometimes placed across the top of the stairway leading to a sanctuary and at other times seemingly intended for the entrance to a ceremonial enclosure. Totten reproduces the portal vault of Labna, a late example of this type of construction. The palace groups rising in several stories seem to have had their start in the Transitional Period, as did the architectural formalization

of the so-called mask panels in front and profile view for decorative purposes.

Uxmal, with much finer buildings than Chichen Itza, comes in for full treatment but one might desire more examples from Kabah, Labna and numerous other sites in northern Yucatan. Comparative material on the highlands of Mexico includes views of Mitla and Xochicalco. The ruins of San Juan Teotihuacan near Mexico City which have recently been explored by the Mexican government should be examined in connection with the Toltec buildings at Chichen Itza. This was the original capital of Quetzalcoatl and it was here that he began to build a splendid temple in cut stone with plumed serpents, sea shells, etc., wrought into a marvelous decoration of its stairway and terraced foundation. This building was never finished by the Toltecs but was buried under a spite pyramid of austere fundamentalist style by the leaders of the human sacrifice type of Toltec religion.

While Mr. Totten's colored plates serve to bring out the details of design they hardly give the subtlety and beauty of Maya pigments. Red in various strong shades tending towards vermilion was much used on string courses and background walls. A very beautiful turquoise blue was the "sacred color" of ceremonial offerings and was also used in architecture. Feathers were painted a deep rich green. Various shades of yellow and brown were generally restricted to smaller details, and a sparing use was made of black and white. Sculptures, both architectural and monumental, were surfaced with plaster and painted in exactly the same manner as a frescoed wall except that the relief formed natural boundaries for the mosaic of color. In the case of frescos the designs were outlined in red and then the enclosed spaces were given their proper colors and the background was filled in, generally, in thinner washes.

Mr. Willard puts whole chapters in his book on Chichen Itza under quotation marks, perhaps as a partial disclaimer of the incurable romanticism of the subject mat-



ter. But Mr. Thompson, his source of inspiration, might also wish to make disclaimers, especially when such a common word as Tutul Xiu is consistently misspelled. Interestingly written in spite of overcoloring and errors in fact, nevertheless the most valuable part of the book are the photographs and drawings made by Mr. Willard himself

These activities are not recent; they belong back in the days when Diaz was president of Mexico and Leopoldo Batres held the destinies of Mexican archæology in the hollow of his hand. Fortunately matters are now entirely different and archæological study in Mexico is proceeding under enlightened control. Patrons of science, now dead, sup-



DETAIL, WESTERN FACADE, EAST RANGE OF NUNNERY QUADRANGLE, UXMAL

during several visits to Chichen Itza. A considerable number of the specimens illustrated are new to students and their whereabouts is unknown. They do not form part of the collections which ultimately found their way into American museums and there is no indication where they now exist.

It would have prevented misunderstanding if Mr. Thompson's activities in Yucatan had been more clearly defined by his biographer.

ported Mr. Thompson's work without thought of gain. Several collections formed by him passed by direct gift to the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, from these original supporters of Mr. Thompson's researches.

Exception from a scientific point of view must be made to such reconstructions of history as appear in the account of the pilgrimage to the sacred well and the attack of the





THE PORTAL, LABNA

Cocom's on the Tutul Xius. This reconstruction is not justified in anything like the form given by Mr. Willard. As for the fragments of folklore, they have been so honeyed over with sticky sentimentalism as to be quite unpalatable. Similarly the sacrificial victims at Chichen Itza are always described as "beautiful virgins" whereas the skeletal remains are those of girls and boys in almost equal proportion and not a few old men.

The ruin to which the name Lubaantun has recently been given by Dr. Thomas Gann is situated in the southern part of British Honduras on the Columbia branch of Great River. It was discovered about fifty years ago by members of the Toledo settlement of anti-reconstructionists who migrated from our southern states at the end of the Civil War. In response to several letters, filed in

the office of the Colonial Secretary of British Honduras, it was examined by Dr. Gann in 1903 and reported on in minute paper 1069, dated April 23, 1903. In 1914 the site was visited by Mr. R. H. Merwin and the only sculptures found in it—three small altars—were removed. These are now in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. Two years ago it was "rediscovered" by Dr. Gann and the Lady Richmond Brown and Mitchell Hedges Expedition. As a ruin it hardly deserves such disingenuous attention.

"These ruins," says Dr. Gann in his earlier description of 1903, "though at first sight not so imposing in appearance as the great palaces of Palenque, Mitla, Chichen Itza, etc. . . . yet grow upon one gradually and by degrees from their vastness, combined with an utter lack of minor ornamentation



of any kind. There is no sculpture, no bas-relief in stone, no painted stucco, no monolith, nothing in fact to catch the eye and divert it from the unrelieved, unadorned vastness and plainness of the huge stone-faced pyramids of which the ruins consist."

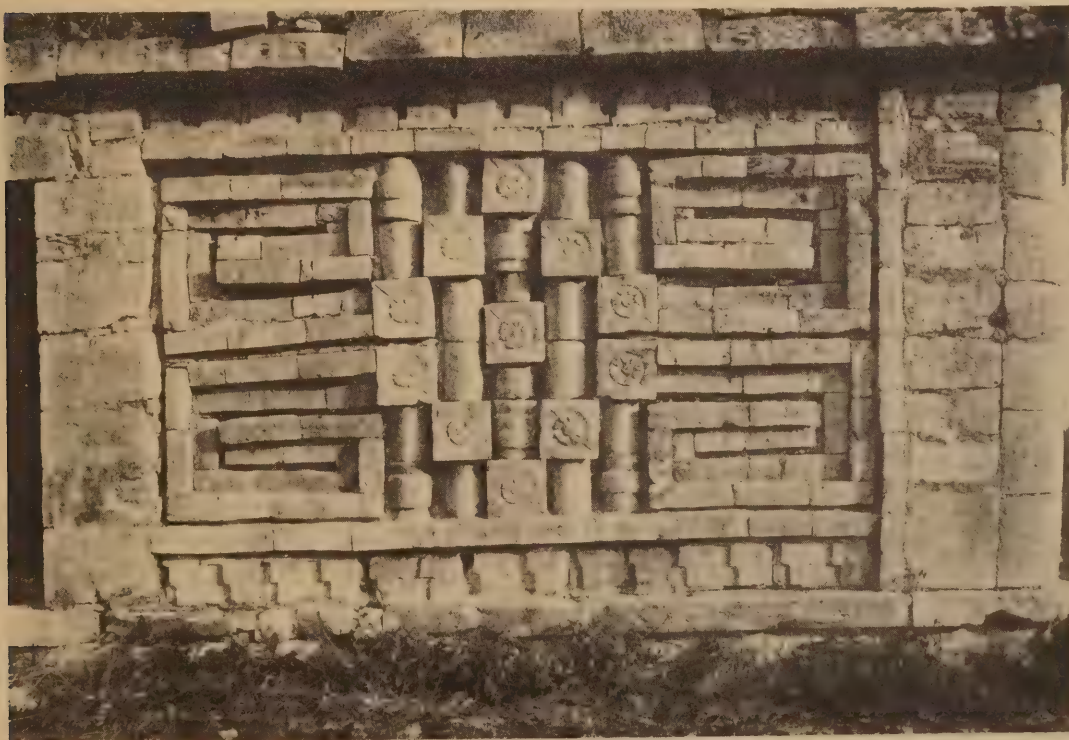
In his recent book these ruins have grown on him so much that the citadel is described as "one immense building, the largest single structure on the American continent, presenting the extraordinary combination of fortress, theatre and religious center." Surely there is no occasion to go to such extremes of enthusiasm for Lubaantun when there are the great ceremonial centers of Tikal and Copan.

Lubaantun has coarse but massive masonry forming a great mound, the core of which is probably a natural hill between two streams. No buildings are standing on the levelled and terraced top and it has not been possible

even to restore the ground plan of rooms, let alone to give the elevations of buildings.

Lubaantun is disclosed to be a late First Empire city by the fact that its three altars are crude copies of the rather fine Altar 2 of Cancun in the Rio de Passion which bears the date September 24, 545 A.D. A few clay figurines and other pottery objects were found here. Perhaps the most interesting feature relates to the finding of bricks, or burned slabs of clay, in the foundation mounds of this site. Nothing is said of these bricks in the work before us. Lubaantun is thus robbed of the distinction which it shares with Comalcalco of having used burned bricks as a material in the construction of buildings.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The illustrations accompanying this article are from "Maya Architecture," by George Oakley Totten, and are used by courtesy of the author and the publishers.*



DETAIL OF UPPER STORY, NUNNERY, CHICHEN ITZA



MAISONS DE FALAISES (1895)

OTHON FRIESZ

## OTHON FRIESZ

By LOUISE GEBHARD CANN

FEW men have been more logical in their artistic development than Emile-Othon Friesz. Born at Havre in 1879, he entered as a mere youth the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* of that city. His master, Charles Lulhier, was one of those obscure conscientious painters frequent in France, who mark, as it were, its very high level of culture in art and who possess an inherent aptitude for transmitting its laws. He had received instruction from Corot; Poussin and Chardin were exalted by him; he admired his friend, Jongkind, fervently. He held young Friesz to a rigorous study of the antique, the daily drawing of which he called, "saying your prayers". The boy "said his prayers" faithfully, for he began to understand the aim of the old man, a canvas of whom he will show you today with pride, because to him it represents that *measure* and *good sense* he believes to be distinctive of the French. He attributes to

these the impulse that led him finally from the fever of *fauvism* to the pure source of tradition.

He spent Sundays and vacations sketching throughout Normandy and Brittany. A small painting, *Maisons de Falaises*, done in 1895 when he was sixteen, shows in its close values and visual purity undisturbed by preoccupations other than those of the eye, the already nascent temperament of the painter.

In 1899, his uncle, M. Georges Perrot, a member of the *Institute* and an archæologist of note, placed him in the *Beaux Arts* of Paris. Here he was confused by not finding those "fundamental verities" that Lulhier had taught him to look for; and when his master, Léon Bonnat, reprimanded him for his "*vice de personnalité*," advising him to follow the example of a fellow student, the lifelessness and the factitious skill of whose academy made him ask: "Is that art?" he



fled to the Louvre where he had been passing his leisure copying Veronese, Delacroix, Carpaccio, Bellini. In the meantime, he had discovered the Rue Lafitte and the exhibits at Durand-Ruel's of Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro—the *living*, who went to the open air for inspiration. Were they right in their contentions against the official? The question that had tormented him seemed now to be answered by M. Bonnat himself with the aid of the old masters. He did not return to the Rue Bonaparte.

It was about this time that his uncle sent him to visit M. Bouguereau at 75, Rue Notre-Dame - des - Champs. He presented himself to find the celebrated exponent of the figure with his hat on. "What did you come here for?" he demanded brusquely. Friesz couldn't for the life of him remember what his uncle had told him to say, so, red with embarrassment, he stammered, "Well, just to see you . . . ." "Just to see me! I have no time just to see people. If you've come for any reason, hurry and tell me what it is and be done with it, for I'm busy." By this time, the young provincial was hastily backing out of the door—the same door through which a few years later he was to pass as proprietor, and where we find him today.

Bouguereau did not suspect that he was shutting the door on his successor.

The following years (1902 and 1903) were spent sketching mainly in Normandy and in La Creuse, under the influence of the ideas of Monet. The impulse towards nature involved his entire being. It was a passionate necessity to identify himself with her, to penetrate her secrets, and thereby to establish his consciousness. He discovered life

and the joy of expressing it. He went where it swarmed in village markets, horse-fairs, along the quays of seaports. But though he attempted to note fugitive atmospheric effects, as in *La Foire de Guibray*, the tendency to structure is evident. In the *Honfleur*



THE NEGRESS

Courtesy of the Ehrich Gallery

OTHON FRIESZ

(1904) we have a reminder of the early *Maisons de Falaises*, in the houses seen across an open square against rising ground. Certain elements, such as the broad rhythm of the line of the hills echoing the line of the clouds, the contrast and distribution of surfaces, the animating of the planes by the use of uprights—a feature manifesting a very personal sentiment of shape in him—intimate a balance and an order, a compositional type,

that during the last five years has become the means of a richly expressive statement of landscape, chiefly of the *Midi*, where he spends part of each winter.

We find him next in Paris, with the *Indépendants*, under the spell of Cézanne and reacting against impressionism. He is equipped with a technique of pure colors, a theory of contrasts. He draws and composes in color and gives the equivalent of sunlight in color-orchestration. The wharves of Antwerp docked with cruisers and yachts gay with the flags of all nations furnish him typical themes. For several years (1905 to 1908), he shares with his comrades Matisse and Derain the honor of leading the *Fauves* and of posing for the cameras of American reporters aiming at headlines in *Collier's Weekly*, but somewhat nonplussed by the reserve and intellectual discourse of these "wild" men of the "jungles" of Montparnasse, whose battles were concerned with the prime necessity, to use Friesz' phrase, of "escaping from the mediocrity of the direct emotion." According to them, impressionistic painting was limited strictly to the imitation of light. In reaction, Friesz began to work out his own theory of light, which has become the basis of his teaching and practice and has been fortified to a certain extent by his observation of foreign artists in Paris. Light is not a beam, which in itself is a violent deformation of the plane of the canvas; it is not scattered rays or spots nor is it the envelope of milky or iridescent vapor that with Monet has tended to replace the object. It is identical with the latter; therefore, the more ample the form the more luminous the painting and since light creates color, color is not thought of as an end but as subsidiary to the unifying principle, which is light.

He believes this to be the especial character of French plastic vision, of which the *Odalisque* of Ingres is a supreme example—this pervasive and harmonious clarity that recreates nature in accordance with a demand for order and precision. He considers that the contemporary German, Slav, Japanese, or American has a native tendency away from

plastic organization, shown, when he paints instinctively, by his treatment of light as a concentrated element that disintegrates his form. The Frenchman has an orientation, an aptitude, due to his tradition, and by which he himself brings new life to it and passes it on evolved to the future. He will show you his *Maisons de Falaises*, which is recognizably French (he uses the term Latin, but restricted to the inhabitants of France). The quality is not easily definable in words, but the eye detects it, and we think of a type of refined sensibility and formal candor such as we find in Corot, Ingres, or Clouet, or in so instinctive a painter as "Douanier" Rousseau. Friesz in the intensity of his desire to be what he terms "Latin," maintains that he prefers any portrait of Clouet to any work whatsoever of El Greco, and he denies in himself foreign influence, even that of the Flemish. His *Maisons de Falaises*, in which he finds an untainted visual expression such as he thinks he has never since equalled, assures him that race confers something on us, for he cannot remember having seen a Corot at that time, or having been aware of him. Whatever is disputable and vague in the questions thus raised, they have given this artist convictions that have directed his course along a straight main track and saved him from the eclecticism of a Derain, a Bourdelle, a Waroquier, and many others whose fascinating divagations show that we moderns inherit the earth with its ages, but also emphasize man's feeble powers of assimilation. Though Friesz' remote Scandinavian ancestors seem to account for a certain Gothic strain in his work, a rugged touch of chaos that breaks now and again the pure Latin mould, he has disciplined himself as have few contemporary painters, and it is this individual strength that makes him so significant in the modern movement.

When he discovered, about 1906 or 1907, that unlike Matisse, color was not to be the emotional release of his temperament, he attempted to combine the violent motions of the acrobats of the Circus with solidity, accentuating both by arabesque. These experi-





PORTRAIT OF M. PAQUEREAU (1924)  
*Pedron Collection, Havre*

OTHON FRIESZ



STILL-LIFE

OTHON FRIESZ

ments led him to the Cassis series (1908 to 1911), with the discovery that the landscape of that region was "Poussin made over by nature." It was at the same period that André Lhote found out Signorelli; and we find the men who had detached themselves from the academic, seeking assurance in the past. As Friesz observed: "We think we originate; we merely vivify. Tradition," he said, "has nothing to do with corporative routine, a given number of skilful methods belonging to some school in vogue, some official instruction. It is a logical economy by the use of materials strictly necessary to the fullest expression of an art; that is to say, the use of that which is original, invariable, concrete. The picture is to be the tradi-

tion of painting what Adam is to the tradition of man. In so understanding tradition its point of departure becomes absolute, its end recognizable, all the manifestations of the painter become essentially the research of this end."

*Travail à l'Automne*, (*Indépendants*, 1908) remains one of his most important works, both in itself and in relation to the development of his ideas. It combines linear harmony with equilibrium of the masses in a stylized and vigorous composition that results in a complete pictorial statement, as distinguished from a "slice of life," or an "impression." It is this accomplishment of the picture, not its personal expression or individual technical handling, that places him within the same tradition as the Poussin of his admiration. Unfortunately for his feelings, however, it also relates him to Courbet, whom he detests.

His struggle for form produced *L'Eau, Cassis, L' Eté, Le Navire dans la Calanque, Le Pecheur*, paintings whose influence on the modern movement is incalculable. Their central compactness is often

complicated by violent rhythms. They are marked by intellect and effort, but out of them came the Portugal set (1911 to 1912) where we have a close relation of densities, a modelling of the entire canvas in unities that bind together figure and landscape in compositions of great sensual beauty. Few contemporary painters have more powerfully expressed in concise order the teeming of earth, the ardor of vintages. In the *Women of Guarda at the Fountain, Coïmbra, El Mondego*, his passion for line is controlled by a choice of forms in themselves plastic. The full-bosomed, full-hipped women of the South carry bellied water-jars through gate-ways flanked by square pillars, against which rest enormous



vases of earthenware. The deep southern verdures are cool beyond the sunburnt folk and their pottery. We have the resplendent matter of a luminist, playing from black to rose that has burnt to grey, and animating the surfaces with tactile sensations of delightful variety. The hand is now supple with practice and alert to respond to vision and impulse, so that from 1912 to 1926, in spite of the War and trench service, we have an important and fully mature work, in which the figure and the portrait occupy a considerable place.

A severely beautiful painting of his wife (1914), the sculptural head reminding us of Despiau's fine version of the same sitter, is related in the intimacy of its interpretation to a recent work in which the full splendor

of his palette is used to realize a yellow and crimson Spanish shawl worn over a green dress. The pale terracotta of the flesh harmonizes with a background the color of which is found only in the earthenware he so subtly transcribes. Against its grey-violet-rose, cooled here and there by green, are the dramatic blacks of the hair and the eyes. We see in this attractive piece the deep tenderness of a vigorous nature that so sensitively re-creates the delicate tactility of faience and pottery, the plump brilliance of fruit, leaves and petals in their freshness and perfume. When we stand before the powerful *Mulattresse* (Tuileries, 1924), now in the Birch-Bartlett collection of Chicago, the earth-red body cut as it were directly from clay, the planes emphasized, the volumes opposed and



BATHERS (1924)

OTHON FRIESZ



PORTRAIT OF M. PAQUEREAU

OTHON FRIESZ

affirmed with a will that is almost violent, the whole acid and leaden with an ugliness as profound as beauty, we think of Friesz the fighter, the man who affirms himself and stands well-planted on his own two feet, his keen northern eyes untroubled by dreams; we fail to remember the delicacy, the voluptuous though reserved desire in many of his canvases, in which he has forgotten Cézanne and attains almost the precious.

One should like to discuss a series of works that are little known to the public: a *Damnation*, done during the War, at once humorous and tragic; decorations, among which are theatre sets; other portraits, such as the remarkable head of Paquereau the decorator, the large painting of whom won a prize at Pittsburgh in 1924; but the inexhaustible ac-

tivity of M. Friesz would lead us far afield. The nude of the *Salon d'Automne* (1924) was acclaimed by Paris critics and artists alike. The equilibrium of the figure, the basin of the torso leading down the wide thighs to the knees and balanced by the mass of the thorax and the shoulders, the emphatic drawing of the feet and the poise of the head, constitute a design in which he has used the utmost economy of means to realize a vital and plastic form. In the sobriety of its color it is like some vase mellow with time on which the light falls evenly. The antithesis of impressionism and of Bouguereau, with no concession either to the "direct emotion" or to ideal grace, this austere painting tells us whither the revolt of twenty years ago has brought the leaders of today.



# MECHANICS OF FORM ORGANIZATION IN PAINTING

By THOMAS H. BENTON

EDITORIAL NOTE: *As this essay enters a comparatively new field in which there is much to be discovered, the author would be very glad to receive suggestions or criticisms from readers.*

## PART I.

**I**N an interpretation of the mechanics of art-form such as the one here presented, much is necessarily disregarded which is æsthetically of profound importance. The effort to strip plastic form to its barest essentials is accompanied by the loss of many values which are actually responsible for richness, individuality and meaning. There is a de-personalization involved which will possibly be offensive to many followers of art. Just as a lover would object to seeing the mistress of his affections stripped to bare bones and grinning skull, so will many lovers of art object to the casting aside of the very elements which occasion their interest. Grace of surface, the intricate and subtle variations of presentative means, including tone, color, shifting contours, light and shade, etc., besides the element of human significance, with its sensitive adjustments of means to intention, are disregarded entirely in the following pages. This is a presentation of the fundamental mechanical factors which underlie what we generally respond to as æsthetic values.

A good part, very likely most of the material presented, is intuitively if not reflectively known to all intelligent practitioners of art. To these of course there will be nothing new except the method of presentation. Those who have criticisms of the method and can make them diagrammatically clear should in the interests of art education endeavor to do so. This is a preliminary effort to develop a system of teaching composition and comparative analysis of structure, and the writer does not pretend to have completely solved the problem.

The simply agreeable arrangement of masses of dark and light such as a good photographer can select in nature and which has been taken over into the illustrative drawing and painting of the popular magazines and art academies, is not considered here as a compositional factor. Of itself it is merely imitative, a reproduction or near-reproduction of a selected appearance. Dark and light areas do function in a compositional way, but that way

is to accentuate or lessen the importance of certain movements and counter movements of line, shape and volume rather than to reproduce natural aspects which have been found engaging. The Japanese print-makers exemplify one functional use of dark and light spotting, the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt another. The first is compositionally flat while that of Rembrandt accentuates an order of forms in deep space. The compositional structure of the first is two-dimensional, that of the second three-dimensional.

Composition may be divided into two main types, one of which is an order of forms over a surface and the other an order of forms in depth. There is no justification for saying that one is æsthetically more important than the other, in spite of the fact that most Renaissance and Post-Renaissance interest in painting is concentrated on the latter.

The Frieze of the Parthenon is a two-dimensional rhythmic conception (this in spite of the relief of the individual forms) and it would be absurd to relegate it to a second class. The same is true of most of the work of Uccello, of Botticelli, of all Byzantine mosaic pictures and of Greek and Alexandrian Greek wall, vase and panel painting. It is also true of the work of Degas, Van Gogh, Whistler, Manet, Gauguin, Matisse and Prendergast and of most Oriental painting. If considerable emphasis is laid in this paper upon the problems of deep space painting it is simply because such painting involves a complicated compound order which is difficult to analyze.

It must be recognized that styles and form types merge into one another and that some of the abrupt divisions given later are more convenient than absolutely true. And also that some painters lean at times toward one type and at times toward another and often, as in the cases of Cimabue and Giotto, absorb several rhythmic types in one work as well as static architectural elements which do not function rhythmically at all.

The realities of art-form are infinitely varied and complex and to reduce to diagrams all the mechanical functions is beyond an article of this length, beyond perhaps many volumes. It is toward an analysis of the main structural functions that our effort will be directed.

The first factor in form construction is equilib-

rium. The parts must needs be held in a state of balance. Now in painting the stable, architectural, immovable element is the bounding line or frame of the canvas. From this, which is recognized as static, all lines take their character as either dynamic or static elements. All lines on the canvas which are exactly horizontal or vertical, running parallel to the sides of the frame, are static lines. Being exactly similar to recognized static elements they are themselves so (Fig. 1). Lines which are not parallel to the sides of the canvas are dynamic lines (Fig. 2). These lines have a tendency to fall, to "tip over," unless they are met by opposing lines (Fig. 3). But the opposing lines of Fig. 3 being the exact opposite of the first lines form a triangle just as stable architecturally as the bounding lines of the canvas. This opposition then nullifies the dynamic quality of the original "tipping" lines. And this is true of all such symmetrical opposition. In Fig. 4 the original lines are opposed by lines which do not destroy their dynamism but which are effective in keeping them in equilibrium. In Fig. 5 the static and dynamic elements are seen in conjunction. It will be noticed that the dynamic or "tipping lines" draw the attention at the expense of the static. They are the "moving" factors in the scene.

In Fig. 6 are two dynamic lines balanced on a vertical pole running from the top to the bottom of the rectangle. Their opposed movements of the same weight hold the pole in equilibrium. In Fig. 7 further weights are added to the opposing elements. Were one added without the other the side to which it was added would be over-balanced. In Fig. 8 the large weight to the right is balanced by two smaller weights to the left. In this a new factor enters into the equilibrating process—that of variety—which in an elaborated form becomes an important compositional determinant. Equilibrated shapes, two against one, are shown in Fig. 9.

The second factor entering into form construction is sequence, connection. Attention should be led from one element to another. This is exemplified in Fig. 10 where one is led on a zigzag path up or down the central pole. There is an inevitable tendency to ascend or descend the pole along the opposed directions of the dynamic lines. This is the "path of least resistance." On following an isolated segment of a circle the natural tendency is to complete the circle in imagination. If, however, there is an opposed segment (Fig. 11) the eye follows the line of opposition until it is itself opposed, and so on.

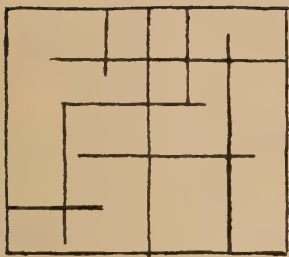
The third factor entering into form construction is rhythm. Rhythm as here used is *the repetition in a dynamic sequence, at alternating intervals, of similar factors*. There is, of course, a "tick-tock" rhythm in static elements repeated over and over, but that rhythm is a projection from our inner selves and does not exist in the structure of the object. An example of this is a tendency, often experienced, to construct a rhythmical pattern from the monotonous ticking of a clock. Into utter sameness difference is projected.

Fig. 12 shows two rhythmical sequences arranged on a vertical pole. The eye is forced on mounting or descending the pole along the curved lines to make four movements, one and two, three and four, the first movement of the second set reviving a memory of the first movement of the first set. All plastic rhythm is based on the principle of variety in conformity here exemplified. Were the opposing movements exactly similar, though reversed, there would be no movement and consequently no objective rhythm (Fig. 13).

This does not mean that a static arrangement may not be interesting. A symmetrical pattern may be highly satisfactory though it is not dynamic. Dynamic balance is asymmetrical. Equilibrium is held by a series of shifts and counter-shifts which approach but never reach a perfect oppositional alignment of proportions.

Observation discloses that a large amount of primitive sculpture of high æsthetic value, both in low and complete relief, is symmetrical in its general structure. These static forms, often presenting exceedingly novel proportions, have a grim, unchanging, eternal aspect. It will be noticed by the student, however, that the single forms, the different units, of these primitive works are rarely static in the completely relieved sculpture. A form opposed by another form which in a general way is simply a reversal of the first form's character will be found itself to be made up of a number of asymmetrical but equilibrated masses, expressed by firmly cut planes of an essentially dynamic nature. A movement around the sculpture and away from its direct front or back consequently presents to the eye dynamic rhythmical structures varying absolutely from the symmetrical front or back. This primitive sculpture then is at once both static and dynamic. In the bas-relief and likewise in painting such a double set of values emerging from one form is impossible. Symmetrical oppositions may and do enter into the dynamic sequences of bas-relief and into those of painting, but once there, no shift of position on the observer's part can





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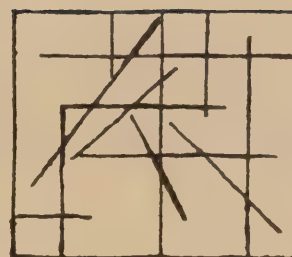
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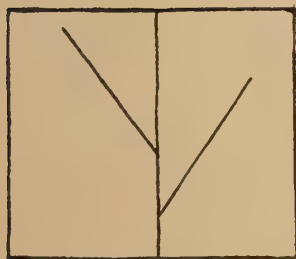
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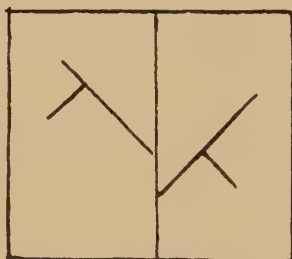
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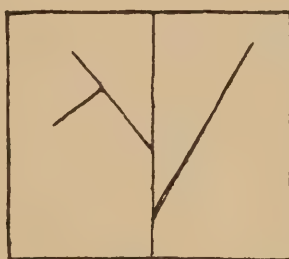
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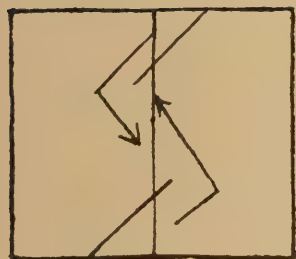
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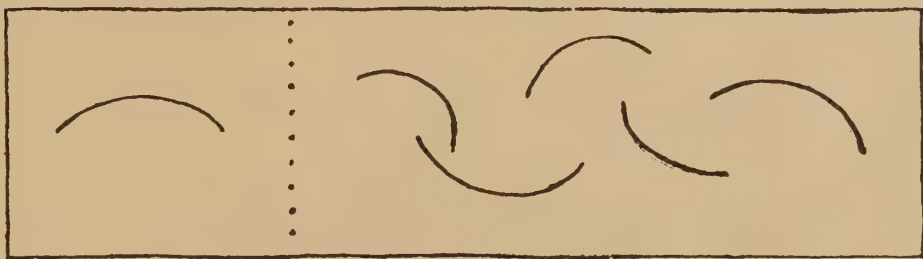
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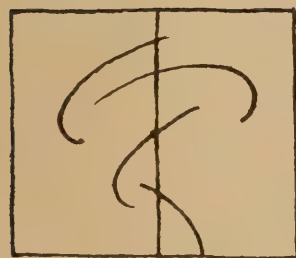
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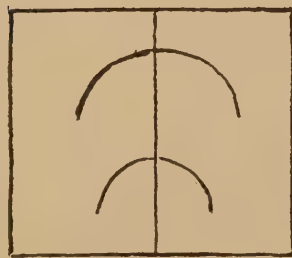
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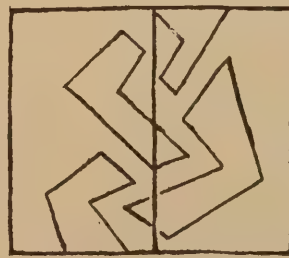
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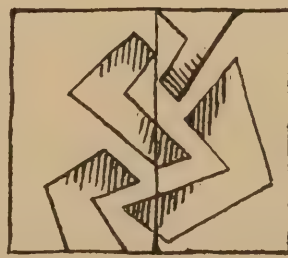
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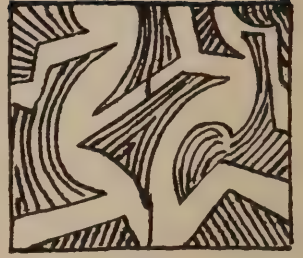
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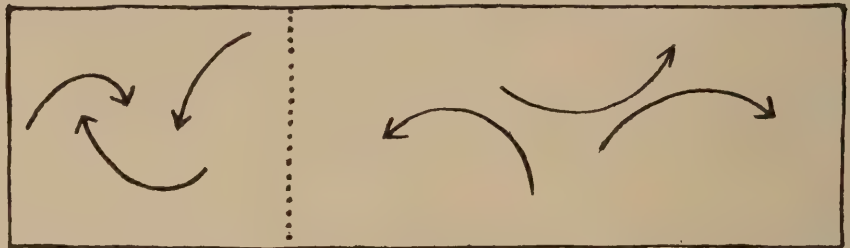
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change their character. They remain static elements in a moving world. Their technical function is to accentuate the movement of dynamic elements on the one hand and to provide a stabilizing, quieting factor on the other. The field of our experience is made up of moving things contrasted with things apparently immobile. The entrance of static elements into art forms may be said in a way to reflect an inevitable condition of experience.

On Fig. 14 is shown a rhythmical order of masses. When masses take the place of lines another element enters into the question of relationship. That element is the relation of the edges of the masses. In order to hold the rhythmical flow of line and to keep the attention on the main oppositional directions, these edges should interlock (Fig. 15). The shaded parts of Fig. 15 illustrate the interlocking, the "fitting in." This is the most primitive and at all times the most widely used means of establishing connections between shapes. In practice, of course, it never has the dead precision of the diagram and is nearly always used in conjunction with the process of superposition described later.

In Figures 16 and 17 are shown equilibrated and sequentially ordered interlocking masses whose edges are straight. In Figures 18 and 19 both straight and curved edges are used. The variety obtainable by such combinations is infinite, especially when the shapes are individualized, elaborated, abstracted from nature rather than geometry, and when the mechanical character of the interlocking is overlaid with meaning, color, tone and all the contiguous values of complete expression.

Attention must be drawn here to a form of rhythmical sequence which has been neglected. It will be noticed that the curves nearest the vertical pole in Fig. 19 bear a relation to one another which has not yet been touched upon (Fig. 20). This is a case of centrifugal opposition; the curves and angles heretofore dealt with have been centripetally opposed. Fig. 21 amplifies the point of difference between the two. In the first diagram the

eye follows the grooves made by the enclosing character of the oppositions, in the second it "bounces off" the opposed surfaces. One works into the center, the other away from it. It will be found later, when we come to the application of the whole principle, that both these rhythmical types may and nearly always do function simultaneously.

So far the arrangement of compositional factors has presented movements which tend, on the whole, to move the eye in up-and-down directions. Lateral extensions have been turned back on the central pole. This brings us face to face with a fact not readily explainable, for which as a matter of fact neither psychology or optics apparently offers anything approaching a sound basis for explanation. There seems to be a need in following lateral extensions of rhythmic sequences for new and distinct readjustments of the eye's exploring activity every few intervals. It seems far more difficult to follow extended lateral rhythms than it is to follow rhythms vertically arranged. All rhythms of plastic art are of a compound nature, that is, they shift from side to side as well as up and down, and in three-dimensional structures from back to front as well. There is no difficulty in following such compound rhythms in an extended vertical progression but so great is the difficulty in adapting the eye and brain to their lateral extension that there has developed a practice (perhaps there was never any other) of orientating laterally extended rhythms about several poles.

Vision then encounters as it shifts sideways, distinct rhythmical sets which are joined on their fringes (Figures 22 and 23). Whatever the psychological or physiological explanation, this is a fact which anyone who has explored friezes and extremely long paintings can attest. Fig. 24, in which the straight lines of Fig. 23 are eliminated, makes the point obvious; the three rhythmical sets are clearly seen. Vertical extensions are also occasionally divided into different sets but these are all usually arranged on one pole of equilibration.

*(To be continued)*



TRAVELLING MUSICIANS (ETCHING)  
*Kennedy & Company*

REMBRANDT





DECORATED POTTERY PLATE  
*Montross Gallery*

HENRY VARNUM POOR

## NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE exhibition season is now in full swing, and judging by its first fruits it promises to be a busy and crowded one. All signs indicate that it will also be a propitious one for American artists, particularly for that somewhat indeterminate class known as the "younger" artists—"younger" in this case being understood as less a matter of age than of spirit. Even this early in the season several exhibitions featuring the work of the younger men have shown the amount of talent that is to be found among them and the greater maturity that marks their recent work.

It is not easy, in the confusion of differing styles and personalities included in these exhibitions, to pick out the main tendencies displayed by these younger artists, but there are one or two facts that are fairly evident. One is the higher level of technical ability. Evidently the days are gone when lack of skill was considered a virtue in itself; good painting is in style now. The recent work of the younger artists shows a greater respect for the possibilities of their medium, and more command over it, than ever before.

Another fairly evident fact is the tendency

toward more realism. The dogmas of those who would confine art to a strictly abstract plane obviously do not carry much weight with the younger artists. They have come to realize that the artist cannot continue indefinitely to evolve art from his own consciousness, and that the man who shuts out the world outside is cutting off his own source of inspiration. Their latest work shows more observation, a more receptive attitude toward nature. Also it stands more on its own feet. The near-Cézannes and near-Rousseaus are of course still with us, but they count for less than they used to, as the artists with more genuine personalities make themselves felt more and more. It is also fairly evident that the deliberately naïve and the self-consciously eccentric are losing their charm for the younger men. Outside of the big exhibitions like the Independents and the Salons of America, one sees fewer "stunt" pictures than one used to.

All of this may sound depressingly as if the younger artists were settling down and becoming middle-aged. Actually, however, it means that they are finding themselves and coming into the fuller use of their powers.



THE SHIPCHANDLER'S, COLD SPRING HARBOR  
(WATERCOLOR)

HARRY HERING  
*Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries*

The foregoing, of course, is not true of all of the younger artists. There are plenty of fashionable modernists who are riding in on the crest of the wave by imitating the superficial mannerisms of the leaders. But these are the tendencies which seem to be discernible in the most talented and most thoughtful of the younger men—those who are likely to count for most in the long run.

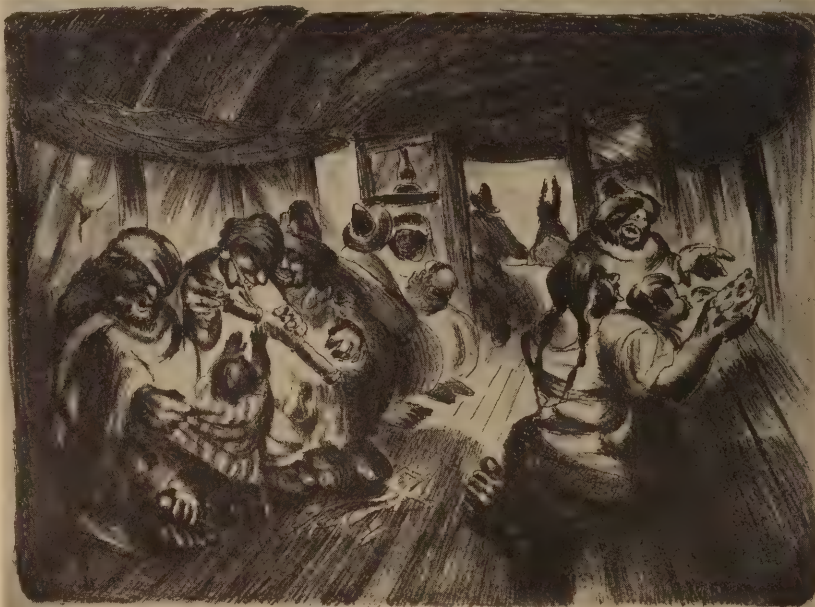
ONE of the first exhibitions of the season, at the gallery of F. Valentine Dudensing, had as its title the magic phrase, "Young American Art," and although all the exhibitors could not be described as "young," the group as a whole did give a fairly clear idea of the strength and promise of some of the younger painters.

A recent landscape by Schnakenberg was warmer, more living and spontaneous than any of his previous work, which in spite of its admirable solidity has always been a little labored. Alexander Brook's re-

cent still-life was a lively and vigorous piece of work, and although it did not hold together as well as it might, it contained some passages of beautiful painting. There was fine painting quality also in a recent still-life by Kuniyoshi. David Morrison's wood interior was sincere and genuinely felt, and Reginald Marsh's view of New York showed an independent viewpoint and a refreshing freedom from Cézannesque mannerisms.

There were several paintings in the exhibition which might not have been quite the same if Douanier Rousseau had never painted, and these somehow seemed to impart less of a sensation of growth than the others. Stefan Hirsch's large "Excavations," for instance, was

an effective performance but had too little of the breath of life to be convincing. The same was true of Emil Branchard's "Landscape," and to a certain extent of Arnold Friedman's "Landscape with Figures."



THE MULE CAR (LITHOGRAPH)  
*Art Institute of Chicago*

POP HART



At Daniel's was a group consisting for the most part of the painters with whose fortunes the gallery has been associated, some of them exhibitors of long standing, others distinctly of the "younger" class. Among the former, Preston Dickinson's two street scenes in Quebec stood out for their mature firmness; Charles Demuth contributed two brilliant watercolors, especially fine in color; and Niles Spencer's "Fisherman's Cove" was painted solidly and sincerely. Among the less familiar names was Peter Blume, whose work was noticed last year in the same gallery; he was represented this time by his remarkable "Maine Coast," in spite of its obvious desire to stir up the bourgeois was a brilliant piece of painting.

Two exhibitions of the month featured the work of the painters of Woodstock—one at the Macy Galleries, where hurrying throngs of shoppers stopped to gaze at the pictures, and the other in the quieter precincts of the Artist's Gallery on East Sixtieth Street. Both exhibitions were mostly of small landscapes, and many of the names were represented in both. The amount of talent in the Woodstock colony was shown by the work of Paul Rohland, Henry Mattson, Lucile Blanch, Arnold Wiltz, and others.

HARRY HERING's exhibition at the Rehn Gallery presented the work of one of the healthiest talents among the younger American painters. Mr. Hering's pictures have been seen before, the Whitney Studio Club having shown a roomful of them last year, but the recent exhibition marked his début as a one-man exhibitor.

The refreshing quality in Mr. Hering's work is its honesty. Obviously there are no theories, reservations and timidities between the artist and his subject. Everything is set down directly and freshly; when he paints a mean street full of puddles and lined with ramshackle stores, one can see that he has been more interested in the truth of the drawing and the closeness of the values—two



WOMAN IN BLUE

PABLO PICASSO

Collection of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, New York. Courtesy of Wildenstein & Company

things which are being increasingly neglected by the more fashionable of the modernists—than in any preconceived notions of how the picture should look. The result of this absorption in the subject is that he often captures to an extraordinary degree, without actually trying for it, the emotion of a landscape, of a street in a small town, or a group of farm buildings.

As a craftsman Mr. Hering is thoroughly capable. His watercolors are particularly well handled, cool and subtle in color and remarkably true in value, and yet with no display of dashing brushwork. Their attractiveness was enhanced by the way in which the exhibition was hung, with alternating oils and watercolors.



HEAD (ETCHING)  
*The New Art Circle*

GEORGES ROUAULT

HENRY VARNUM POOR's pottery is already well known to the public, and his showing this year at the Montross Gallery, as in previous years, afforded an opportunity to enjoy not only fine design and beautiful craftsmanship, but what is more rare in these days of period designing, a really personal quality. Mr. Poor does not have to go to the museums for his motives; he finds them in the familiar things of his everyday life; autumn leaves, ducks in a pond, a child's body. Moreover, he has never succumbed to the temptation, so strong in this type of work, to repeat himself. Each piece with him is a composition as distinct and individual as a painting, with its own design and its own color scheme.

DURING October the Art Institute of Chicago

held an exhibition in their print-room of prints, drawings and watercolors by "Pop" Hart, which was one of the most comprehensive collections of his work that has been assembled, giving an opportunity to see all sides of the work of this original artist.

A comparatively new figure in contemporary French painting is Mathieu Verdilhan, who was introduced to the American public by an exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries. M. Verdilhan paints mostly landscape, and his favorite subjects are the seaports of the south of France, with tugs and sailing ships crowded in the foreground, and docks and buildings in the background. He evidently enjoys painting, and his high spirits show in the dash of his handling, in the exuberant, bounding lines of his compositions, in his summary massing of forms, and in his bright, gay color. There is something attractive and droll, almost childish, in all this, but as a matter of fact Verdilhan is a very capable painter; his simplifications are those of an accomplished technician, not of an unsophisticate, and he handles color in an extremely clever if somewhat elementary fashion. For this very reason, however, his work in spite of its

attractiveness leaves one with a sense of dissatisfaction. It is so well done, within the limits of a kind of modernistic formula, that one wishes that he had carried it further and given it more subtlety and weight. One feels that an artist of such obvious talent should not be so easily satisfied.

THERE were few exhibitions of older art during the month, but at least one of them was of outstanding importance—the collection of etchings by Rembrandt at the galleries of Kennedy & Company, which brought together an exceptionally complete group of fine examples, from which we are reproducing the "Travelling Musicians." Among the famous prints which it was a pleasure to see again were the portrait of Clement de Jonche, "The Triumph of Mordecai", and a fine group of the great



landscapes, including the famous "Three Trees".

A most unusual group of prints by Georges Rouault were on view at the New Art Circle. The exact process by which they were made was something of a mystery, but the general effect was that of heavy wash drawings like those reproduced in our recent article on Rouault—in fact, some of the prints were of the same subjects. Their large size, the brutal directness of their technique, their broad black outlines and murky shadows, as well as the strange nightmare quality which Rouault knows so well how to impart, all combined to leave a powerful and haunting impression. Rouault's temperament is one of the most unusual in modern painting—a combination of mysticism with a gift for the grotesque that amounts almost to caricature.

Another artist who has certain affinities with Rouault is the Belgian James Ensor, a few of whose



STREET SCENE IN MARSEILLES  
*C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries*

MATHIEU VERDILHAN

etchings and lithographs were shown at J. B. Neumann's Printroom, 207 West Fifty-seventh Street. Ensor's nightmares, however, are not shrouded in romantic gloom like Rouault's but have a sort of



FIGURE  
*F. Valentine Dudensing Gallery*

GEORGE C. AULT



HAYING TIME  
*Macy Galleries*

ARNOLD WILTZ

terrifying, fantastic reality. His work is almost unknown in this country, and this exhibition, although small, gave some idea of his quality.

A new addition to New York's galleries is "Our Gallery", which is being opened by Mrs. Edith G. Halpert at 113 West Thirteenth Street. It will specialize particularly in smaller paintings and sculpture by American artists and in watercolors, drawings and prints, as well as in pottery and books. The first exhibition opens November 6th.

A somewhat similar project—"The Shop"—is being started by the Whitney Studio Club, which will devote a special room to the more inexpensive work—watercolors, drawings, and prints—of members of the club.

THE Metropolitan Museum placed on exhibition during the month some important recent

accessions in the department of Far-Eastern art, one of which, the Chinese bronze-gilt statue of Maitreya, we are reproducing as our frontispiece. Dated 486 A.D., in the Wei period, this work is one of the few surviving large bronze figures of the time when Buddhism was entering China from India and profoundly influencing Chinese art.

MEXICO was represented among the exhibitions of the month by a newcomer, Ruffino Tamayo, whose work was shown at the Weyhe Gallery. Although only twenty-six years old, he has already made a reputation for himself in his native country. A full-blooded Indian, Senor Tamayo has received little formal art education, and his work is decidedly

Indian in its elementary forms and the instinctive feeling for color that seems to be in the Mexican blood.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



SPRING LANDSCAPE  
*The Artist's Gallery*

LUCILE BLANCH



## BOOKS

THE EARLY ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. By KENNETH JOHN CONANT. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1926. (\$5.00).

SCHOLARSHIP and taste so rarely consort together that this book by Kenneth Conant deserves unqualified praise. In format it ranges with *Art Studies*, where some of the material was published last year, and the luxurious press-work suits well a sort of urbanity in the style. The illustrations, soft yet clear, are selected with great care, and supplemented by photographs of the author's own taking; the plans, sections and elevations are of a standard size, large enough to be intelligible. There are amateurs for whom all of an architect's drawings have an irresistible allurements, serving them to evoke, by the black lines on white paper, the massy masonry, the piled-up, intricate relationships of subordination and supremacy, and, with the long perspectives, the brooding vaults, all the subtleties of space-composition. It is greatly to be hoped that in his next book Mr. Conant will incorporate sketches of his own, following the precedent of the great Englishman Street, who always made his own illustrations, and some of them were drawings of Santiago. Only the pencil can properly present a building, for though the camera cannot see around a corner the artist can, and so, with his prompting, can the beholder.

The story is told very simply here of the little early church reared on the granite hillside, on the site of a Roman monument, above the bones supposed of the Apostle James, the son of Zebedee, the brother of the Lord. They were discovered in 813 by the bishop Theodomir,\* and Alfonso II in building the sanctuary fetched carved marbles from old ruins and adjusted them to a church of the type evolved in the Asturias, where his capital was situated. This church was damaged by the Moors at the end of the tenth century and outgrown by the pilgrimage in the eleventh, so in 1071 or thereabouts a new one was planned.

The architect was named Bernard and called, justly, the Marvellous. He knew the great sanctuaries of France, where an ambulatory turning

\*In the 16th century the relics were so securely hidden to save them from the threatened outrage of the "notorious English pirate Drake," that they were lost for three hundred years. I have heard it said in Spain that the "rediscovery," in the seventies of the last century, was so notorious a scandal that Rome refused to take cognizance. But the Pilgrimage goes on, and the devotion. Wherever men have worshipped, that place is sacred.

## Montross Gallery

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around an apse, with radiant chapels of its own, gave free room for the movement of pilgrims and open space for them to see and approach the shrine. Perhaps Santiago was the earliest building of the perfected type. Others were S. Martin of Tours, S. Martial of Limoges, S. Sernin of Toulouse. Mr. Conant does not believe that S. Faith of Conques, as we have it now, was the earliest, nor does he think that the style was first formed in Auvergne, as many hold. But he says that in the West of France may be found, with the long vistas and the ambulatories, the lofty nave, the barrel vault banded by transverse arches, the galleries over the aisles and the two-light windows by which they open into the nave, and all these traits almost certainly came from Byzance or from Armenia.

At Santiago the construction began in 1078, the south portal, now the sole remaining unaltered, was built 1095-1103, thence westward the nave was already four bays long in 1112, and was all but finished in 1120. The crypt chapel under the western façade belongs in part to this epoch, and so does the triforium gallery, which the old Chronicle calls *palace* (Mr. Conant forgets that once in a foot-note); in 1188 the western porch was rebuilt by Master Mateo. In England, as for instance at Durham, they called such a narthex a Galilee and kept there those who like the Gentiles were excluded from higher privileges; in Santiago it is called a Gloria and stands for the Paradise of Souls. Long after (1738-50) a baroque architect, like Master Mateo a Gallegan, reared a new façade westward of the portico, enclosing it—a most exquisite work in its own kind, majestic, yet in some sense delicate. In the drawing the original east end looks a little like S. Hilary of Poitiers; in the photograph the original south transept looks very like the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; in probability the original west front (says Mr. Conant) looked like the great sanctuary of Le Puy. All the ends of the earth had come to the shrine of the Apostle.

Space fails to quote, as could be wished. The work is brief and very gracious. To sobriety of thought and tone is added such a delicate and sensitive feeling for beauty, for the long processes of history, for the sanctity of human emotion, that the reader will turn back over the pages more than once for the pleasure of the author's companionship. And one who began by dreaming over the drawings may end, belike, by dreaming of the journey to see Compostela for himself.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.



MASTERS OF MODERN ART. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. (\$1.75 each.)

COROT, by MARC LAFARGUE.

LOUIS BARYE, by CHARLES SAUNIER.

MANET, by J.-E. BLANCHE.

PISSARRO, by A. TABARANT.

VAN GOGH, by PAUL COLIN.

BERTHE MORISOT, by ARMAND FOURREAU.

"Masters of Modern Art" is a series of popular monographs on the artists who have exercised the greatest influence on the modern movement, particularly in France. Each volume, although not large in size, contains a rather full biographical and critical text with a bibliography, and forty reproductions in collotype. The series, which already includes volumes on Renoir, Monet, Cézanne and Gauguin, has recently been enriched by the addition of the six books listed above, so that it now covers most of the leading names in French art in the latter part of the nineteenth century, with a few such obvious omissions as Degas and Seurat.

As far as the text is concerned, these volumes form excellent introductions to the work of the various artists. Written by critics of recognized standing in France, they present an admirable combination of information and criticism, although in one or two cases the author's meaning is somewhat obscured by poor translation. Paul Colin's account of the tormented, tragic life of Van Gogh is straightforward and yet touched with understanding and pity; Marc Lafargue's essay on Corot is a sympathetic and discriminating piece of criticism; and M. Tabarant's volume on Pissarro gives a graphic picture of the early struggles and privations of the whole Impressionist group, of whom the artist was a sort of unofficial secretary. In his essay on Manet, M. Blanche shows a somewhat exaggerated tendency to take issue with previous writers on the subject, but his text has the merit of being stimulating.

By including Barye in this series the publishers have called attention to an earlier figure who is not usually thought of as being in the main current of nineteenth century French art, but who as a matter of fact deserves a prominent place in it. The nature of Barye's subjects has tended to obscure the fact that he was not only a close friend of the men of 1830, sharing all their aspirations and hardships, but that he was himself an artist of great originality and vitality, both as a sculptor and as a painter. One is also grateful to the publishers for devoting a volume to that finely gifted but comparatively little known artist, Berthe Morisot.

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With subjects of such interest, it is a pity that the reproductions are not a good deal better than they are. The selection of illustrations is excellent, but the printing, which has evidently been done in France, is so poor that the fine points of the pictures are lost. The technical process of collotype, which is capable of giving beautiful results when well handled, proves itself in this case inferior to the halftone.

On the whole, however, this is an excellent series of inexpensive introductions to a great group of artists, and should do much to popularize their work.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

THE OLD MASTERS. By FRANK RUTTER. New York: George H. Doran Company. (\$2.00.)

THE purpose of "The Old Masters" by Frank Rutter is to instigate in the unlearned an appreciation of great painting from Cimabue up to and including Rembrandt. Though the great names are mentioned, it seems but another proof of the essential futility of such an effort. When in his introductory chapter Mr. Rutter claims for the importance of Frans Hals that he "unconsciously expressed the jubilation of the Dutch Republic in regaining civic liberty after a long and arduous struggle," he reminds me irresistibly of the lady who conducts parties of English and Americans about the Louvre, and whom I once blundered upon as she covered the name-plate of a Jan Steen and said earnestly: "Now, tell me. Are the textures rich? Is the subject immoral? Then, who painted it?"

When Mr. Rutter sketches the historical background of these artists, he doubtless does the beginner a service. One could wish he had restrained his own predilection for spirituality, which he calls variously "Bysantine" or "Franciscan" as against "Classical" or "Domenican." He becomes inextricably entangled in these categories, placing the Domenican Fra Angelico among the Franciscans along with Hubert Van Eyck and Michel Angelo. This is very confusing, especially as this Franciscan quality has a close connection in his mind with a love of dogs and horses. Jan Van Eyck "was not a dog lover—still he loved the light so we may forgive him much!" Pisanello, on the other hand, painted the greyhound in the "Vision of St. Eustace" so that "there is no need to ask which of these painters (Jan Van Eyck and Pisanello) was the greater animal lover." One gathers that Jan Van Eyck must have been a spiritual Domenican.

One would be sorry indeed to have a student



become preoccupied with Mr. Rutter's bias in approaching a work of art. I quote: "There is not much hope for the spiritual salvation of any artist or race whose ideal of beauty runs to fatness." (This is said about Titian.) Here, too, is a reproof: ". . . if he had also loved animals, he would have painted the horse better" (in the equestrian portrait of Charles V). Later on he says: "We have hardly the right to reproach him (Rubens) for living so wholly on the physical plane."

There is a true word! Nor has anyone the right to say for a fact that "the decay in morality was accompanied by a corresponding trickery in painting." This is a difficult question, delicately poised on exact definitions of "decay in morality" and "trickery in painting"—a question all too roughly treated by an authority who can say of Raphael, "He had a simple notion that the function of painting was to paint pleasant and agreeable things in the pleasantest way possible. . . ." To meet Mr. Rutter on his own ground, one asks, "What about that portrait of Leo the Tenth and his nephews in the Pitti Palace in Florence?"

But let us not meet Mr. Rutter on his own ground. What a mistake to try to establish a general rule of æsthetics! How much better to give to an interested person a book of reproductions, and if he wants a text as well, perhaps a copy of Vasari, urging him to sprinkle salt with good-humored liberality over all of that engaging writer's rhapsodies. How much more stimulating Giorgio Vasari's point of view than Mr. Rutter's, who deducts from the destruction of works of art in time of religious war "how deep-seated in the human race is the primitive instinct to dislike and fear Representation." There is a strange conviction to be found in one professing to enlighten the uninitiated!

ELIZABETH BURROUGHS.

A copy of the latest number of our contemporary *The Hue and Cry* has recently reached us, and we note in this issue of the Woodstock annual, as in previous issues, the high quality of the contributions both in words and in pictures—an average of quality which is all the more remarkable when one considers the fact that all the contributors are members of the Woodstock colony. Among the artists who are represented by reproductions of their work are many whose names are familiar to the frequenter of exhibitions. In its physical appearance the magazine as usual furnishes an example of what can be accomplished by careful workmanship.



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## AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE September number of THE ARTS, which was devoted to the paintings of Pieter Bruegel the Elder, has met with such an enthusiastic reception from our readers that the issue has been completely sold out (with the exception of a few copies which we are reserving for bound volumes).

In view of the great interest aroused by this issue of THE ARTS, which was the only adequate treatment of Bruegel's work in English and the most complete that had appeared in a magazine in any language, it has been decided to publish the material in book form, with the addition of several illustrations.

We are therefore happy to announce the publication of "Pieter Bruegel the Elder: A Study of His Paintings", by Virgil Barker. The book contains Mr. Barker's complete and scholarly account of the artist's life and work, together with a bibliography and notes, and fifty-four superb reproductions—practically all of Bruegel's authenticated paintings as well as several drawings. All material appearing in the magazine which did not relate to the subject, such as advertising, etc., has been omitted. Printed on a heavier grade of paper than that which we use in the magazine, and bound most attractively with white buckram back and blue sides, it is a volume which is in every way worthy of its subject.

This is the only book on Bruegel in English, and the only moderately priced book in any language which reproduces practically all of his paintings. It makes available to the reader, in attractive and permanent form and at an exceedingly low price in view of the number and quality of the reproductions, the work of one of the most original and remarkable figures in the history of art.

The book, which may be ordered from your bookstore, or direct from us, will be priced at \$2.00. For a limited time only we are offering it and a year's subscription to THE ARTS both for \$6.00. Those who are already subscribers can take advantage of this offer by sending in their subscription renewals now at this special price, thus securing a copy of the book and having their subscriptions renewed for one year beyond the expiration date of their present subscriptions.

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WORKS OF ART

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of THE ARTS, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ) ss.:  
COUNTY OF NEW YORK, )

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Robb, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE ARTS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.

Editor—Forbes Watson, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.  
Managing Editor—Forbes Watson, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.

Business Manager—William A. Robb, 19 East 59th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION; Forbes Watson, 19 East 59th Street, New York City; Robert Laurent, 106 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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by

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PORTRAIT OF A MUSICIAN

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TITIAN



# THE ARTS

VOLUME X

DECEMBER, 1926

NUMBER 6

THE habit of discussing great European artists of the late nineteenth century as if they were unaccepted revolutionists of today, persists in a few retarded circles. That the first quarter of the twentieth century has passed is a detail overlooked by those who pretend to believe that Cézanne, Van Gogh and the others, who were in their prime during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, are crude monsters called up by the "modernists" of today for the sake of frightening the painting and writing Rip Van Winkles of the backwaters. What such writers have to say does not usually come within the scope of this magazine; but when ignorant bigotry, blind irritation or some similar motivating force leads a partisan reactionary to attack great painters in language of appalling vulgarity, it is time to take notice.

The quotations to be made shortly from the column entitled "In the World of Art" by F. W. Coburn, printed in the Boston Herald of November 13th, will, I believe, convince every reader that Mr. Coburn in attempting to refute a statement by Professor Barr, has been guilty both of ignorance and of vulgarity.

It appears that Professor Alfred H. Barr of the Wellesley College Art Department has charged, in the pages of the Harvard Crimson, that Boston is "a pauper in modern art." To Mr. Barr's excusably sweeping accusations some definite exceptions must be taken. The splendid work done by Harley Perkins, Charles Pepper, Carl G. Cutler and others, as members of the exhibition committee of the Boston Art Club, shows that they are helping to illuminate the darkness that permeates the Boston Guild and the average exhibitions at the St. Botolph Club.

Another proof that Boston is not a pauper in modern art will be found in some remarkable private collections and in the activities of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard. The directors are not reactionary toward modern art and neither Mr. Edward W. Forbes nor Mr. Paul Sachs has shut his eyes to contemporary expression.

Mr. Coburn maintains, for instance, that Cézanne is a pet of the litterati and that those experienced in the practice of painting are not misled by Cézanne's works. He maintains this although the most superficial investigation of critical literature proves that both Cézanne and Van Gogh were first heralded not by lay writers but by painters. He maintains it in the face of the obviously profound influence that Cézanne has had upon the painting of the last thirty years. Mr. Coburn has made some private and hitherto unknown discoveries about Cézanne and describes him as follows:

"Cézanne was a poor painter, one with bad eyesight who, being well to do, gave good dinners and thus earned the gratitude of some of his fellow artists, men who in his lifetime whooped it up for him and got the pictures admitted to places where they wouldn't otherwise have been received. He had a fairly good feeling for design—not in any way an extraordinary possession and remarkable in him only by contrast to the patternless character of some of the work of his impressionist contemporaries."

The description of Cézanne as a jolly politic painter who gave good dinners to push his work contradicts all of the evidence which Mr. Coburn might have read had he wished to

inform himself. Unhappy Cézanne has been dead now for almost a quarter of a century. We know that he was incapable of honeyed words or sweet painting; we know he was devoted to the unadulterated truth as he saw it. After his death, examples of his paintings were secured by the Louvre in Paris, the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and the greatest collections and most intelligently managed museums in Germany, France, America, Great Britain and even in Japan.

Mr. Coburn, in the pages of the Boston Herald, wishes the public to believe that Cézanne was a flattering, worldly wise artist and that his success, post mortem success incidentally, was secured through the influence of the good dinners that he gave forty or fifty years ago. What a long time for the effects of a good dinner to last!

This is what Mr. Coburn wrote in the pages of the Boston Herald on the subject of Vincent Van Gogh. No one, I am sure, will contradict me for saying that the quotation which I am about to give from Mr. Coburn's writings is probably the most undignified, thoughtless and ignorant passage that has appeared in contemporary writing devoted, however distantly, to the subject of art.

"Van Gogh was a crazy galoot, who cut off his own ear to spite a woman, and who painted for years in an insane asylum at Arles. His paintings partake of the character of the drawings with which Lombroso illustrated his writings on abnormal psychology. At their worst they resemble the crude elemental 'expressions' which nit-wits affix to sidewalks, fences, barn doors and elsewhere—especially elsewhere."

We suppose that since Mr. Coburn pretends to be an art critic on a great paper, he must have read the letters of Van Gogh, one of the most heart-rending, thrilling and intensely spiritual contributions to the whole history of art. And about Van Gogh, who once went to preach to the miners as a missionary, whose passion for God raised him to spiritual heights far above the ordinary mortal, whose utter honesty, whose profound mysticism is fully portrayed in his letters and in other books, Mr. F. W. Coburn of the Boston Herald has written the sentences quoted above.

Van Gogh was furious, passionate, highly sensitive. Consequently sometimes his work is over-wrought. At other times it rises to the highest heavens of art. It would be as ignorantly low to say that one could find a manuscript equal in the value of its spiritual contribution to Dostoyevsky's "The Idiot" scrawled on "barn doors and elsewhere—especially elsewhere" as it is to make such references to the art of Van Gogh. It will be unnecessary to look in such places for pictorial art equal to the art of Van Gogh. And if Mr. Coburn were the literary reviewer of the Boston Herald and published such disgusting asinities about Dostoyevsky, he would be immediately fired.

But evidently the Boston Herald wishes to support the contention of Professor Barr that Boston is a pauper in modern art. We can think of no other reason for allowing Mr. F. W. Coburn to entitle his column, *In the World of Art*; it should be entitled, *In the Depths of Ignorance*.

FORBES WATSON.





CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

TITIAN

## AN EXHIBITION OF VENETIAN PAINTINGS

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THE house of Agnew opens its new galleries on East Fifty-seventh Street with an exhibition of some twenty Venetian paintings which represent the chief phases of that most painter-like of schools from the early *Quattrocento* to the middle of the eighteenth century. In the portrait of Titian's maturity and the oil sketch from his extreme old age we have to do with supreme impressions of art, and we are not so far from that in the Calvary in which the minor provincial Cima outdid himself. These pictures I keep for the end of the notice. Short of these heights, there is much that is delightful and instructive. Dr. Johnson's friend Sir Joshua and his ear-trumpet being long buried, it is now quite safe to discuss the Correggiosity of Correggio, and I shall not hesitate to underline the Venetian quality of certain minor pictures that might otherwise evoke a less specific and local response.

The painters of the eminently commercial and material city of Venice reach forward

to America in that they were willing to try anything once. Beyond painting as truthfully as they could up to the point where handsome decorative effect might be compromised, they had no doctrine. But while they were willing to try anything once, they declined to try it for long, reverting promptly to the practice of a color that, being handsome, must be made to seem truthful. Thus we have successive transient importations and innovations no sooner essayed than disowned. Sienese ideality had its moment in the first third of the fifteenth century. Soon came the austere classicism of Mantegna, a little later still the harsh naturalism of Antonello da Messina. These were wholeheartedly accepted and immediately denatured by the Bellini and the painters of Murano. There was a moment when, borrowing the *chiaroscuro* of Leonardo, the lyrical subjectivity of Giorgione nearly shattered the traditional compromise, but the school again recovered, as a perturbed fam-

ily might regain its poise on realizing that after all it had bred only one lyrical poet. A generation later, the *terribilità* of Michelangelo hit Titian hard and Tintoretto harder, but it too was attenuated to decorative and humanistic ends. Perhaps Venice was at once so experimental and so tenacious

spirituality which on analysis depends chiefly after all on the fairly translucent pearliness of the flesh tints, the splendor of the gold and the gentle Gothic swing of the contours. These features set it at several removes from reality, effacing that sense of a thing seen which is usual in most Venetian pictures.



MADONNA AND CHILD

BARTOLOMMEO MONTAGNA

of her own major premise because it had never been sufficiently codified to be sceptically examined, but was bred in her bone. And perhaps Venice herself was enduring authority for the paradox of her instinctive æsthetic, being at once materially all there and of an incredible spectacular loveliness.

I have really been leading up to the exquisite Madonna by Giambono which hangs in the vestibule. A novice might justifiably take it for a Sienese thing, for a

Except for consistent beauty of workmanship, the panel must have seemed exotic in Venice. So thorough an assimilation of the Sienese manner seems just about the unlikeliest achievement for any Venetian painter. The success of Giambono, Jacobello del Fiore and young Jacopo Bellini in this alien style is an expression of their complete openmindedness. Even they, I think, would have rejected so supernal a painting had it come to them uncompromisingly, say in some stray masterpiece by Domenico di Bartolo, but it actually came to them about 1410 with Gentile da Fabriano who had converted the idealistic sweetness of his Sienese exemplars into a graciously mundane manner all his own. The alacrity with which the best Venetians turned to Gentile, evidently a far better painter than their local masters, shows in the school a complete absence of that chauvinism which ruled the Tuscan centres of painting. The return to Venetian "nor-

malcy" is illustrated by a stolid little Madonna by the founder of the Murano School, Antonio Vivarini.

Perhaps the most instructive series in the exhibition is that which, with the inevitable absence of Giorgione, yields the entire story of the Venetian *poesia* from its modest beginnings with Jacopo Bellini to its culminating splendor in Tintoretto. Here we have to do frankly with minor pictures, but of a singularly delightful sort.



The poetical picture which in Tuscany and Umbria always led the observer into purely cerebral paradises, in Venice remained pretty near everyman's experience. Only Giorgione made that nostalgia which is ever the basis of the painted poesy recondite. The other painters without exception appealed contentedly to the daydreaming of the average sensual man, to his longing for the groves beyond the lagoon, for nearer alps and clearer waters, for the satiny nudities occulted by the actual satins of everyday wear. Thus the Venetian *poesia* is never strenuous and never tragic, keeping a kind of noble commonplaceness.

We meet the Venetian poesy at its very beginnings in Jacopo Bellini's little panel representing Nessus carrying off Dejanira. It has been published some time ago in this magazine\* and recently in the *Burlington*. Its extraordinary archæological importance needs no emphasis. What concerns me is the art in the conception and execution. Let us remember that of all creatures the centaur is least conveniently framed for the violent abduction of the female of our species. The painters have generally covered the initial absurdity by emphatic implications of ferocity and tragedy (Antonio Pollaiuolo at New Haven) or by some alluring counter-absurdity (Guido Reni in the Louvre). Indeed I recall no physically credible Dejanira save Guido's, assuming with so gallant a resignation her logical rôle as a heroic *equestrienne*. As a true Venetian, Jacopo adopts neither expedient. Reducing what might be tragically brutal to a merely melodic, perhaps operatic, level, and accepting the inconvenient facts as they presumably

were, he rests his case on the general pleasantness of the surging ivory roundness of the figures against the tawny angular fixity of the landscape. Æsthetically it may seem not much, but it is quite enough. We have a charming painted metope which suggests



MADONNA AND CHILD

GIAMBONO

those late Hellenistic tiles in relief from which indeed Jacopo may have shrewdly drawn.

Since Heinrich Heine has divined in the Christian saint the pagan demigod *revenant*, we may fairly reckon to mythology and poesy Montagna's admirable little invention of The Temptation of St. Anthony, loaned to

\*In THE ARTS for January, 1926, page 34.

the exhibition by Paul Bottenwieser. Again Montagna accepts what might have been and makes the picture out of the contrast between the resolute sullenness of the figures and the emerald and sapphire exuberance of the wooded landscape. The determined lit-



PORTRAIT OF A BOY

VERONESE

tle temptress makes her frontal attack by flagrantly extending a vulturine foot beyond her modest flounce. The saint does a tedious but necessary duty by bestowing in orthodox Latin form an exorcising blessing. Where other primitives, as Sassetta at New Haven, have sought through the grotesque to suggest tragic hallucination, Montagna suggests only a brief interruption to the idylism of hermit life. It is of course a case where

the commonplace wholly misses the emotional truth of the situation, but the truth would have been jarring in an idyl, and after all Montagna has treated with consistency and distinction what William James used to call the opaque facts. Merely on the technical side, this brilliant little panel is a fair substitute for what is unattainable in the picture market, a poesy by Giovanni Bellini. That without penetrating sympathy a painter may nevertheless command a lucid and versatile intelligence is shown by Montagna's stately Madonna in the same gallery. Here we have the stark monumentality of Antonello da Messina transcribed urbanely and thus made available for a Venetian public.

No serious critic has any business to love a trifle as much as I love the Elder Palma's enchanting little Mars and Venus. On scrutiny it has almost nothing, just the looming of two slender sunburned bodies before a nondescript green lusciousness which means a grove. But if you stop scrutinizing and merely look and feel, the little poesy seems to have almost everything. Again the interpretation rests on a kind of noble commonplace. Here are two bodies—I say advisedly bodies rather than persons—which are mutually sure of each other. Venus rejoices quietly, even modestly, that her fair flesh remains victorious. Mars contemplates tenderly joys no longer acute and novel. The mood is of a sub-Olympian domesticity, and entirely winning. This is perhaps as early a Palma as can be imagined. It is interesting to me as bearing out an old view that he was completely immune from Giorgione's influence.

The Venetian poesy of the Early Renaissance was clearly of a very generalized character. With the High Renaissance this trait is emphasized and broadened on the





APOLLO AND MARSYAS

TINTORETTO

one hand in a decorative sense, while on the other we find an innovation by which the *poesia* tends to assume character and become a genre picture. Both tendencies are well represented in this exhibition. The Diana plausibly but not convincingly ascribed to Bonifazio—one suspects an earlier and rather better hand—the Diana is distinctly some one, a wholesome Venetian lass gazing artlessly out of the picture. Beyond this charming and winning invention, the picture is rather cheaply and obviously conceived, but again the painter, whoever he was, had the Venetian gift, perhaps the Venetian economy, of doing no more than was really necessary.

Tintoretto's big canvas of Apollo and Marsyas illustrates admirably the decorative amplification of the old manner. The attribution gave me seriously to think. For a Tintoretto it was both too slightly constructed and as well too gorgeous in color. Withal it had every look of his master Schiavone. But the aged heads at the right were plainly by Tintoretto. I was pondering an ingenious reconciliation, an excellent hypothesis of a

Schiavone worked on by Tintoretto, when an impertinent recollection of a recent reading of Aretino's letters came disquietingly. In February of 1545 the Scourge of Princes wrote to Tintoretto, then twenty-seven years old, about as follows: "All expert persons find the stories of Apollo and Marsyas and Mercury and Argus, which you being so young, have painted on the ceiling of my room in less time than it would have taken you to think them out,—all, I say, find them beautiful, alert, and most vivid, with beautiful attitudes." (*Lettere*, Paris, 1609, Vol. III, p. 111.) Evidently this accounts perfectly for the peculiarities of the panel. So do documents spoil the sport of connoisseurship. An even worse spoil-sport is bibliography. As I write, it dawns on me that this identification was made by that sensitive critic, the late Henry Thode, all of twenty years ago. At least the bare news is welcome that the earliest dated Tintoretto, a canvas marvellously preserved as to color, is in the American art market.

So much for the pastoral vein. Greater impressions invite us onward. That gener-

ally pleasantly stolid painter, Cima, did better than he knew when he set the Crucified Christ on a high cross between Mary and John, raising the cross still higher as it cuts across cool lakes, plains and mountains and a troubled mackerel sky. Having laid out



MADONNA AND CHILD GIOVANNI BUONCONSIGLIO

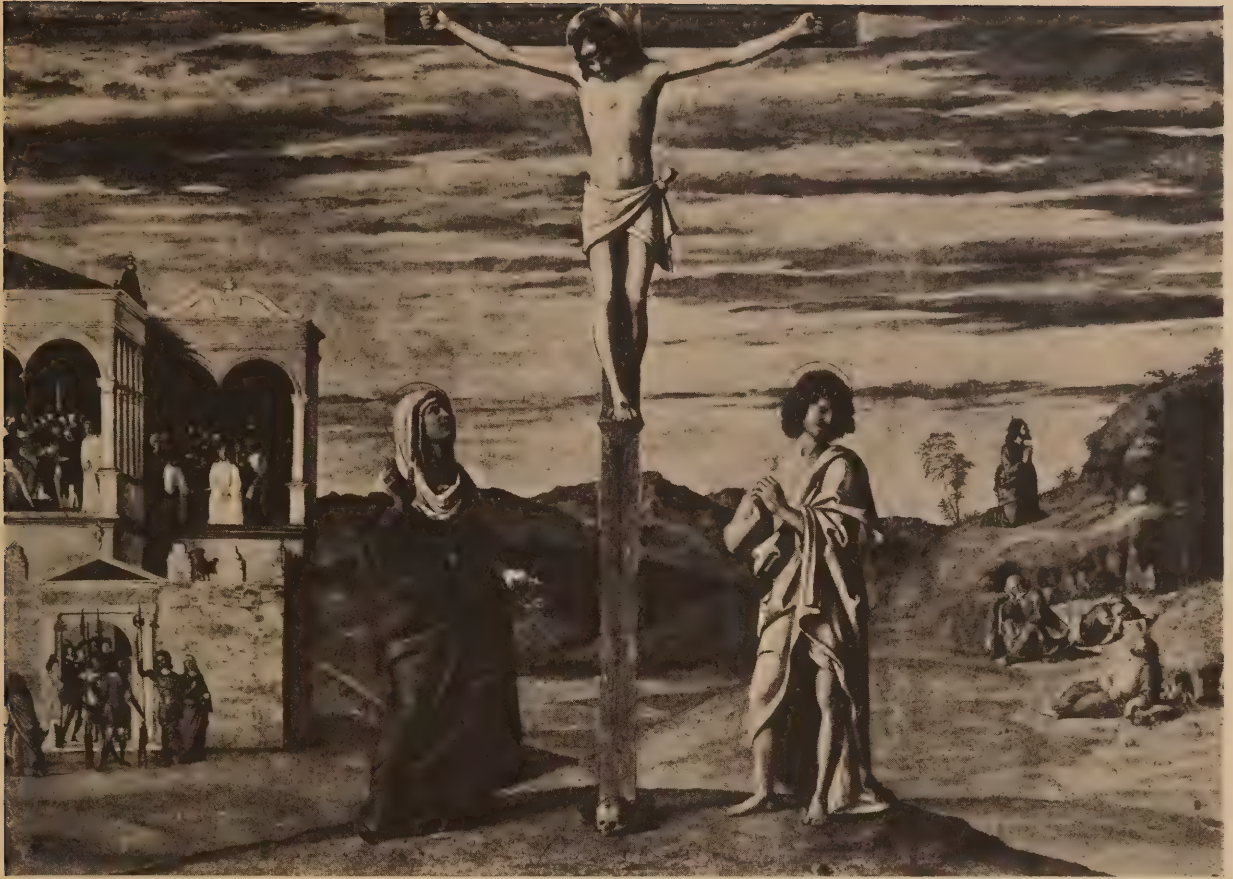
a tragic masterpiece comparable to those of Giovanni Bellini, Cima's habitually feeble intelligence resumed control, and he did his best to spoil matters by the little passion stories in the flanking middle distance. Happily he didn't succeed. The tiny groups and figures merely count as agreeable spots of

positive color against the general bleakness.

Titian's half-length portrait of a middle-aged man in black, the only picture except the Montagna Temptation of St. Anthony which is not from the Messrs. Agnew's rich stock, seems everything that one would want in a Titian portrait. Retaining much of the romantic ardor of Titian's prime, it expresses it with the discretion and actuality of his full maturity, while in the slightly brushed but beautifully placed and subordinated hands it forecasts the magical illusiveness of his latest manner. The undeniable existence and fervid inner life of this masterpiece make its authentic signature entirely superfluous, and words of mine even more so. To date it is not easy. Titian portraits should never be dated lightly. He is immensely various in portraiture, and always able to throw back unexpectedly to methods and points of view apparently long discarded. So I will only say that this picture seems very close to *The Knight of Malta*, in the Prado, which is usually set about 1550, at the very end of Titian's career as a professional portrait painter. This would be a reasonable place for a portrait which so fully epitomizes all of Titian's perfections in this specialty.

Even more precious, as more exceptional, is the oblong oil sketch representing Christ bearing His Cross. It is constructed in incandescences of warm brown which carry remarkable implications of mass and character. The light is the sole means of construction. It burns into the picture to the required depth. Apparently rough and haphazard, the method is really both highly impassioned and delicately thoughtful; only a man who knew and had felt everything could venture so greatly. Nobody since but the old Rembrandt has repeated the adventure with impunity. In the Prado are two sketches of the Christ with Simon of Cyrene which are dated about 1560, perhaps too





THE CRUCIFIXION

CIMA DA CONEGLIANO

early, and are clearly related to this composition. It seems that in his eighties Titian was meditating a masterpiece which had to be put aside in favor of the kindred St. Laurence of the Escorial, the Crowning with Thorns at Munich, and the unfinished Pietà which was destined for the master's tomb. The little sketch so overpowered me that I expected to find in Fifty-seventh Street a long line of competing museum directors. They ought to have been there if they were not.

The last phase of Venetian painting is exemplified by a village scene of Guardi and

a big Holy Family by Tiepolo, both refreshing early works made before these *virtuosi* had decided to be clever. In these pictures, as George Moore once rightly said of Manet, nothing is to be looked for but fine painting. But whoever loves fine untroubled surfaces of frank color yielding a splendid luminosity will want to see these late Venetian canvases more than once. An exhibition which begins in a modest kind of poetry ends in a lucid and sumptuous prose, which is a kind of parable of the range of the Venetian school itself.

# A ROMAN PORTRAIT HEAD IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By GISELA M. A. RICHTER

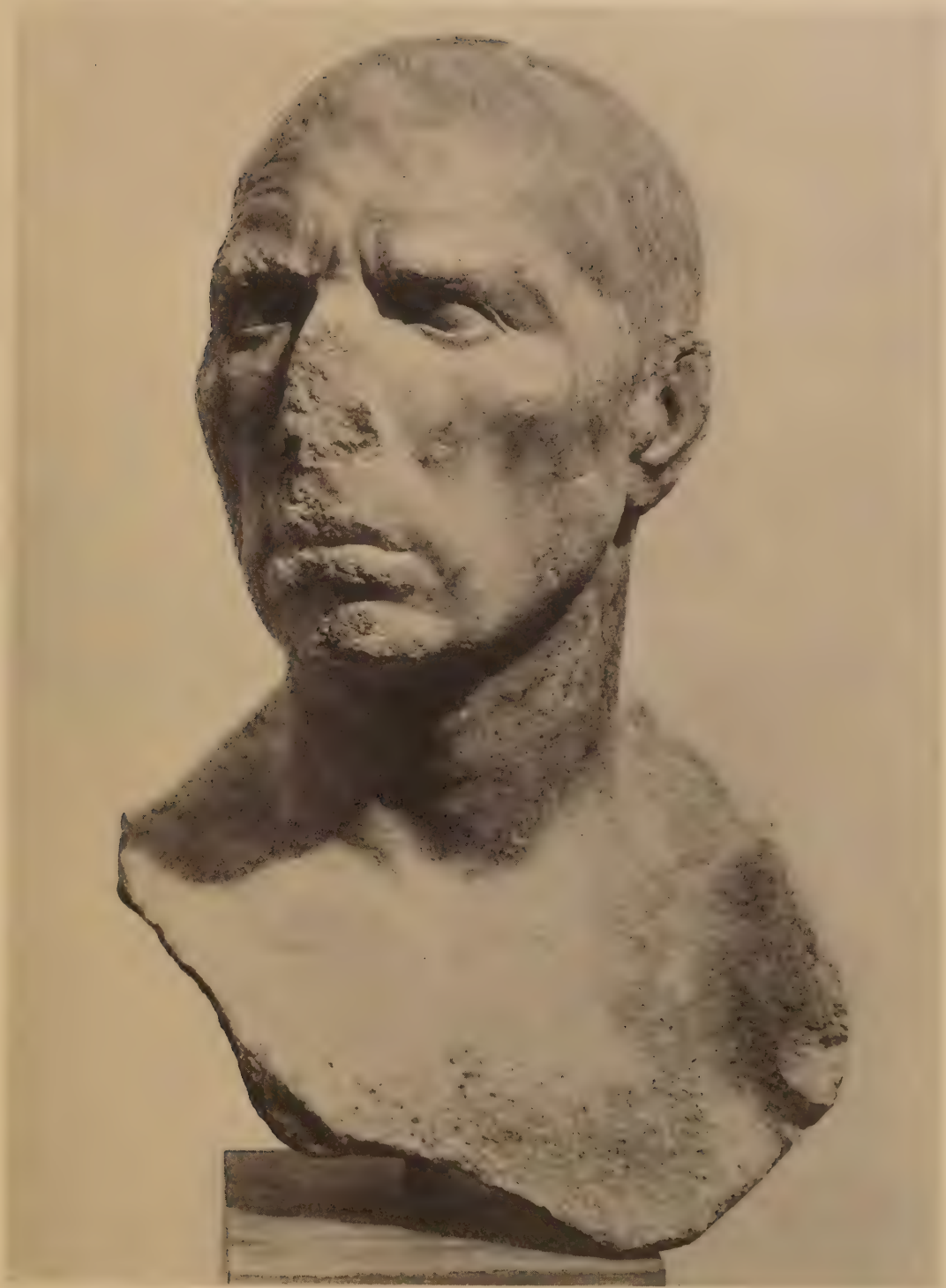
IF we ponder for a while on the phenomenon of the Roman Empire—the rise of the city of Rome from a small state to the head first of Latium, then of Italy and finally of an empire embracing practically the then known world, we become not a little curious as to the appearance of these Romans. What did these people look like whose iron will and perseverance conquered every obstacle and who when in power used it as a great civilizing agency, introducing wherever they went roads, public buildings, a water supply, and law and order—all the essentials, in fact, of a civilized material existence? Fortunately we can visualize them very well, for we possess a long series of portraits not only of their emperors and prominent men but of their humble, every-day citizens, and we can watch their countenances develop and their fashions change through several centuries. The story begins in the Republican period of the first century B.C. after the first struggles with their immediate neighbors were over, before the establishment of the empire. The faces of this time reflect the stern life of these early days and they are rendered in a highly realistic manner; continuing indeed the realism of Etruscan and late Greek portraiture, but with an added hardness and literalness. With the reign of Augustus and the enthusiasm for classic Greek ideals the portraits become softened and generalized, to revert soon again to a more realistic representation, since that was obviously more in tune with Roman taste; and then gradually we can see the vigor and the strength evaporate and the faces reflect the slow petering out of the empire.

A Roman bust recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum is a splendid example

of this art of portraiture, a vivid portrayal of a Roman of the old school, conceived by a great artist. We see before us a man of character and strength, ruthless we may surmise before obstacles and limited in outlook. It was by such as he that Rome built up her power, but he himself has had no part in the best fruit of his work—the absorption of the fine flower of civilization which Rome acquired by the conquest of Greece and the East. As a work of art the head will rank high—among the best that Roman portraitists have produced. It shows a masterly understanding of the mass as a whole, and the bony structure is finely brought out. In the characterization we may note especially the individual rendering of the receding forehead, the high cheek-bones and the small, challenging eyes. Unfortunately the head is not in a good condition. The lower part of the nose is missing and the lips and chin are badly battered; there are also black stains on the right side. But it is amazing how in spite of this damage the commanding conception is not impaired.

It is interesting to determine the exact period of the head. The lower edge of the bust is unbroken and from this we can reconstruct its approximate shape. It is slightly larger than that current in the Republican and Augustan epochs and smaller than that of the Flavian period; about the size of the busts of the time of Caligula (37-41 A.D.). Its strongly realistic style is, however, in obvious contrast to the idealized heads of the Julio-Claudian period; showing once again that the realistic trend must have continued side by side with the classicist style, especially for portraits of private individuals.





ROMAN PORTRAIT BUST, RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART



LAKE GENEVA, NEW YORK

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

## THE DISCOVERY OF LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

By HENRY MCBRIDE

THE first person that ever I knew to take Louis Eilshemius seriously was Marcel Duchamp, the celebrated author of "A Nude Descending a Stairway" and few of us at that time were certain that Marcel was seriously taking Eilshemius seriously—to borrow a locution from my friend Gertrude Stein. I myself was certainly not impressed by the thing we all thought had impressed Marcel and that was the price-mark of \$10,000 upon a faded, dingy and quite countrified Venus signed "Eilshemius." It was the night of the opening of the first exhibition of the Independent Society up in the Grand Central Palace and everybody ran about in a rapture discovering things. The Bastille had fallen,

the doors were open, and Democracy, for a very slight entrance fee, was supplying its own art. There was an especial enthusiasm for everything that had hitherto been suppressed. A picture by a George Somebody, of Boston, who had adorned his Venus with real jewels that were embedded in the canvas and who also asked an enormous price for his work—or possibly for the jewels—ran Mr. Eilshemius a close second as a sensation. There was much laughter, appreciative laughter, but during the course of the exhibition quite a few unknown artists were accepted as worthy of attention. Mr. Eilshemius, however, was not among these. After a night of glory he dropped back into obscurity.



Not quite obscurity. As a letter writer to the newspapers he was at this very time achieving a dubious reputation for himself. No matter what the topic of the day might be he provided a disquisition upon the subject signed, "Louis Eilshemius, Master Painter," or "Master Musician," or "Master Mysticist" and in which there was always a broadside hurled at the sleeping populace with almost mediæval fury. These letters appeared almost daily in the newspapers. To the editors the writer was a grateful apparition since modern journalism relishes amusing serials for which it does not have to be responsible. One or two editors confessed to me that they thought Louis Eilshemius not so mad as he appeared to be on the surface, and in fact, that they occasionally "saw something in the letters." To me, I now regret to say, the author was a mere egomaniac. I regret the misapprehension because, in the light of

later events, it is now possible to make a kinder, though even more pathetic explanation of these writings. With the belated recognition of Eilshemius as an artist of genuine talent, the letters to the press have ceased, and it is now generally assumed that they were the desperate gestures of a neglected, lonely man, conscious of merit and who put on an antic disposition merely to seek justice for himself.

It was some years before I was to think of him as an artist. He contributed each year to the Independent Society paintings which I thought flabby and confused. There were flashes of good painting in his compositions but as a whole they did not come off clearly enough to sway an amiable critic into complete admiration. Then a Franco-American sculptor and his friend Scofield Thayer took up the cause. They showed me paintings which they had acquired and which had un-



CHILDREN IN CENTRAL PARK

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS



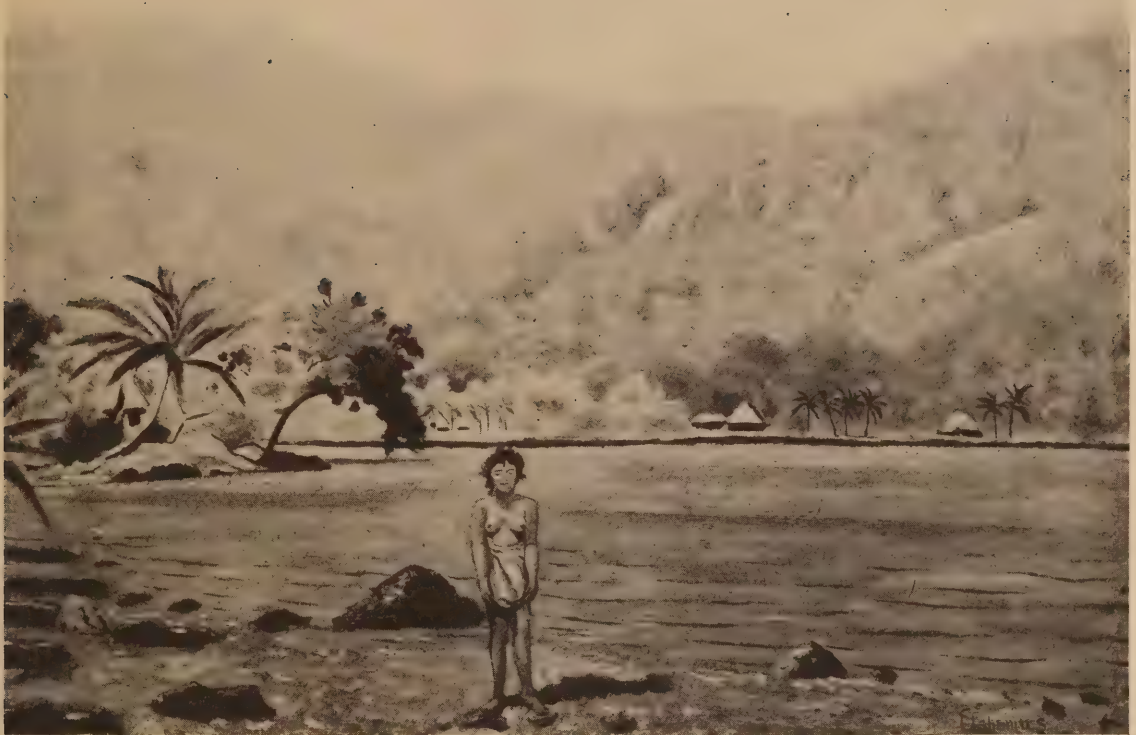
APIA, SAMOA

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

doubtedly the "lyric" quality. Marcel Duchamp in the meantime had not been idle and he and another artist visited the painter and returned more convinced than ever that the man had genius. His background apparently was as weird as that against which Albert Ryder flourished during the last years of his life. Eilshemius was not in poverty. He lived with certain members of his family and had enough means to insure his comfort; but the house was stuffed with the three thousand canvases that the man had painted during his long life, and in the sitting room there was a distinct path worn in the carpet that led to a position before the window where the painter who protested so in the newspapers against oblivion could look out upon an unappreciative world.

Thanks to the pictures that had been shown to me by Thayer and others I was not too surprised when the Eilshemius exhibition given by the Société Anonyme in a room on West Fifty-sixth Street several years ago turned out to be a complete success. The Société Anonyme, doubtless inspired by Marcel Duchamp, who was a member of it, had previously shown paintings by Eilshemius in the Société's rooms, but at a time when I was out of the city, and so I had missed it. This second exhibition, I said, did not surprise in succeeding. That does not state my experience precisely. There was an element of surprise in the completeness of the success. I liked every one of the paintings shown and a larger proportion of the fifty or so canvases struck me as being very fine. They came





PAGO PAGO

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS

from the early and middle years of Mr. Eilshemius' life, and embraced many versions of his Samoan experiences. Studying them carefully and many times, I came to the conclusion that I knew why the Eilshemius art had been such a stumbling block to me at first and why, too, it remains a stumbling block to so many.

I made the artist's acquaintance first with the productions of his later life, and most people do too because the artist is still living and naturally exposes with greater pride his most recent work.

Now I hold that the good Eilshemius is essentially a "lyric" painter. This word lyric is much abused and there are certain purists who object to its use in qualifying works of art, but for the moment I can think

of no other so good. There is a real and contagious lilt especially to be observed in the Samoan pictures. In all the Eilshemius production there is an unmistakable poetic feeling, even in the very latest ones, but the youthful buoyancy that creates songs has now passed, and I believe that when all the three thousand pictures have been sifted over by connoisseurs, it will be decided that the artist reached his high point in his middle years. The thought of the three thousand paintings, I confess, frightens me, and I am perfectly willing to pass the job of editorship on to Miss Katherine Dreier, Marcel Duchamp and other such robust persons, but having already been permitted to see enough first-class paintings by Eilshemius to feel sure of his future repute, I look now with an interest and tol-

erance upon all of his work that I did not used to have. I do not pretend that it is profound. Eilshemius does not pierce the heart of mystery as does Ryder, nor does he command the unearthly rhythms that the latter puts into his cloud forms. But he is as genuine a poet. Also—it is rather obvious, but it may as well be admitted before someone else urges it as a defect—the Eilshemius muse is a country lady. She has none of the city airs or sophistications of the genii that preside over the destinies of such an atelier as, say, that of Arthur B. Davies. The nymphs that cavort over the meadows in the Eilshemius pictures recently shown in the Valentine Dudensing Galleries (which are not of the latest Eilshemius brand but are considerably later than the Samoan series), look as though they had been born in Canton, Ohio, when

Canton, Ohio, was a small town. Ten years ago erudite New Yorkers couldn't have stood such pictures. We were still then yearning for Paris *ton* and hoping for Parisian approbation. But since the war something has happened. We don't give a darn for Parisian approbation now and at last have the courage to be ourselves. We like the native tang and want more of it. So the Eilshemius rusticity instead of being a drawback is a real help in his acceptance. And the acceptance is proceeding. At the moment of laying down this pen, a bulletin arrives saying that quite a number of items in the Dudensing collection have been sold!

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The illustrations accompanying this article are used by the courtesy of F. Valentine Dudensing.*



HAPPY VALE

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS





STILL LIFE

J.-B. S. CHARDIN

## A CHARDIN EXHIBITION

By H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

ONCE in a while the routine course of things in the New York galleries is sharply broken by some event of such outstanding and pleasurable importance as the magnificent showing of canvases by Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin at Wildenstein's. Preceded and surrounded by none of the usual elaborations of publicity, this is by far the finest opportunity that New York has yet had to see the various aspects of his genius.

Chardin's posterity has not always smiled its favor so dazzlingly as at present. After great popularity during his lifetime, due largely, one imagines, to the homely tenderness of most of his themes, his fame became somewhat dimmed, and, in the first part in the nineteenth century, we read of

his canvases bringing but a paltry number of francs. But his continuing fame seems assured, based, as it now is, not so much on the appeal of subject matter as on the qualities of sheer beauty of paint and of vision; qualities so supreme that they place Chardin but little below the very greatest.

The imposing exhibition at Wildenstein's is made up of examples of each of the main groups into which Chardin's work divides itself: the portraits and subjects with large figures, a preponderant number of the lovely still lifes, and one of those delightful scenes of humble life which were so enthusiastically greeted by his contemporaries that Chardin repeated them many times, almost always, however, with slight variations. These latter we naturally compare with the Dutch

Little Masters, but in this comparison Chardin need bow only before Vermeer.

The version of *La Fontaine* shown at Wildenstein's is, in composition, very similar to the one in Stockholm. Another which is in Sir Frederick Cook's collection has less

ples of the famous *Bouteilles de Savon*, that debonair young man who leans on the stone casement, fascinated in the innocent amusement of blowing bubbles, while a little child watches, wide-eyed.

Of the three portraits, the outstanding one is the enchanting pastel of Chardin's second wife. There is another, and very celebrated, version in the Louvre, but the present one seems in no way inferior. Aside from the technical mastery of this difficult medium, this simple white-capped and kerchiefed head of an old lady with kindly eyes is treated with superb love and understanding. Chardin never attempted the medium of pastel until the very last years of his life. There are only several known and of these unquestionably the finest is this of Mme. Chardin. Even LaTour, that greatest of the pastellists of eighteenth century France, never surpassed this brilliant accomplishment.

We are offered a rich array to show Chardin's genius in the painting of still life, beginning with the large decorative *Le Chien Barbet* which makes one think rather of Oudry than of Chardin, and including a number of those beautifully painted little arrangements of commonplace things that are perhaps



STILL LIFE

J.-B. S. CHARDIN

space on the sides and, in still another in the Jahan-Marcille collection in Paris, we find the canvas has become an upright one with the original grouping of the figures and objects the same but showing more of the wall, and, in addition, a beamed ceiling. By making these slight changes Chardin no doubt kept alive the interest in the many repetitions he was called upon to paint.

Bridging the gap between *La Fontaine* and the portraits, we find one of the several exam-

what most of us first think of in connection with the name of the artist. For just as Chardin was the first in France since the days of the Le Nains to treat of scenes of humble domesticity, so was he the first to sense the rich store of beauty that exists for the painter in the objects of everyday use. In this he was in no sense a self-conscious innovator or revolutionary; he merely painted what he knew best and loved best in his middle-class surroundings.





PORTRAIT OF CHARDIN'S SECOND WIFE

J.-B. S. CHARDIN



PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER ETIENNE JEAURAT

J.-B. S. CHARDIN





THE LUCKY THIEF

J.-B. S. CHARDIN

How tenderly Chardin dwelt on the subdued gleam of metals, of glass and of pottery. How caressingly he painted the powdered blue surface of the plum, the radiant bloom of the peach and the lusciousness of grapes and currants, of apples and pears. He seemed to feel and seize the inherent qualities of each so that "*il semble tombé de l'arbre dans la toile de Chardin*" as the Goncourts have so delightfully expressed it.

Lastly we come to what is, for us, the great picture of the exhibition—*Le Lièvre*. Nothing but a dead hare hung up by one leg with a hunter's bag and powder horn beside it. Nothing more than that, but so marvelously seen and painted that it takes on a grandeur far above all the heavens that a painter like Boucher has filled to overflowing with his bourgeois gods and goddesses.

Chardin's technique is of utmost interest

to the painter of today. "His manner of painting," said one of his contemporaries, "is singular. He places his colors alongside of each other almost without mixing them, so that his work looks like mosaic or patchwork." This has a sound so strangely modern that it is not surprising to learn that Cézanne among many others was greatly influenced by Chardin, and that Manet admired *Le Lièvre* of the present exhibition to the degree of attempting to steal some of its thunder for a very similar canvas of his own. But in comparison the thunder has become the distant rumble that follows heat lightning.

It would be a happening of great fortune if *Le Lièvre* could stay with us as a source of constant delight in one of our permanent collections, but, things being as they are, this seems the idlest of dreams.



THE HARE

J.-B. S. CHARDIN





LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY GROUP

ARRANGED BY MRS. HARRY H. BENKARD

## SIX EPISODES IN THE AMERICAN HOME

By CHARLES OVER CORNELIUS

THE Old New York Exhibition held from October thirty-first to November seventh at the Fine Arts Building under the auspices of the Museum of the City of New York included many aspects of the development of Manhattan Island from before its occupation by white men until almost the present day. To summarize the changing tastes of those people who lived here from the seventeenth through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Museum brought together, among other objects, several groups of furniture and other decorative arts typical of different and distinct phases of taste in the home.

By uniting the arts of daily life in which all sorts of interests show themselves it was felt that the changes in social, political and economic conditions, in personal preferences and public interests could best be brought together.

The groups chosen were six. The first, which might suggest an interior of a New York house of the very end of the seventeenth century, shows a strong survival of the Dutch taste from the days before the Duke of York gave his name to the city.

The next group emphasizes the English self-consciousness which pervaded the colony in the middle of the eighteenth century when



MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GROUP

ARRANGED BY MRS. HARRY H. BENKARD

the colonists strove to be as nearly English as it was possible for them to be.

A third group brings in, in the early nineteenth century, a French influence and suggests the expanding horizon of the new republic.

The three other alcoves were devoted to the nineteenth century. In one the belated influence of the French Empire combines with the Greek revival in an attractive and charming unity of revived archæology. In the second the traces of Empire taste begin to falter beneath the romantic revival of monarchy in France and the mediæval taste of England, combined with the improvement and growing supremacy of machine manufacture.

In the last group the breakdown of traditional taste in the arts of design is seen in a general combination of many European styles. Realistic sculptures and paintings and exotic touches from the East are combined, when possible, with solid comfort.

### *The Late Seventeenth Century*

THE Low Countries and England had for years been on the closest terms. The change from New Amsterdam to New York seems a natural one. And yet after more than twenty-five years of English sovereignty the Dutch flavor was strong on Manhattan. Mme. Knight in 1704 on her visit to New York gives us the idea of distinct differences between the English and the Dutch citizens. Small variations in detail—the style of dress, the manner of eating, the preferences in architecture and the decorative effect of the rooms in the houses—mark a changing taste in the city. Her descriptions—the sleighs with blooded horses tearing along the road, roadhouses with warming drinks, auctions, wide head-caps, jewels of price in women's ears—all suggest a scene which Pieter Bruegel or Jan Steen would have enjoyed painting.

The interior suggested by the illustration.





EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY GROUP

ARRANGED BY MRS. HARRY H. BENKARD

might well have been found behind one of those warm brick exteriors which lined the crooked streets. Here the great Dutch *kas* predominates. A map, small leaded casements, a brocatelle curtain, spoon racks, chest, clock, tile floor and Bible all give the suggestion of the homey domestic interior in which the Dutch housewife bustled about, intent upon cleanliness, neatness and bodily comfort.

Two chairs and a Bible-box bring in rather the English suggestion. Here is sophistication of an eclectic sort which the court of William III brought into England in the late seventeenth century. From further still, India and the far East, came the idea of cane seats and backs for chairs.

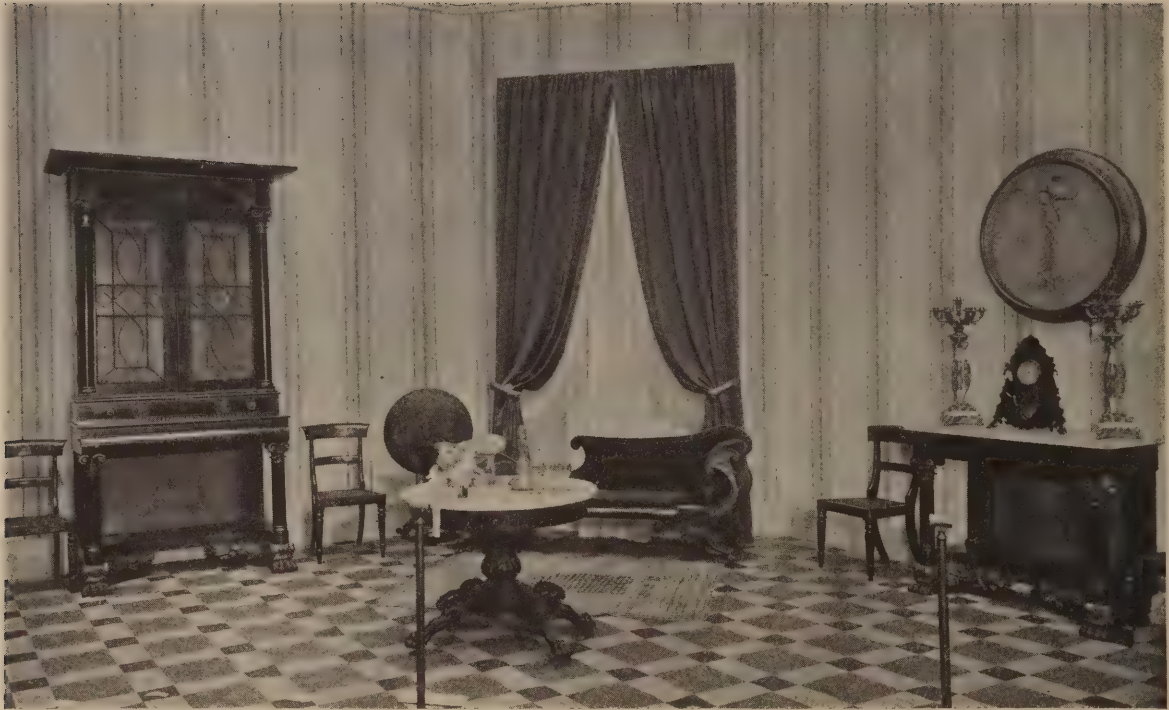
Mrs. Harry Benkard, who arranged the first three groups, has suggested here an atmosphere which in æsthetic terms may be ascribed to the use of large scale furniture in a small room. The oriental carpet cover-

ing the table gives the last touch of verisimilitude to the ensemble.

### *The Mid-Eighteenth Century*

IN the third quarter of the eighteenth century the colonists achieved as nearly as possible a replica of the manner of living of their English cousins. Taste was highly sophisticated, importers were doing a large business in the smaller luxuries of house furnishing and decoration. Fine furniture influenced by the taste of the time which the Chippendale school dominated, was made in America of San Domingo mahogany. Potteries, porcelains, brasses and textiles were usually imported. America carried out the rococo spirit in the crafts. Painted wall papers were sent from China.

Colorful in the extreme were their rooms—blue or green walls, oriental rugs on the floors, damasks at the windows and on the



LATE EMPIRE GROUP

ARRANGED BY H. G. IRWIN AND F. W. JONES, III

furniture. Costumes of the period both for men and women were gorgeous in material and elaborate in the fashion of their making.

This alcove suggests an interior of this period and epitomizes Colonial England in the middle of the eighteenth century, a charming interior of the sort which would have been found in New York when contact with the world at large was increasing day by day.

### *The Early Nineteenth Century*

WITH the self-consciousness of a new nationality the citizens of New York continued to look abroad for the artistic influences which seemed to them desirable. The coming over of great numbers of Frenchmen, after the Revolution, brought a strong French taste to this country. The activities of Napoleon directed interest toward the French style.

This taste is seen in the third alcove arrangement in which the delicate furniture from the workshop of Duncan Phyfe marks the transition from an English to a French feeling. The more refined scale of the classic

revival was accompanied in decoration by a lighter tonality of color and the use of more formal designs in textiles, silver, pottery and all the accompaniments of decoration.

The heavier panelling of an earlier day gave place to flat wall surfaces, painted or hung with wall papers or silks. In such an interior as that suggested by the accompanying group, we have a typical setting such as the houses of Waverly Place or Washington Square hid behind their tall red-brick fronts.

### *The Late Empire*

THE gorgeous possibilities of the Empire style as interpreted and used in the United States are shown in this group. Classical forms of ornament, carved, painted or stencilled, added the richness of gold to that of the warm mahogany.

From China the clipper ships brought bits of lacquer or porcelain, and furniture sent to the East was lacquered in gold and color and returned to America.

The French Empire taste extended to the





EARLY VICTORIAN GROUP

ARRANGED BY H. G. IRWIN AND F. W. JONES, III

mantel garnitures of bronze, dark in color or gilded, to urns and vases of alabaster or porcelain. Marble floors gave a stylish air of contrast to the color scheme which was emphasized by the rich hangings, formally and elaborately draped.

This period saw the culmination of the archæological interest in ancient art which had begun back in the eighteenth century, eventually resulting in a heavy and unimaginative use of classic motives, which finally fell under the weight of its own heaviness. Before that time, however, much charming furniture had been made and interiors created, many of which in New York witnessed the distinction and stylistic quality of the period.

### *The Early Victorian*

THE name of a queen has been given to a period when the interest in monarchy ran

high. Louis Philippe in France, Victoria in England, were carrying on the traditions of the ancient monarchies of which they were the living representatives.

At the same time the industrial revolution was raising to a plane of high esteem the work of the machine and an attempt was made to harmonize the mechanical methods of manufacture with the traditional design which had been based upon craftsmanship. The result was often incongruous.

The interest of the most cultivated people of the day was concentrated upon the scientific and mechanical advances of the times to the derogation of traditional art. Good materials were employed generally but harshness of color, certain crudities of design and a lack of subtlety of proportion became the rule rather than the exception.

From the viewpoint of present taste the period was anomalous; as a record of a phase



LATE VICTORIAN GROUP

ARRANGED BY H. G. IRWIN AND F. W. JONES, III

it is equally interesting with all periods of the past.

### *The Late Victorian*

TOWARD the end of the nineteenth century the cultivated interest began to swing away from purely scientific and practical matters toward the arts. At first there was a period of groping in which men strove to find that artistic expression which they required.

The result was a primarily eclectic taste, and a preference for many kinds of objects which were not related to each other either in quality or essential basic design.

This little group exhibits the tendency to

perfection. Furniture based upon Jacobean, Flemish or Classic design, the over-stuffed sofa, the teakwood chair with its oriental suggestion are all unrelated in spirit. Realistic art in sculpture and painting exemplifies this almost primitive artistic effort, which was none the less a serious attempt—too serious perhaps. The mad desire for bibelots and knickknacks added an even more uneasy air to the ensembles of interiors.

There was desired, as suggested by this group, a combination of physical comfort and artistic sophistication. It is questionable just how much of either of these aspirations was achieved.





THE CITY OF PARIS  
*Salon d'Automne*

ANDRE LHOTE

## PARIS LETTER

### THE SALON D'AUTOMNE

ONE hears now and then that the big Parisian Salons: Automne, Indépendants, Tuileries and Artistes Français, will be united so as not to scatter the interest. The new show will be called the Salon Unique (in capital letters!). But as a matter of fact all the Salons are already exactly alike and there is no new movement, no new school, no ardent group of young artists. The average standard in the Salons is indeed lower than ever.

Each graduating class of the Saint Cyr Military School is named after a great tactician or some place where heroic actions have been accomplished. The 1926 Autumn Salon ought to be called: "Provence-Segonzac."

Painters always flock to picturesque places; in the early part of the nineteenth century there was the Barbizon School; later artists patronized Brittany, especially Pont-Aven (where Gauguin had painted landscapes) and Concarneau where they enjoyed painting the reddish-brown sails of fishing boats. Then Cézanne became the great leader. Though it was said that the subject was of no importance in the art of the master of Aix, artists were so fond of him that they wanted to paint even

his very "*motifs*." Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Dufy and Derain took the train for Marseilles, and discovered various villages such as Saint Tropez, Vence, Cassis and Martigues. Hundreds of other artists nowadays must have in mind Cézanne's pictures of this region and those of his descendants as well. Everybody nowadays is painting in the vicinity of Marseilles, Aix or Toulon.

Someone said of the present Salon that it is an exhibition of textures and pigments, a Salon of artisans rather than a Salon of artists, and unfortunately this is quite true. The public with a sigh of deep relief remarks that cubism, at last, is dead—cubism which for many has been a sort of nightmare, a movement which endangered the continuation of their most comfortable habits! However, I wonder what will result from the present low state of mind. What can happen after Soutine and Bouche!

In previous Salons the influence of Cézanne, Seurat or Rousseau *le Douanier* has resulted in more or less successful achievements, but the tremendous influence of André Dunoyer de Segonzac, which is so conspicuous this time, is, I am afraid, unfortunate. Blending thick colors is perhaps more enter-

taining than drawing, style and construction, but the result is less noble.

De Segonzac, who owing to the great weight of his coats of paint was once called "a gentleman farmer who transports his lands on to his canvases," sent a dark landscape also painted in Provence, I am told. The delicious pleasure that the art of de Segonzac affords is strictly sensual;

always controls the most minute effects of his technique which is all the more fascinating because it seems careless. His strong colors have this time reached an amazing power and they are enclosed in the most significant lines, while the volumes contribute to a perfect balance. This, it seems to me, is the highest pictorial expression of today and an achievement which can be compared to the greatest of Manet or Delacroix.

Gromaire also combines style with rich textures; he is represented by two small canvases which are not very significant but he already has many followers.

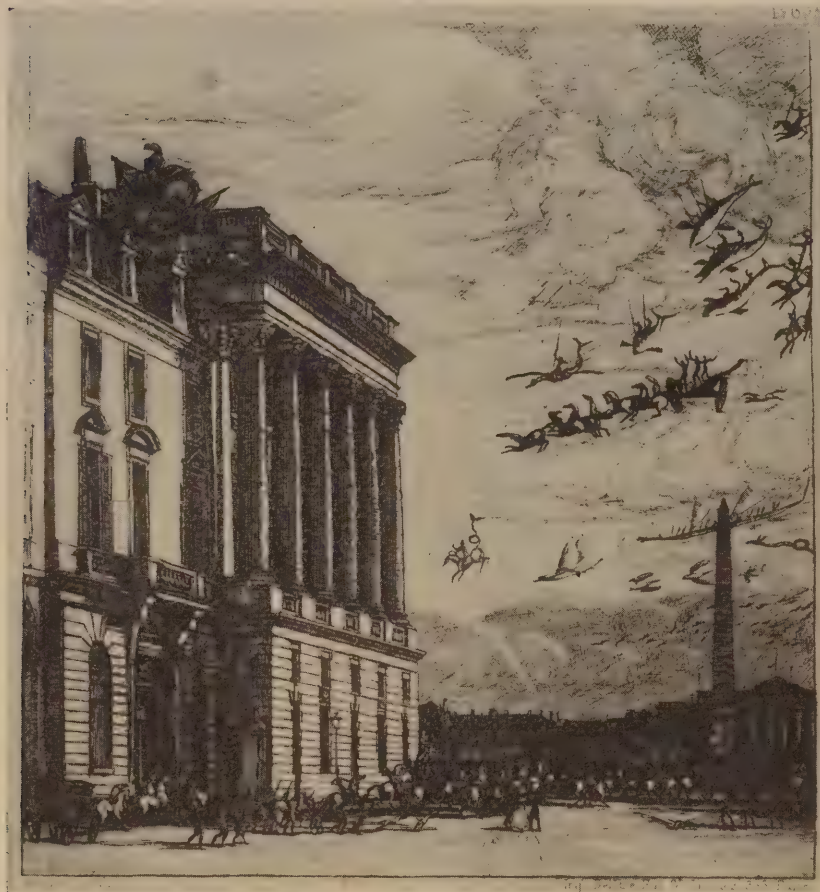
As for the old habitués of the Autumn Salon, they hang the same picture in the same place and then go home for a year to wait for the same newspaper clippings. They are decidedly optimistic.

De Waroquier keeps a careful record of all his work and the number appears distinctly next to his signature. This practice shows a cold-blooded disposition and has caused him to be described as the only artist who displays a real talent for bookkeeping.

Tsugouharu Foujita has enjoyed a great vogue during the last few years. He has a clientèle of society people (the kind who like a little art now and then but not too much). When Foujita paints portraits it seems as if he must first examine his models with a magnifying glass; their eyelashes

and eyebrows are like those in early Flemish pictures. He also paints cats with indisputable talent and in this case also the likeness of the moustaches is guaranteed. But his recent wrestler is not so amusing.

Just as every travelling company must have a "*jeune première*" (who most of the time is well over sixty) every "modern" Salon must have some sort of a *douanier*. In this case the *douanier* is a gardener from Touraine, a genuine, pure and naïve artist; André Beauchant, who has sent some large compositions which remain full of freshness in spite of the time spent on them.



LE MINISTÈRE DE LA MARINE

CHARLES MERYON

his talent in blending thick paints is matchless, but too voluptuous to take into consideration the problems of composition and construction.

Two Matisse's are hung near the de Segonzac and one of them, in the writer's opinion, is a masterpiece. For the writer, who has always liked Matisse, his name means pure pleasure. But the technique of the Etretat period was not of a kind which could improve or even last. The recent Matisse was painted with thick surfaces of vivid colors, but while de Segonzac is intoxicated by the voluptuousness of his masonry of colors, Matisse



Fromentin, who wrote one of the most remarkable books on old masters, does not appear to us as having been a very great painter but one of our best writers on æsthetics, André Lhote, now and then shows some excellent canvases. He has taste and intelligence but sometimes lacks fire in his compositions which are occasionally too much like demonstrations and not enough like magic. His view of Paris reproduced herewith is a much more happy combination.

If the standard of paintings in the Salon is low there are delightful editions de luxe with excellent illustrations by Laprade, Gromaire and Vertes, as well as some charming *boutiques* by Lucien Boucher, and splendid cartoons for Delteil's "Jeanne d'Arc" by Touchagues, which may be noted among the few good things to be found in this formidable exhibition. There are no very striking sculptures but Pompon, Gargallo and Halou have sent good work of minor importance. The Autumn Salon was the first to encourage manifestations of modern decorative arts and a large area of the ground floor at the Grand Palais is always devoted to *ensembles*.

A posthumous book by Gustave Geffroy published recently ("*Charles Meryon.*" Paris: Floury Editeur, 1926) has again called attention to the work of Meryon, and the Salon d'Automne must be congratulated on having organized a retrospective exhibition of this wonderful etcher.

Charles Meryon, born in Paris in 1821, was the son of an English doctor and a Spanish dancer of

the Grand Opera. At first he was a naval officer and on the sloop *Rhin* visited New Zealand and the South Seas where he made many sketches. His most famous etchings, perfect masterpieces which rank him with Piranesi, Antonio Canaletto and Callot, were hung in the place of honor and included some of the "*Eaux-fortes sur Paris*" published in 1852 (and which, of course, were rejected by the printing office of the Louvre).

Meryon understood the dignity of a great city. Baudelaire said that he revealed the complicated elements which compose the painful and glorious scenery of civilization, the dark majesty of the most disquieting of capitals . . . His penetration, his accuracy were remarkable; he expressed the geometrical beauty of structure with implacable sharpness. His etchings are more than spotless portraits of buildings; they almost are abstract masterpieces where the volumes of dark impressive shadows, the meaning of every line, reach a perfect balance which the best cubist compositions never have excelled. And then these etchings did not lack the "*deux sous de folie*" with which masterpieces are often made, for poor, pathetic Charles Meryon had to be confined twice in the lunatic asylum of Charenton.

If his life was tragic and miserable he nevertheless was discovered by the two greatest poets of his time: Charles Baudelaire and Victor Hugo. The latter, fascinated by the etchings of Charles Meryon, wrote in 1860:

*Ses planches viveni, rayonnent et pensent!*

JACQUES MAUNY.



LE PONT-AU-CHANGE

CHARLES MERYON



THE PIGEON TOWER AT MONTBRIARD  
*A Cleveland Collection*

PAUL CÉZANNE

## FIFTY YEARS OF FRENCH ART

By WILLIAM MATHEWSON MILLIKEN

THE Cleveland Museum of Art held, from October twenty-ninth to November twenty-eighth, an exhibition of French painting and graphic art. The title, *Fifty Years of French Art*, stressed its purpose. There was no intention or expectation of being inclusive. There was only a desire to show the elements of change in the men who sought a way out of the impasse of impressionism and realism.

There was no attempt to disparage works of artists who copied more timidly the initiators of the impressionist movement. It was merely intended to show that, in the opinion of the Museum, tradition did not lead that way. Tradition is not static. It builds on the past; sees nature like the preceding generation with fresh eyes. The present receives it from the past and will pass it on changed to the future. This is not necessarily progress, just a

turn of the wheel, an expression of the idiom of the day which the public will readily accept in costume, transportation, literature. Familiarity has brought understanding there and the Museum hoped by means of the exhibition that the same purpose might be accomplished in the realm of art.

Chicago can see these men in the Birch-Bartlett collection in the Art Institute of Chicago. Here and there other museums have single examples. But generally it has remained for the private collector to push his interests where museums could not. In Cleveland, individuals have been reading the signs of the times and forming important collections. The bulk of the exhibition came from these collections plus important loans from dealers and private individuals in New York.

A fine Monet, "Antibes," in the Museum collection, three Pissarros, lent by Frank H. Ginn, Lewis



B. Williams, and Mrs. Ralph King, represented impressionism. Things thought revolutionary forty years ago have become conventions. But the public does not often understand that the scientific accuracy of these experimentists in light had pushed that study to its farthest limits. Seurat, for instance, in the two canvases, "Models" and "Landscape," formerly in the Quinn Collection and lent by Mrs. W. V. Anderson, had said the last word in one direction: in the depiction of light by pointillistic division of colors.

Men influenced by the impressionists, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, saw that all had been said about light. With knowledge gained they turned other ways. They could see that form and bulk had been slighted, that design had become secondary, and that a realistic rather than a mental conception of nature had been stressed. They observed that these things had been constants in the past and they turned to study how they could bring them back into art. All this is a truism today, but it is the substance of a movement that many people still believe is revolutionary instead of evolutionary.

Cézanne's viewpoint toward forms and the relation of volumes to each other in space could nowhere be better studied than in three pictures lent by a Cleveland collector, "The Abandoned House," "Provençal Trees," and "The Pigeon Tower at Montbriard," or in the two lithographs, "The Bathers." The linear design with bulk of the later Gauguin was admirably expressed in the magnificent "Maternity, Tahiti," belonging to Adolph Lewisohn, and in the remarkable landscape, "*Femmes Assises à l'Ombre des Palmiers*," from a Cleveland collection; an earlier canvas, "Martinique," painted in 1888 and lent by Wildenstein and Company, showed him coming out of impressionism toward pure design; while a group of Breton lithographs, done on the brink of departure for Tahiti in 1889, connects the two tendencies. Van Gogh, in his turn, sought to give vitality to nature by stress on direct expression of force in the paint itself. An early flower piece, lent by Scott and Fowles, was a vigorously fused bit of color. More directly significant in explain-

ing his point of view was "*Les Oliviers*," of Wildenstein and Company. Here the pointillistic division of color instead of giving the flicker of light of the impressionists imparts form, vigor, and the rhythmic movement of life. That was his emphasis.

In any such exhibition Degas could never be

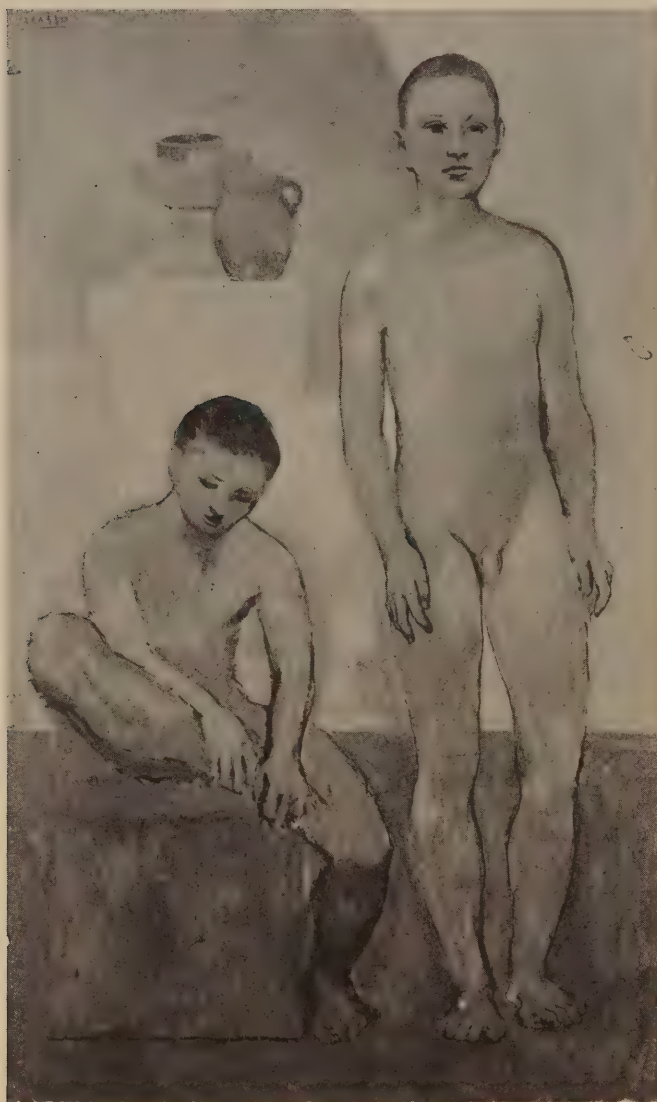


DANCERS ON THE STAGE  
The Frank H. Ginn Collection

EDGAR DEGAS

slighted. Of the same group as the impressionists, he never was really of them. His linear design is more in the direct line of tradition, although like them he is two-dimensional in pattern sense. He never goes over as Gauguin does to a feeling for volume in line. Durand-Ruel lent two fine examples, a pastel of a group of his friends, and an oil of "Ballet Girls" resting. These were admirably supplemented by the "*Danseuses en Scène*," from the Frank H. Ginn collection, the "Ballet

Girls," owned by the Museum, and the racing scene of Mrs. Ralph King. The Museum's Toulouse-Lautrec, "Monsieur Boileau," a drawing, lent by the C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, and a large group of lithographs, gave the racy and piquant viewpoint of this follower of the Degas tradition.



TWO BOYS PABLO PICASSO  
Lent by Wildenstein & Company

Like Degas, Renoir was originally classed as an impressionist, but latterly did not wish to be so called. The transition from his work in the 'nineties to his later works in form was shown by a canvas from Durand-Ruel and the "*Jeune Femme Arrangeant Ses Boucles d'Oreilles*," belonging to William G. Mather, and painted in 1906.

Odilon Redon, mystical dreamer, in his mental and subjective point of view is part and parcel of the later steps of the movement. The pastel, "Orpheus," in the Cleveland Museum's permanent collection, was painted in 1914, and was considered by Redon as his most important work up to that time. With this was shown the "Andromeda," lent by the Kraushaar Galleries; "Flowers," from F. Valentine Dudensing; "A Pot of Geraniums," from a Cleveland collection, and a large group of drawings and lithographs.

The later men, those living today, were amply represented. Picasso had three large canvases, the "Two Boys," the "Harlequin," and "Woman Dressing Her Hair," the latter belonging to the Mrs. E. S. Jordan collection. There were also etchings and drawings, and a water color and small oil lent by Wildenstein and Company. Matisse was comprehensively shown in lithographs lent by E. Weyhe, in drawings, and in three oils, two from Cleveland homes—a nude lent by Mrs. Roger Perkins and a landscape lent by Mrs. E. S. Jordan, and one, the "Head of a Girl," lent by F. Valentine Dudensing. Derain showed to advantage in a group of eight oils, as well as in drawings and etchings. His study of the Parliament Buildings, "Westminster, Blue and Grey," a part of the Quinn collection, is owned in Cleveland, as is a superb landscape and a nude, both belonging to Mrs. E. S. Jordan. The latter belonged to Mr. Quinn and was shown at the Carnegie International last year. A small head was in the same group, but more important was the portrait of a woman, belonging to Mrs. Roger Perkins. Walter Pach lent a head of Madame Derain; and William Laporte, through the Kraushaar Galleries, one of the soundest and solidest landscapes of this able artist. Dunoyer de Segonzac was represented by two drawings—a nude, and "The House in the Wood," both of which were formerly in the Quinn collection—and a fine landscape in oil, lent by Kraushaar. "*Le Palais de Ubu Roi*," by Rouault, was lent by a Cleveland. This, too, was part of the collection of the late John Quinn.

So the story was told and the line of tradition brought down to the present. No attempt need be made to foretell the future, but if French art is true to its past, the present holds in itself a future which individual genius will create.



# BOSTON NOTES

## HARVARD NUMBER

WE are walking through the Museum, looking with keen interest at Egyptian grave ornaments. . . . An energetic newsboy rushes in. . . . "Uxtra, uxtra!" . . . There it is in headlines—the disturbing caption which is destined to become famous . . . "BOSTON A PAUPER" . . . Why? Answer obvious . . . "NO MODERN ART" . . . The attack, backed up with so many cruel facts, is launched via the burning pages of the *Harvard Crimson*. Prof. Barr of the Fine Arts at Wellesley plays the prosecutor. "It is surprising, even shocking," he screams into the ear-trumpets of the learned, "to the stranger to find so little interest in modern pictures in Boston and Cambridge, places which have a deserved reputation as centers of alert cultivation of the fine arts. One may search in vain for the works of the foremost living painters, in the Boston Museum, in Fenway Court or at the Fogg. . . . In Boston the development of the nineteenth century is half-heartedly illustrated through the Impressionist period. After that we find only such fashionable virtuosos as Zuloaga and Sargent. . . ."

The Charles flows broadly between Cambridge and Boston. We know little of the swift, deep undercurrents at the other end of Harvard Bridge. The boys come over in large numbers, on weekends, to hear with impartial enthusiasm Paul Whiteman's jazz orchestra, Koussevitzky's conducting at Symphony Hall and tintinning at night clubs. Their daytime interest in art has been supposed to be confined solely to a close scrutiny of twelfth-century Italian paintings at their own Fogg Museum. But there are further evidences to the contrary . . . One meets a joyous undergraduate with a sheaf of lithographs and woodcuts he has

just purchased in the November print exhibition by contemporary artists at the Art Club. It is a nicely chosen lot—Fiene's "Dyckman St. Church," two of Kent's best, a local street scene by Thomas Nason, a cutting by Buller. . . . Two of the boys take it into their heads to present the

Fogg with a collection of reproductions of modern art. That is not all. The things are accepted and hung, as, singularly, all good pictures and bad men should be. It is this exhibition spread out for all to see that had led to the *Crimson's* broadside and the horrible discovery that Boston is "a barren waste where once the Seven Arts flourished like the proverbial bay tree."

More ferment across the Charles. Longfellow could no longer lean on the rail in peace and soliloquize about the moon. . . . The student body emerges above the grim parapets of the

Fogg. No mediæval armor, no Victorian blunderbusses, only the most up-to-date of inventions and intentions. . . . More headlines for the yellow journals—"HARVARD MEN CUT OUT WILD OATS AND GO IN FOR WILD ART." . . . Again, an exhibition at Harvard's Art Museum, with Rembrandt, Turner, Ingres in competition with Matisse, Picasso, Laurencin, Marin, and the most extreme of ultra-moderns. It is a show that permits of no dull moments. Remarkable as it may seem, every contribution has been lent by an undergraduate. . . .

Events act as searchlights. An increasing number of persons is discovered who ask for instructors in drawing and in painting who are not timorous pedants. . . . A school for modern art in Boston! It is about time.

HARLEY PERKINS.



OLD BOSTON HOUSES (WOODCUT)

T. W. NASON

# MECHANICS OF FORM ORGANIZATION IN PAINTING

BY THOMAS H. BENTON

EDITORIAL NOTE: *As this essay enters a comparatively new field in which there is much to be discovered, the author would be very glad to receive suggestions or criticisms from readers.*

*The first part of this essay appeared in the November issue of THE ARTS.*

## PART II.

SO far we have dealt with form organization in two dimensions. The great majority of paintings of all periods are constructed, however highly individual units may be modelled, on a two-dimensional rhythmical sequence. The suggestion of depth is an *added* value in such paintings.

In treating of form organization in three dimensions in painting we must remember, first, that its constructive precedent of a technical nature is sculpture in the round, and that the fundamental constructive process is an extension and complication of sculptural values and that it is consequently necessary in analysis to discover the sculptural significance of the forms presented. The feeling of depth—not the mere recognition of distance which our memory accumulations cause automatically to accompany lines converging on a horizon or a diminution in the size or vividness of objects, but the direct emotional realization of depth—is the result of an order of forms having or by their alignment immediately suggesting cubic values. The term cubic is used here as an equivalent for all voluminousness. Obviously all three-dimensional forms are not strictly cubic but they may be reduced to that character for purposes of simplicity in analysis. A human leg, for instance, may be reduced to a series of cubic forms (Fig. A); this serves to accentuate its three-dimensional character and simplifies a diagrammatic representation of volumes which have a complicated structure.

In order to make clear the difference between merely recognized space values and space values which are emotionally and directly present, note Figures B and C. In Fig. B the space is barely indicated. Automatic associative processes finish the story in imagination. In Fig. C the voluminous (cubic) character of the constituents of the scene is presented and while associative processes are at work here also in determining the total content of

the presentation, nevertheless what is directly present sets up an emotional realization of the existence of deep space far more vivid than the mere indications of Fig. B. This may readily be seen by turning the figures upside down so that their familiar suggestiveness is not so apparent.

In studying the structural skeleton of three-dimensional painting it is necessary then to begin with the structural elements of sculpture proper. Let it be clear though that we are here speaking of mechanical functions and not of final values and that there is no confusion of the ends of sculpture and painting involved. Because a steamboat and a railroad engine contain and make use of similar mechanical features is no reason for confusing the character of their special activities.

In upright sculpture we have a vertical center of equilibration just as we have had it in the preceding diagrams, but with a difference if the sculpture is in the round. In bas-relief the principle of equilibration and sequence is identical with that of two-dimensional painting but in completely relieved sculpture the vertical center of equilibration is an imaginary pole running through the center of the mass; not on its surface (Fig. D). Consequently the balancing process works simultaneously on four different planes or on as many subdivisions of these planes as the sculpture affords. On paper this seems a complicated intellectual process but in reality where the material is not diagrammatic but plastic, intuitive “doing” ousts the need of much calculation and one mass follows another around the block in just as simple a fashion as one mass connects with another on a single plane.

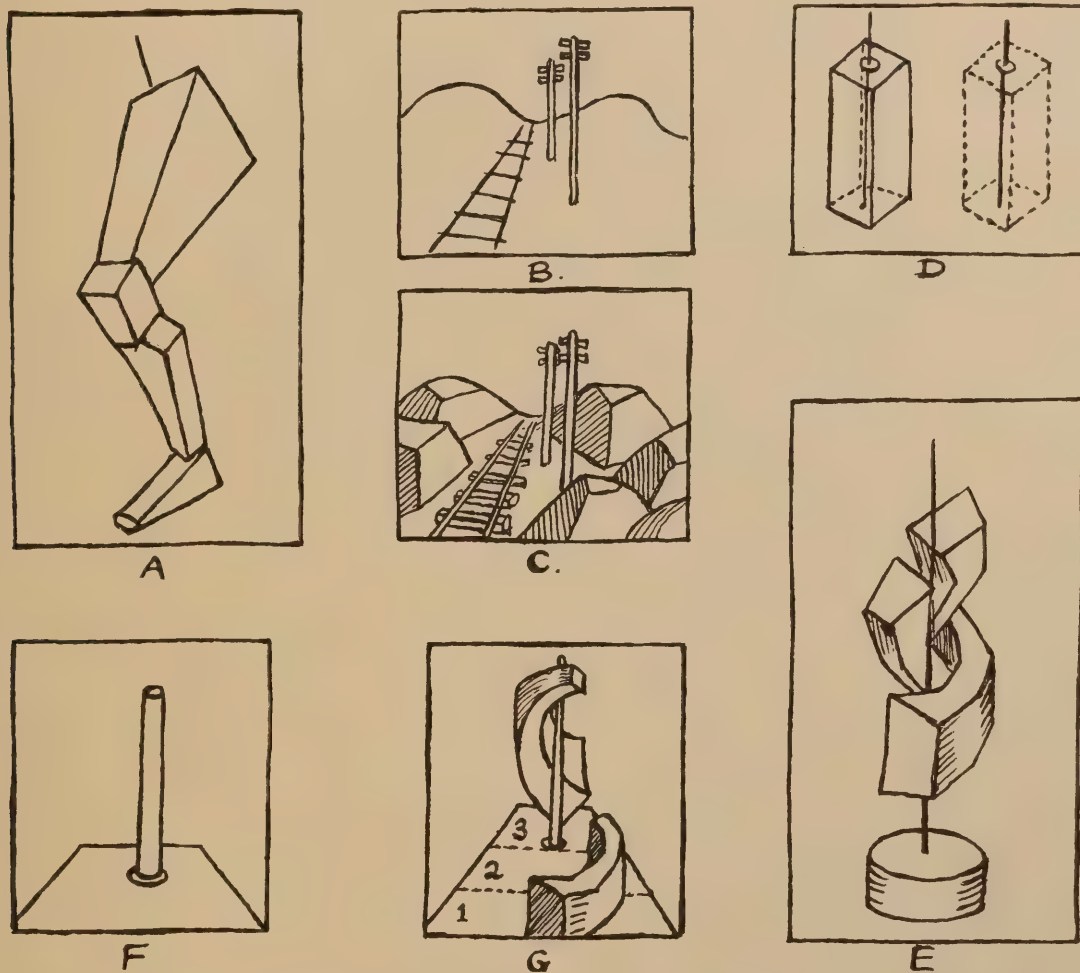
Sculptural methods may be divided into two classes. There is the method of the large-scale sculpture of the Egyptians, Assyrians, archaic Greeks and of much Central American prehistoric carving which is practically a four-sided relief method in which the sides of the block are never wholly lost. Then there is the method of the primitive modellers where the block is built up by an orientation of masses around a core. This more purely tactile method found an expression in wood and stone among the Chinese, East Indians, Negroes, and Northwestern American Indians, though among the latter the process can be resolved into a sort of



"digging" into a cylinder, half tactile and half visual. The carvings of this latter group bear witness to a method in which the equilibration of masses is conducted actually around and around the block. Technically it is the sort of sculpture a blind man might be supposed to make, with vigorous protuberances and clear planes. Later Greek and all Renaissance sculpture came, possibly through an extended use of the clay study, to a somewhat

tural methods there is little choice in æsthetic evaluation. The four-sided relief has a solemn, slow stability, the more purely tactile sculpture a sense of liveliness and spirited movement. There are times also when they partake of one another's qualities and afford both complete stability and lively movement, and reach thereby the sculptural ideal.

The main point to remember about real volumnar



similar method, though it degenerated finally both in Greece and in Italy into a mimicry of natural appearance.

Either the frontal or the more tactile method presupposes a vertical pole on which the masses are balanced. In fact this is the distinguishing mark of all completely relieved voluminous construction whether in painting or sculpture. The pole of balance is placed in the center of a rotative sequence of volumes (Fig. E). Between these two sculp-

construction is that its masses are not spread simply over a surface but are projected from and rotated about an imaginary central pole.

There has seemingly been since the beginning of artistic expression a tendency to extend further and further the limits of form types. Painting and sculpture have both sought for extension in space. There is, however, a natural limit to the extension of sculptural form in the round. That limit is the homogeneity of the mass. It is limited to one cen-

tral pole. Group sculptures based on a number of verticals have been more significant in an illustrative and scenic than in a plastic way (for example, the "Laocoon" and Rodin's "Burghers of Calais"). This holds true in spite of any excellence of single parts. It seems impossible to break the continuity of a mass and yet hold rhythmical lines of sufficient force to retain the unity of matter necessary to a really successful expression in the round. In the bas-relief, sculpture finds a perfect lateral extension but the bas-relief is, in terms of mechanical function, a cubic expression of two-dimensional rhythms of line and mass different from that of two-dimensional painting only in actual tactility. Rhythms acting in depth have no place in bas-relief.

Once again let it be noticed that the above does not involve a confusion of ends. The recognition of similarity in the fundamental mechanics of bas-relief and two-dimensional painting does not put obstacles in the way of the release of those specific and unique values which inevitably accompany a special means. The creative process is a sort of flowering, unfolding process where actual ends, not intentions but *ends arrived at*, cannot be foreseen. Method involving matter develops, whether the artist wills it or not, a behavior of its own, which has a way of making exigent demands, devastating to preconceived notions of a goal. Art is born not in preconception or dreaming but in work. And in work with materials whose behavior in actual use has more to do than preconceived notions with determining the actual character of ends. Consequently, though bas-relief and two-dimensional painting have their beginnings on a similar mechanical basis, the varying character of their special methods and materials prohibits utterly any similarity of end.

The most complete volumnar extension, that is, the most far-reaching, has found itself in painting. Here both lateral and depth rhythms of great extent are possible. Naturally these rhythms do not afford the tactile realities of sculpture. Much is hidden, much is merely suggested that in sculpture finds complete expression. But the spatial extension is there and this with the added intensifying

means of color and large areas of light and shade has made a form type different from two-dimensional painting, different from bas-relief, and different from sculpture in the round. This form type partakes somewhat of all the others but it owes its fundamental technique to sculpture in the round. Its rhythms involve projections, alternations of convexities and concavities as do those of sculpture, and though it develops other factors, affectively sometimes more important, these remain the basic mechanical features to which a fundamental analysis must constantly recur.

The vertical axis about which lines and volumes are equilibrated in three-dimensional painting is set back on a plane removed from the bounding lines or frame of the canvas (Fig. F). Volumes are orientated about this axis in much the same manner as indicated in Fig. E. But Fig. E represents a cubic, octagonal or more or less cylindrical mass presenting on rotation different faces, while there can be but one face to whatever organization of forms takes place in Fig. F. Consequently all rhythmical sequences are forced to manifest their full character from one viewpoint. It is clearly impossible to circle around a painting and find the counter to a movement on its back. Now this is both a limitation and an advantage. It limits the complete realization of a rhythm in true sculptural fashion, that is, in a movement literally around the mass, but it affords the advantage of allowing the completion of a movement on another and perhaps far removed plane of space (Fig. G). Were forms literally separated over the spatial distances of the three planes shown in Fig. G, they would have no continuity. They would be simply two separate and distinct forms. But seen from the front of the figure they have a distinct connection. One is obviously a balancing counter to the other. There is a definite functional relationship in reference to the central pole.

The single viewpoint is thus an essential factor in extended space organization. For what is lost a new potentiality is gained. This new potentiality is an organization whose parts may function in an infinitude of space.

*(To be continued)*





THE STUDENT

J. B. C. COROT

*"Childhood in Art" Exhibition, M. Knoedler & Co.*

## NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

THE Brancusi exhibition at the Brummer Galleries brought to the fore again certain notions about which, a few years ago, many passionate pronouncements were made—seemingly, if we regard the younger artists, to little avail.

These notions had to do with the release of art from the common vulgarities of representation and its elevation to a condition of absolute purity. About the idea cults were formed and little centers established which became nuclei for the collection of those ultra-sensitive souls to whom an overworld was a necessity. There were various arguments and theories advanced purporting to explain the correct and most advanced means of releasing art from what was not art. There were, of course, as many arguments and theories as there were individuals to express them. But curiously enough, in spite of an overemphasized difference in detail resulting from the naïve self-assertiveness of the protagonists, there was a thread of agreement in the ideas ad-

vanced. That thread was coiled and wrapped about a conviction that all great art was a strictly plastic affair and that values of a social, religious, or particularly human character were extrinsic values and had better be wholly done away with as they simply stood in the way of what was essential. Art was a jewel whose true brilliance was obscured by the mud and muck of human frailty which clung to it. To be "in the know" it was necessary to share in this central agreement. It was the fashion, it afforded exclusiveness, it offered a plank of obvious superiority, and flatteringly separated the artist from the humdrum vulgarity of subways, tenement houses and rival practitioners of older schools.

Brancusi the sculptor, the perfect technician, the man of infallible good taste, master of novel and charming shapes, is the very flower of the precious dreaming that accompanied such notions. He exemplifies, however, the power of sincere craftsmanship

to set in a sort of relief anything it touches. Out of a mist of vague dreams he has drawn something clear. He has drawn what so many others merely aspired to. He has found perfection and purity—but he has also found their almost inevitable concomitant, sterility.

It is impossible to look at Brancusi's work with indifference. It is too fine, too ingenious in its use

tues that naturally result, the only virtues that could possibly come from the scholastic quest for "essences," for "essential realities," and they are comparable to those fine webs of strictly verbal logic spun by theologians about the qualities of God, perfect—and meaningless.

What is art—not the art of the collectors which centers on a string of objects, or of the philosophers and æstheticians centered on a string of theories, but the living thing which, generation after generation, continues to stir up blood, animosity and love? When there is a science of psychology, which waits on physiology, biology and chemistry, some sort of definition may perhaps be formed. In the meanwhile, we are forced to regard simply the unfolding of a sort of organism and tie all our inferences very closely to a careful observance of given facts. The theory of art can be at present little more than a kind of behaviouristic history. Regarded in that unalluring light, however, certain facts stand out in high relief. From these facts, which can be observed and attested to by anyone taking the trouble, a number of conclusions may be drawn which are fairly reasonable.

History reveals that the kind of art which has been most effective in keeping the creative spirit alive is that which has left the greatest number of facets on which succeeding generations could build. Art is a sort of organism which has continued to live by sending forth trial feelers into new conditions. These trial feelers, manifold when the organism is

vigorous, have been caught up in the next generation, developed, tested, joined. Out of them new centers grow, sending out new feelers for new realities.

But when these feelers are turned in on the organism, polished and perfected simply for what they are, they shut off the possibility of meeting and mingling with the future. Therein lies the sterility



THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD  
*Brummer Galleries*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

of a borrowed primitivism, to be denied the closest of attention. From the aspect of mechanical function, in terms of balance, rhythm and formal sequence, it comes close to defying criticism. In the relation of method to material it shows a taste nearly impeccable.

But these are academic virtues, virtues of the school, the studio, the cloister. They are the vir-



of perfection and purity—it is like a highly developed narcissism. As in life so in art, to grow in, with whatever fine intentions and professions, is to die. The highly touted non-conductive individualism so much in vogue at present has thus decidedly pathological aspects.

Does Brancusi offer something out of which new things can grow or is his art merely an eddy of the main current crystallized into a bright foam? This is, of course, not definitely answerable by a contemporary. But in face of the very precious character of his endeavor and considering the quality of the verbal utterances attributed to himself and

realities and absolute qualities—whatever these are.

It is interest in the world, its fact and plain poetry and not in fine-spun notions of essential essences and strained perfections that gives the electric charge to form and sends it streaming and spluttering into the future.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

THE New Society of Artists held its eighth annual exhibition at the Grand Central Art Galleries during the last two weeks of November. In appearance it differed from all of its predecessors chiefly because several of its most eminent members did not contribute to the exhibition. There were



DAHLOV RECLINING

REUBEN NAKIAN

*Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club and the C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries*

his admirers, the question is decidedly legitimate.

The totem poles of our North Pacific Indians, the friezes and carvings of Mexico and Central America, the masks of Africa, are in the light of intelligent ethnological research anything but pure. They were born in and dealt with very human concerns. Their social significance while not always clear is obvious. They flowered in what to their makers and their kith and kin were practical and unquestionable realities. Their specific significance regarded as context was readily communicable. Their plastic values were continually overlapping periods and as they grew from one generation to another they were deeply impregnated with every man's concern. They were far from such precious abstractionism as purports to deal with ultimate

no paintings this year by Eugene Speicher, Henry Lee McFee, William J. Glackens, Maurice Sterne or George Luks. Excellently hung in well lighted galleries, the exhibition lacked any large canvases calculated to excite the general public. The late George Bellows could always be counted upon to contribute one or more such pictures, but none of the exhibiting members this year appeared to have been attracted by the tasks involved in bringing to a conclusion a really large exhibition painting.

Though lacking, by no means unhappily, in the obvious exhibition sort of thing, those members of the New Society who did not object to having their exhibition in galleries so closely affiliated with the practical destinies of National Academicians, came forward valiantly to rescue the display from what



NUDE

*The New Society, Grand Central Art Galleries*

SAMUEL HALPERT

promised to be a dismal failure. Among those who helped in this operation were the two most recently elected members, Glenn O. Coleman and Charles Prendergast. The latter showed a group of attractively decorative fantasies, and the former, several paintings illustrating a point of view which, however restricted pictorially, has the great value of being definitely personal.

Samuel Halpert contributed a larger and more varied assortment of pictures than any other member, and an examination of them rewarded the visitor with the information that Mr. Halpert's art has gone ahead. It is at once more elastic and more coherent, less trite, less theoretical, fresher and more attractive in tone. Boardman Robinson is another artist who has advanced in his painting, particularly toward the goal of solidity and simply stated large forms, as can be seen in his "Head of a Negro."

Two galleries were devoted to drawings, prints and water colors. In these rooms were some of the most refreshing and

delightful things in the whole exhibition, such as the pictures by Randall Davey, Robert Henri, Hayley Lever, John Sloan and Gari Melchers.

Not much sculpture was included. The unaffected sincerity and straightforward craftsmanship of Edmond Quinn was illustrated by his portrait of James Stephens and his bust of a woman called "Nan," while also to the unaffected realistic school belonged an animal piece by F. G. R. Roth.

Other works which added to the scope and pleasure of the exhibition were by Gifford Beal, Guy Pene du Bois, Leon Kroll (his painting of tulips contrasted agreeably with his badly drawn "Siesta") and Mahonri Young, who seems to be more devoted nowadays to

painting than to sculpture.

A small group of recent sculptures by Reuben Nakian was exhibited at the Whitney Studio Club, surrounded by walls completely covered with lively portrait sketches by Robert Chanler. Mr. Chan-



LITTLE RANCH HOUSE, SANTA CRUZ

*The New Society, Grand Central Art Galleries*

JOHN SLOAN



ler goes to life for his inspiration. Though he does not carry his paintings far, they have in many cases a sense of witty caricature and a sense of not taking themselves too seriously that is enlivening, particularly at a time when so many exhibitors place the finger on the temple so soberly.

Mr. Nakian takes his sculpture very seriously. He is still at that period in his development when theories and the effort to evolve a personal style are more absorbing than direct reactions. His exhibition was a little small, considering the length of time that he has been working. On the other hand, it contained several sketches in plaster that showed the beginning of an escape from those rather blown-up forms so much the fashion now with a certain group of so-called modern American sculptors.

FOLLOWING the exhibition by Messrs. Chanler and Nakian, the Whitney Studio Club presented an exhibition of flower pictures beautifully hung, and for the most part so lucid and definite in statement that on entering the galleries one realized immediately that these paintings were not the offspring of the good old-fashioned specialists in flowers. Molly Luce, Elsie Driggs, Nan Watson, Ernest Fiene, Aileen Dresser, Lucile Blanch, Katherine Schmidt and Pamela Bianco more than held their own in a mixed group which included also paintings by Henry Beekman, A. Shampanier, Theresa Bernstein, Henry Billings, Charles Sheeler, Peter Cammarata, Arnold Blanch, Beulah Stevenson, Thomas Erwin, A. Tricca, Henri Burkhard, Blendon Campbell, H. E. Schnakenberg, Henry Mattson, Richard Lahey, Murdock Pemberton, Max Kuehne, Isabella Howland and others. The exhibition is a real opportunity for the serious modern collector.

MISS KATHERINE DREIER, who has made it her avocation during the past few years to bring before the American public paintings, drawings and sculpture by those artists of today who are not likely to be welcomed in the more popular exhibitions, has assembled her largest exhibition up to the present



HEAD OF A NEGRO

BOARDMAN ROBINSON

*The New Society, Grand Central Art Galleries*

time at the Brooklyn Museum. Containing the work of artists from many countries, it is a stimulating exhibition, which will be more fully commented upon in a later issue of *THE ARTS*.

MR. ALFRED STIEGLITZ assembled at his Intimate Gallery in New York a group of watercolors by John Marin, all of which were done in the year 1925. Mr. Marin is one of the artists who has put himself under the wing of Mr. Stieglitz ever since the old days of "291", and there is between these two artists a mutual admiration which, expressed by silent loyalty on the part of the non-communicative Marin, is heralded widely by Mr. Stieglitz, who seems never to feel happier than when praising the genius of Marin.

Whether it is that Mr. Stieglitz' praise is a shade too boundless, or whatever the reason may be,

a certain current of slightly adverse criticism had set in against Mr. Marin's work. One hears remarks about it that not many years ago would have been considered profane. People say that he is too much of a watercolor specialist, that he does not carry his things far enough, that though inspired,



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN  
*Ferargil Galleries*

ELISABETH CHASE

his work is sometimes thin, sometimes a little sloppy.

For myself I thoroughly enjoyed the Marin exhibition and believe that the year 1925 was one of his very best years; and if I am asked why Mr. Marin should remain satisfied so many years to specialize in watercolors, I can merely reply with Mr. H. G. Wells that there is something about the rose which the lily has not got.

THE Knoedler Galleries in New York are preparing an exhibition of *Childhood in Art*, and if the title sounds too sentimental, too good to be true, let those who have an opportunity to see the exhibition not be misled. For among the canvases to be shown is a delightful small painting by Corot of a young girl writing, a familiar Goya of a young boy standing in a brilliantly painted uniform, and paintings by Mary Cassatt, Renoir and a number of English eighteenth-century portraits, among which will be found an extraordinarily charming small early Gainsborough portrait of the artist's niece. F. W.

IN the early part of November the Durand-Ruel Galleries gathered a representative group of paintings by Mary Cassatt, which seems to be the nearest approach to a memorial exhibition of the work of this fine artist that New York is likely to see. The nineteen canvases and pastels ranged over a period of more than thirty years, from 1880 to 1911, the earliest being the "Woman with a Fan," reproduced in *THE ARTS* for June, 1923. Beginning with this painting, so reminiscent of Manet, one could trace her development in successive pictures. It may be said with some justice that the other feminine members of the impressionist group derived much of their charm from the leaders of the group, but Mary Cassatt was a harder and more independent nature. Influenced as she was in the beginning by Manet and Degas, her own individuality soon asserted itself, and in the work of her later years she was absolutely herself, and if one may say it without seeming to wave the flag, quite American. Looking at this group of pictures it was impossible to miss the American tang in the sharp, clear lines of her later

work, in its bright and slightly hard color and its immaculate technique. By this independence of viewpoint she proved her right to be remembered as one of the most original and brilliant American painters of her generation.

In passing, we may note that the "Woman Leaning on Her Right Hand," reproduced in our last issue, was loaned to the Carnegie Institute by the Cleveland Museum of Art.





A YOUNG MOTHER AND HER TWO CHILDREN. (1908)  
*Durand-Ruel Galleries*

MARY CASSATT



SHEEP—BRUNIQUEL (WATERCOLOR)  
Montross Gallery

ROBERT HALLOWELL

THE Weyhe Galleries introduced an artist of distinct individuality in the person of Wanda Gag, a young Middle-Westerner of Bohemian-Hungarian parentage who has been working in the neighborhood of New York for the last few years. Her pictures—watercolors, drawings and lithographs—were mostly of country subjects; those of the interiors of country houses, filled with the intimate objects of everyday use, were particularly vivid and poignant, full of a sense of the life that lies in inanimate things. A series of drawings of a country room at night, with a kerosene lamp making strange shadows on the wall, were remarkable in their sinister suggestiveness. Her work in color did not seem to me to be so genuinely felt as that in black and white.

At the Ferargil Galleries was the first American exhibition of the work of a young sculptress, Elisabeth Chase, who has recently returned to this country after several years of study under Bourdelle. Miss Chase's versatility was shown by the drawings and woodcuts also included in the exhibition, but it was her sculpture which made the most favorable impression. Her work in this medium is somewhat uneven; some pieces display a rather self-consciously massive and roughly modelled effect which suggests that the influence of Bourdelle has not been altogether fortunate, and in others there is a weakness in fundamental construction; but in cer-

tain of them, particularly the portrait heads, there is evidence of closer study and a fine and sensitive feeling for form, reminding one more of Despiau than of her master. She has perhaps not yet found herself, but her work shows enough force and personality to make one look forward with interest to what she will do in the future.

ROBERT HALLOWELL's exhibitions previous to his recent one at the Montross Gallery have shown an energetic painter putting down his impressions of the world in watercolors that were fresh and breezy, if not over-subtle. His latest work, painted mostly in Southern France, is no less exuberant, but there is a gain in maturity and balance.

It still has the attractive directness of a sketch, but Mr. Hallowell displays more sensitiveness and thought in his color and in the arrangement of his masses. These qualities are shown also in the group of oils—a medium which he has taken upon only recently.

THE New Art Circle showed for the first time in this country the paintings of Max Band, a young Lithuanian artist who has been working for the last few years in France. Mr. Band, who paints landscapes, still life and figures with equal enjoyment, is "modern" without being ultra-modern. He evidently admires Friesz and possibly Derain, but he has enough vigor and freshness of his own to keep him from being submerged by these influences. His color sense is particularly rich and pleasing, and although his style has perhaps not attained its full growth, it shows a capable and vigorous talent.

GEORGE LUKS' recent work at the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery showed this gifted artist discarding the dim backgrounds from which his figures used to emerge, and branching out in the direction of more definite form, more brilliant color, and a more conscious feeling for composition. The result is a style which is lively and effective, if somewhat inclined to be theatrical. One misses the warm humor of Mr. Luks' older work, but one is also glad to see that he does not believe in repeating himself. L. G.



## BOOKS

GILBERT STUART. AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF HIS WORKS. Compiled by LAWRENCE PARK. With an account of his life by JOHN HILL MORGAN and an appreciation by ROYAL CORTISZOZ. New York: William Edwin Rudge, 1926. Four volumes. (\$100.)

THE book on Gilbert Stuart has at last appeared, and one is permitted to say "the book" rather than "a book" for two good reasons. First because no book on Stuart can conceivably supersede this one which Lawrence Park has compiled, and second because no one will ever again have occasion to open Mason's book on Gilbert Stuart published in 1879 once this book on the subject is placed on the library shelf. Unfortunately it is to some other library than our own that most of us must go to see this splendid work for its price is high—though not high enough at that, one suspects, to cover its cost.

It is as an exhaustive catalogue that this book of Park's must be taken, not as a biography to be read consecutively and enjoyed, and its subtitle, "An Illustrated Descriptive List," should forestall too much hope of literary delights. Here is a solid, patient, intelligent, devoted labor, a labor which occupied much of the energy of Park's last years. He has listed and described hundreds of Stuart portraits never listed heretofore. In this orderly catalogue raisonné are laid out the results of thousands of clues followed up, of thousands of pictures examined and mostly with fine discrimination discarded, of numerous photographs painfully collected, of huge stacks of correspondence devoted to tracking down the portraits and tracing their histories. Over a thousand portraits are described including replicas, and over six hundred are illustrated. Every scrap of obtainable data concerning each portrait is set down in consistent form—the sitter's biography, place and date (or probable date) of painting, size and formal description (from "seated, half-way to the left" down to the frequent "in the background a column and a dark red curtain,") followed by provenance, references and every other item that the student's inquiring mind could conceivably look for. For parallels to this monumental work of Park's one must look to such European publications as Bode's *Rembrandt*, Rooses' *Rubens* or Robaut's *Corot*.

Park had the mind of a genealogist. He loved Stuart portraits but he loved better still the worthy people who sat for them. His first published work was genealogy pure and simple. In the excellent

little monographs on Badger and Blackburn which followed he showed fine critical judgment of painting and succeeded in clarifying the whole subject of Colonial New England portraiture. In these monographs, as might have been expected, however, we are too sure of being told the sitter's mother's maiden name and when it was that her father and her mother (whose maiden name also is given) came to America. But those days were early days, and often birth and death registers must furnish all the data we can get, so that we have to make the most of it. But when the same sort of fare is served up in a book on Stuart we know that for the author it must have had a very special and significant flavor. It would never have occurred to Park that readers could be puzzled by the punctuation of such a passage as "Theodosia, the daughter of Aaron and Theodosia (Bartow) [Prévost] Burr, was a descendant of," etc. And these bits of mustiness should be of small matter after all in so monumental a book.

But the general scheme of the book too is dictated by the genealogical point of view and distinctly to its detriment, one would say, for it determines the arrangement of the illustrations and it is to these that nine out of ten readers will turn for their pleasure, as it is there too that they should learn the really important things about Stuart. Practically all the portraits except the replicas are illustrated, and it is astonishing to what a degree these fullpage half-tones, carefully made and perfectly printed, convey the fine construction and the silvery subtlety of Stuart's heads. The third and fourth volumes are devoted to the illustrations and it is delightful to turn over the pages where, unless one has been a close student of Stuart's work, one finds more easy and various arrangements, more characterful men, and lovelier, better individualized women than one expected. But as might have been anticipated from a genealogist's alphabetical arrangement by sitters, there comes a confusion of the mind which interferes seriously with the enjoyment and instructiveness of the plates. Their captions consist of the sitter's names alone, and if the reader wonders why a particular picture is as it is (for Stuart's active career extended over fifty years) or who is so lucky as to own the picture illustrated, he must open one of the volumes of text to find out, and it requires a large table to hold these four volumes which no human lap could accommodate. It was otherwise with Dr. Wilhelm



ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN

GILBERT STUART

*Collection of William Amory Gardner. From "Gilbert Stuart," by Lawrence Park*



Bode when he wrote his great opus on Rembrandt in the 'nineties. As nearly as he could he arranged his pictures according to the date of their making. "I have chosen the chronological order," he wrote, "as that which gives the scientific student the pleasure of following the master step by step in his development."

When Lawrence Park's last illness came, the biography of Stuart and the criticism of his work which were to have preceded the catalogue had not been written. The task of supplying the biography fell by natural right to John Hill Morgan, and he has done an able and merciful work in chopping away the silliness of futile anecdote and conflicting statements about Stuart which previous writers had repeated. Some new facts as to dates and other matters have been unearthed and many vague points about the painter's life have been clarified by the rules of evidence. Naturally enough most of Jane Stuart's snobbish testimony had to be thrown out of court. She was a pious elderly spinster writing about her dead father. Of course her grandfather had come to America not as a political refugee as Jane claimed but as a snuff-grinder just as Dunlap had told us. Stuart can't have gone to England to study with West for when he got to London he failed for a long time to call on the great man. On these points perhaps Mr. Morgan is over-zealous. Stuart need not have been the Tory he is painted to have left America on the eve of the Revolution. Business was bad, his family was moving to Nova Scotia, and his one close friend, Ben Waterhouse, was in London, and he craved to be there again too where he could learn his art to the best advantage. When he got there Waterhouse had left, and Stuart stuck it out one year before he wrote that beseeching letter to West. Of course West with his invariable benevolence must have taken the needy young man at once into his studio, and Mr. Morgan is wise in rating highly the value of what Stuart learned there. In Rhode Island he must already have learned much from Cosmo Alexander and one wishes that some of this painter's Providence portraits of 1770 were illustrated for comparison with his famous pupil's early work. One could wish too, to mention a mere detail of fact, that the inscription on the back of the small portrait of John Henderson were not referred to on page 550 as a signature.

As a whole the man Gilbert Stuart is not made to live and breathe in this Life, and this is owing largely to the austere virtues of Mr. Morgan as a biographer. In excising the mass of Stuart anec-

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dote some statements which seem entirely admissible and enlightening though perhaps somewhat non-obituarial are lost along with the rest, and the great lesson of Lytton Strachey for his age is ignored. Mr. Morgan doesn't say "what does it matter whether Stuart did or didn't at times drink like a fish and spend money like water?" What he does is to thrust the "minor defect" out of sight as "having little to do with his art." But in this age of suspended judgments one wants to hear about such stray personal tendencies—and for all we know they are part of Stuart's greatness. At any rate one likes to be told that Tuckerman called Stuart "a lingerer at the banquet," that poor Quaker Waterhouse twice bailed him out of a debtor's prison in London and was once thrown into a serious illness by Stuart's dishonesty in using up advance payments for a portrait which he never painted and for which Waterhouse had personally collected subscriptions. Some of the unfinished portraits which Mr. Morgan finds remarkably numerous may possibly be accounted for by Stuart's practice of taking half price at the first sitting. Possibly, too, the little game which Joel Barlow says Stuart played on Mrs. Benjamin West and the curious procrastination which he showed about writing to his parents from England and many years later to his children from Philadelphia, his pronounced conviviality, and his general impatience with study and restraint have all to an enquiring mind quite a little to do with his art, helping in their modest way toward explaining his inspired gusto as a painter coupled with the easy-going superficiality of his draughtsmanship when it came to doing hands and eyes and accessories.

For the rest, Theodore Bolton has compiled some priceless remarks on Stuart's technique, and the appreciation by Royal Cortissoz is just one more example of this writer's usual sound sense and felicitous criticism. He feels the charm of Stuart's color and recognizes him as a master craftsman, exclaiming over his "beguiling touch in painting a jabot." But Park's other writings show that if he had lived to write his own introduction he would probably have shown less tact than Mr. Cortissoz and have given a juster estimate of Stuart's work.

Always one must return, however, to the fact that, taken as a whole, the Stuart book is a monument of thoroughness and sound judgment. And it is not only to Lawrence Park that it is a monument. It is a solid testimonial also to the Frick Art Reference Library which, though its name is kept modestly out of sight, made the book an accom-



plished fact. The road from a card catalogue left incomplete by a sick man to a beautifully printed book was a long one and rough going, and its passage required unguessed energy and clearheadedness from William Sawitzky who directed the editorial work, ordering the book in all its parts and tracing down additional examples of Stuart's work. Where portraits were thus brought to light which Park had never known, John Hill Morgan and Theodore Bolton were called in for consultation and the portraits if passed were added to the catalogue over their signatures, but throughout the work scrupulous care has been taken to keep this Park's book.

HARRY B. WEHLE.

THEATER UND LICHTSPIELHÄUSER. Von PAUL ZUCKER. New York: E. Weyhe, 1926. (\$10.00).

Do you rush from dinner to theatre or the movies via packed subway or street car or in one of a soon tangled jam of taxis? Do you hurry to your seat with cloak or coat and hat and, possibly, umbrella? Do you step on or otherwise annoy those who reached seats before you and are you delighted with those who follow you in over your feet, knees and lap-held garments? Do you find five minutes wait for the curtain more than enough to examine the theatre architecture? Do you curse the intermission nuisance and get cussed when it is you who are going out? Do you find the lobby or smoking room a pleasant and truly sociable place? Do you rush out for somewhere or other after the last curtain without so much as a glance at the theatre? Are you, perhaps, one of those who start before the curtain is quite down to "get out before the crowd"?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative, you are quite definitely an American theatre-goer and, as definitely, not a German theatre-goer. Style there is not cramped. Audiences are not fitted in with a shoe-horn. Spaciousness is part of the scheme of things. Particularly ample facilities are provided for pedestrians and vehicles. Lobbies and stairs are monumental in dimension and appearance. Broad promenades surround orchestra (*Parkett*) and gallery (*Rang*) and much cloakroom (*Garderobe*) space is arranged flanking three ambulatories. Seats are spaced so that one can walk very readily between them. Orchestra pit, stage, scene facilities, property rooms, shops, dressing room—it is all big. The German theatre is expansive, comfortable and sociable.

Comparisons are proverbially odious and this one is additionally trite. The sardine-like existence of

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## EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS

By

EDWARD BRUCE

NOVEMBER 30TH TO DECEMBER 15TH  
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America in multi-apartment dwellings, in subways and other transit devices and in towering office buildings and "armchair lunches" is generally conceded to be due to high land and building costs and the commercialization of rents. The theatres and movie emporiums are an harmonious part of this American scene. There is evidence to indicate—viz., the commodious promenades and cloakrooms of the New York Hippodrome and Century Theatre, socially vestigial at birth—that spaciousness has become an environmental influence unsuited to urban Americans.

Photographs of these theatres by the Germans Poelzig, Kaufmann, Fahrenkamp, Van de Velde, Hugo Pal, Gropius and Pietzsch and the Frenchmen A. and G. Perret, disclose another significant characteristic, the absence of which in American theatre design is not, however, so readily explicable. I refer to the ability of these gentlemen to put the breath of life into inanimate or inorganic materials. In America, theatre managers spray perfumes, theatre engineers provide artificial ventilating apparatus and theatre architects stir breezes by turning pages of books on archæology and of catalogues on plaster and "compo" ornament, but the combination does not even simulate this breath of life.

Erstwhile ponderous Teutonic and florid Gallic taste seems to have concentrated so forcefully on a purist attitude toward materials that a vivid art has resulted. Plaster is definitely plastic, wood is a material of grain and innate color, iron is tensile, concrete has an implicit structural poise (as compared with structural steel) and such characteristics are emphasized as primary and essential to convincing design. The bleakness of stark purism has been overcome and the gaiety of theatrical design has been achieved by individual inventiveness and the clichée is taboo. Ornamental forms and treatments have been created which are primarily purist, often intricate in development but always viewable and intimate, self-reliant and self-confident.

While these foreign works were being conceived New York, for example, pasted up miles of meaningless pseudo-archæologic verisimilitudes selected by number from aforementioned manufacturer's catalogues, calling the assembled masses theatre interiors. The "fronts" of these buildings are at their best customarily brick and terra-cotta Georgianese concoctions which stop being Georgian and become Hudson River common brick at the slightest provocation and are at no time more than four inches in thickness of Georgian-ness. A Henry Miller, Riviera, Cort or Capitol Theatre would be instances of this type.



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The very earnestly considered and artistically prominent Guild Theatre has a Pandolfini-ish "front," except for the "marquise" over the sidewalk, the water-tank above the roof and the pretty window shutters. The interiors of these theatres are neo-Davenzati, probably; there are Florentine arcaded corridors, deeply alcoved windows with bottle-bottom glazing and stone seats supported on a single double-vase baluster; the auditorium ceiling is of Italian painted timbers made by chance of plaster and the entire concept is epitomized in the Siennese quatre-foil wrought iron grilles of the cabinets for hose racks and fire apparatus.

Illusion, tinsel, flummery, stage scenery for a silent satire—Coney Island on a rainy September Monday—visit the White Way in the less glamorous daytime—examine Herr Zucker's photographs of empty German and French theatres and moving picture houses. Life seems to go out of American theatre architecture when the audience goes but it seems to stay in the foreign examples, and this is *not* occasioned by high land and building costs and the commercialization of rents.

HERBERT LIPPMANN.

THE FOLK COSTUME BOOK. By FRANCES H. HAIRE. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company, 1926. (\$6.00).

This book ought to prove most useful to producers of amateur theatricals, directors of pageants and heads of recreation centres, consisting as it does of full instructions for making the costumes of twenty-three different nations, with many illustrations in color. In the foreword the author explains that she has not attempted to show all the varieties of costume belonging to each country, but has chosen the one costume that seems most characteristic. Each costume has been planned to be constructed as economically as possible. Practical suggestions are made throughout, such as the use of ten-cent store jewelry, the employment of colored India inks and sealing wax paints to obtain the effect of embroidery, and the best use of cheese-cloth and colored papers.

If one should find the descriptions of insufficient assistance, one has only to turn to the illustrations, which are complete in detail, though often lacking in drawing and over-sweet in color. But curiously enough, the least fully illustrated section of this helpful book is that devoted to the American costumes. The construction of the Colonial Period dress sounds so intricate that one feels the need of a blue-print.

EDITH HAVENS.

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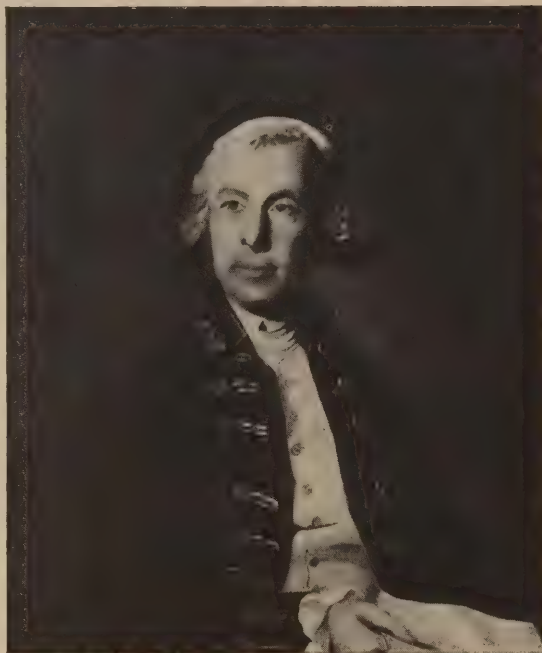
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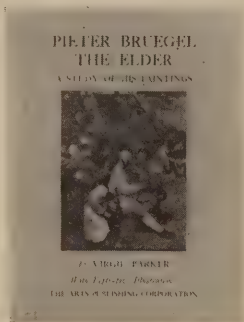
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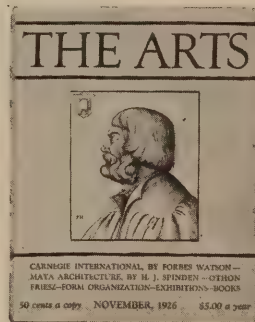
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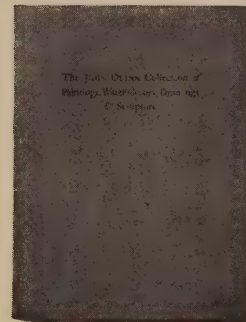
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